
Bell's Edition

OF

SHAKSPERE.

SHARPER

THE
DRAMATICK WRITINGS
OF
WILL. SHAKSPERE,

With the Notes of all the various Commentators ;

PRINTED COMPLETE FROM THE BEST EDITIONS OF

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS.

Volume the Twentieth.

CONTAINING
CYMBELINE.
ROMEO.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

MDCC LXXXVIII.

DRAMATICAL HISTORY

OF

WILL SHAKSPEARE

BY JOHN RYLANDS

ESQ. OF THE BARR

IN TWO VOLUMES



1850

LONDON

Printed by J. G. & J. H. Smith

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CYMBELINE,

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'ful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, ~~British Library~~, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES;

M D C C L X X X V I.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

C Y M B E L I N E.

MR. POPE supposed the story of this play to have been borrow'd from a novel of Boece ; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled, *Westward for Smelts*. This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian novelist, as from Shakspeare, though they concur in the more considerable parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto seen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 1619, where it is said to have been written by *Kitt of Kingston*.

STEEVENS.

This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.

JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personae;

MEN.

CYMBELINE, King of Britain.

CLOTEN, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, a Gentleman married to the Princess.

BELARIUS, a banished Lord, disguised under the Name of Morgan.

*GUIDERIUS, } disguised under the Names of Polydore and
ARVIRAGUS, } Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.*

PHILARIO, an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.

IACHIMO, Friend to Philario.

CAIUS LUCIUS, Ambassador from Rome.

PISANIO, Servant to Posthumus.

A French Gentleman.

CORNELIUS, a Physician.

Two Gentlemen.

WOMEN.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.

HELEN, Woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators; a Tribune, Apparitions, a Sootsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.



CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE's Palace in Britain. *Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 Gentleman.

You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers',
Still seem, as does the king's.

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,
whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son (a widow,
That late he married), hath refer'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman: She's wedded:
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king 10
Be touch'd at very heart.

B

2 Gent.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the
queen,

That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her 20
(I mean, that marry'd her—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd), is a creature such,
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold 20
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who, in the wars o'the time, 40
Dy'd

Dy'd with their swords in hand: for which, their
father

(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learning that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and 50
In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court
(Which rare it is to do), most prais'd, most lov'd:
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
A glass that featur'd them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 Gent. I honour him 60
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 Gent. His only child.
He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it), the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 Gent. How long is this ago?
Bij 1 Gent.

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years. 70

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd !

So slackly guarded ! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them !

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear : Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, IMOGEN, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
daughter, 80
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you : you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate : marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him ; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post.

Post. Please your highness. 90
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril :—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections ; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds !—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty), what
His rage can do on me : You must be gone ; 100
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen ! my mistress !
O, lady, weep no more ; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man ! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's ; 110
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter ; thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not

How

How much of his displeasure :—Yet I'll move him

[*Aside.*

To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
Pays dear for my offences.

[*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave 121
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow : Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it 'till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How ! how ! another ?— 130
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death !—Remain, remain thou here

[*Putting on the Ring.*

While sense can keep it on ! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To you so infinite loss ; so, in our trifles
I still win of you : For my sake, wear this ;
It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it

[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*

Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. O, the gods !— 140
When shall we see again ?

Enter

Enter CYMBELINE, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!

If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!

And bless the good remainders of the court!

I am gone.

[*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death

155

More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,

That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,

Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past
grace.

161

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my
queen!

Imo. O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made
my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

170

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—Would I
were

A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!

180

They were again together: you have done

[*To the Queen.*

Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some com-
fort

Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly!

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way : 191
Here is your servant.—How now, sir, what news?

Pis. My lord, your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't. 200

Imo. Your son's my father's friend: he takes his
part——

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!——
I would they were in Africk both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been 210
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, pray you, speak
with me:

C

You

You shall, at least, go see my lord aboard :
For this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent. 221

Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, faith; not so much as his patience.

[*Aside.*]

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thorough-fare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His steel was in debt; it went o' the back-side the town.

[*Aside.*]

Clot. The villain would not stand me. 230

2 *Lord.* No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

[*Aside.*]

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies!

[*Aside.*]

Clot. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.*

2 Lord. So would I, 'till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground. [Aside.

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me! 242

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd. [Aside.

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [Aside.

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done! 251

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [Aside.

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

IMOGEN'S Apartments. Enter IMOGEN, and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost 260
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last

C i j

That

That he spake to thee ?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen !*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief ?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen ! happier therein than I !—

And that was all ?

Pis. No, madam ; for so long

As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep 270
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings ; crack'd
them, but

To look upon him ; 'till the diminution 280
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle ;
Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air ; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him ?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say : ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours, 290
Such

Such thoughts, and such ; or I could make him
swear,

The she's of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour ; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him ; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing. 300

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dis-
patch'd.—

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO's House. Enter
PHILARIO, IACHIMO, and a Frenchman.*

Iach. Believe it, sir : I have seen him in Britain :
he was then of a crescent note : expected to prove so
worthy, as since he has been allowed the name of ;
but I could then have look'd on him without the help
of admiration ; though the catalogue of his endow-
ments

ments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items. 312

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France : we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own), words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter. 322

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance? 330

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life!—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is,

is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing. 340

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature. 349

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my very action to be guided by other's experiences, but, upon my mended judgment (if I offend not to say it is mended), my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference? 361

French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation), his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified,

qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France. 370

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend. 378

Iach. As fair, and as good (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison), had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Brittany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of your's outlustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle. 390

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach.

Iach. You may wear her in title your's: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprisable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

403

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

412

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

423

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

D

Iach.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted. 432

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Your's; who in constancy you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of her's, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it. 443

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a milllion a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear. 451

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond 'till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phil.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are your's; so is your diamond too: If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are your's;—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment. 465

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced (you not making it appear otherwise), for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword. 474

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt POST. and IACH.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

CYMBELINE'S Palace. Enter Queen, Ladies, and
CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather
those flowers;

Make haste: who has the note of them?

1 Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch.—

[Exeunt Ladies.

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are,
madam:

But I beseech your grace (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask), wherefore you have 490
Commanded of me those most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded
(Unless thou think'st me devilish), is't not meet 500
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none human),
To try the vigour of them, and apply

Allayments

Allayments to their act ; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart :
Besides, the seeing these effects will be 510
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him [Aside.
Will I first work : he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio ?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended ;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam ;
But you shall do no harm. [Aside.

Queen. Hark thee, a word.— [To PISANIO.

Cor. [Aside.] I do not like her. She doth think,
she has 521

Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature : Those, she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense a while :
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and
dogs ;

Then afterward up higher : but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd 530
With a most false effect ; and I the truer,

So

So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou
think, in time

She will not quench; and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then 540

As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?

Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,

[The Queen drops a Phial: PISANIO takes it up.

So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up 550
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I make, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pry'thee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,

Who

Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such 564
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:

[Exit PISANIO.]

Think on my words.—A sly and constant knave;
Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of leigers for her sweet; and which she, after, 570
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [Exeunt Queen, and Ladies.]

Pis. And shall do:

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

IMOGEN's Apartment. Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady, 580
That

That hath her husband banish'd ;—O, that husband !
 My supreme crown of grief ! and those repeated
 Vexations of it ! Had I been thief-stolen,
 As my two brothers, happy ! but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious : Blessed be those,
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be ? Fie !

Enter PISANIO, and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
 Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam ? 590
 The worthy Leonatus is in safety.
 And greets your highness dearly. [Gives a Letter.]

Imo. Thanks, good sir ;
 You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich !
 If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, [Aside.]
 She is alone the Arabian bird ; and I
 Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend !
 Arm me, audacity, from head to foot !
 Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight ; 600
 Rather, directly fly.

IMOGEN reads.

— *He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I
 am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as
 you value your trust.*

LEONATUS.

So

So far I read aloud :

But even the very middle of my heart

Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—

You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I

Have words to bid you ; and shall find it so, 610

In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—

What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes

[*Aside.*

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop

Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt

The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones

Upon the number'd beach? and can we not

Partition make with spectacles so precious

'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration? 620

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye ; for apes and monkeys,

'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and

Contemn with mows the other : Nor i' the judgment ;

For idiots, in this case of favour, would

Be wisely definite : Nor i' the appetite ;

Sluttish, to such neat excellence oppos'd,

Should make desire vomit emptiness,

Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will 630

(That satiate yet unsatisfy'd desire,

That tub both fill'd and running), ravening first

E

The

The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,

Thus raps you ? Are you well ?

Iach. Thanks, madam ; well :—'Beseech you, sir,
[To PISANIO.]

Desire my man's abode wher I did leave him :

He's strange, and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,

To give him welcome.

640

Imo. Continues well my lord ? His health, 'beseech
you ?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth ? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant ; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome : he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness ; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

650

There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home : he furnaces
The thick sighs from him ; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs,
cries, O !

*Can my sides hold, to think, that man—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be—will his free hours languish*

For

For assur'd bondage?

660

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,

And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens know,

Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;

In you—which I account his, beyond all talents—

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound

670

To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; What wreck discern you in me

Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace

I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,

680

Deliver with more openness your answers

To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,

I was about to say, enjoy your—But

It is an office of the gods to venge it,

Not mine to speak on't.

Eij

Imo.

Imo. You do seem to know
 Something of me, or what concerns me ; Pray you
 (Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
 Than to be sure they do : For certainties 690
 Either are past remedies ; or timely knowing,
 The remedy then born), discover to me
 What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
 To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch
 Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
 To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which
 Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
 Fixing it only here : should I (damn'd then)
 Slaver with lips as common as the stairs 700
 That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands
 Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
 With labour) then lie peeping in an eye,
 Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
 That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit,
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
 Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I, 710
 Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
 The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces
 That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
 Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the greatest king double! to be part-
ner'd

With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition 720
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse), if it be true, 730
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me

Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despatch, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure:
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

740

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee,—If thou wert honourable,

Thou

Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
 For such an end thou seek'st ; as base, as strange.
 Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
 From thy report, as thou from honour ; and
 Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
 Thee and the devil alike :—What ho, Pisanio!—
 The king my father shall be made acquainted 750
 Of thy assault : if he shall think it fit,
 A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
 As in a Romish stew, and to expound
 His beastly mind to us ; he hath a court
 He little cares for, and a daughter whom
 He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus ! I may say ;
 The credit that thy lady hath of thee,
 Deserves thy trust ; and thy most perfect goodness
 Her assur'd credit !—Blessed live you long ! 760
 A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
 Country call'd his ! and you his mistress, only
 For the most worthiest fit ! Give me your pardon.
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
 Were deeply rooted ; and shall make your lord,
 That which he is, new o'er : And he is one
 The truest manner'd ; such a holy witch,
 That he enchants societies unto him :
 Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends. 770

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god :
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,

Most

Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon. 780

Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power i' the court
for your's.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot,
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord
(The best feather of our wing), have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor: 790
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage; May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly:

And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber. 800

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bol

To

To send them to you, only for this night ;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains ; 810
But not away to-morrow ?

Iach. O, I must madam :
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night :
I have out-stood my time ; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you : You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE's Palace. Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

Cloten.

WAS there ever man had such luck ! when I
Kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away ! I
had an hundred pound on't : and then a whoreson
jackanapes must take me up for swearing ; as if I
borrow'd

borrow'd my oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that ? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths : Ha ? 12

2 *Lord.* No, my lord ; nor crop the ears of them.

[*Aside.*]

Clot. Whoreson dog !—I give him satisfaction ? 'Would, he had been one of my rank !

2 *Lord.* To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*]

Clot. I am not vex'd more at any thing in the earth—A pox on't ! I had rather not be so noble as I am ; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother : every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match. 22

2 *Lord.* You are a cock and a capon too ; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*]

Clot. Sayest thou ?

1 *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that : but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only. 30

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night.

F

Clot.

Clot. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. *[Aside.*

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clot. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger? 41

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. *[Aside.*

Clot. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go. 51

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[Exeunt CLOTEN, and first Lord.]

That such a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act

60

Of

Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[Exit.

SCENE II.

*A Bed-Chamber; in one Part of it a Trunk. IMOGEN
reading in her Bed; a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam. 70

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are
weak:—

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods!

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

Guard me, beseech you!

[Sleeps.

[IACHIMO, from the Trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd
sense

Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus 80

Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

F i j

The

The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed ! fresh lily !
 And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !
 But kiss ; one kiss !—Rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do't !—'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus : The flame o' the taper
 Bows toward her ; and would under-peep her lids,
 To see the enclosed lights, now canopy'd
 Under these windows : White and azure ; lac'd 90
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design ?
 To note the chamber :—I will write all down :—
 Such, and such pictures :—There the window :—
 Such

The adornment of her bed ;—The arras, figures ?
 Why, such, and such :—And the contents o' the
 story—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body
 (Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify), to enrich mine inventory.
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !
 And be her sense but as a monument, 100
 Thus in a chapel lying !—Come off, come off ;—

[*Taking off her Bracelet.*]

As slippery, as the Gordian-knot was hard !—
 'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip : Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make : this secret

Will

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and
ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what
end ? 110

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been reading late;
The tale of Tereus ; here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up—I have enough :
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night ! that
dawning

May bare the raven's eye : I lodge in fear :
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[Clock strikes.

One, two, three :—Time, time !

[Goes into the Trunk : the Scene closes.

SCENE III.

*Another Room in the Palace. Enter CLOTEN, and Two
Lords.*

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in
loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace. 121

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient, after the noble
temper of your lordship ; You are most hot, and fu-
rious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage : If I
could

could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

129

Clot. I would this musick would come: I am advis'd to give her musick o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it—and then let her consider.

S O N G.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,

And Phœbus 'gins arise,

140

His steeds to water at those springs

On chalic'd flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes;

With every thing that pretty bin:

My lady sweet, arise;

Arise, arise!

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Enter

Enter CYMBELINE, and Queen.

2 Lord. Here comes the king. 152

Clot. I am glad, I was up so late ; for that's the reason I was up so early : He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ?

Will she not forth ?

Clot. I have assail'd her with musicks, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ; 161
She hath not yet forgot him ; some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's your's.

Queen. You are most bound to the king :
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter : Frame yourself
To orderly solicits ; and be friended
With aptness of the season : make denials
Increase your services : so seem, as if 170
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her ; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless ? not so.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome ;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;
But that's no fault of his : We must receive him 185
According to the honour of his sender ;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us ; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our
queen. *[Exeunt.]*

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho !—
[Knocks.]

I know her women are about her ; What
If I do line one of their hands ? 'Tis gold 190
Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer : and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief ;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man : What
Can it not do, and undo ? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me ; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. *[Knocks.]*

Enter

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks ? 200

Clot. A gentleman.

Lady. No more ?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as your's,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure ?

Clot. Your lady's person: Is she ready ?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess—— 211

Enter IMOGEN.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not. 220

Clot. This is no answer.

G

Imo.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being
silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness : one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin :
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool ?

239

Imo. As I am mad, I do :

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad,
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal : and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it I care not for you ;
And am so near the lack of charity
(To accuse myself), I hate you : which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

240

Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court), it is no contract, none :
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties
(Yet who, than he, more mean ?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot ;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by

250

The

The consequence o' the crown ; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane fellow !

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom : thou wert dignify'd enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be stil'd 260
The under-hangman of his kingdom ; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The south-fog rot him !

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clip'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio ?

Enter PISANIO.

Clot. His garment ? Now, the devil——

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently :—

Clot. His garment ? 271

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool ;

Frighted, and anger'd worse :—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm ; it was thy master's : shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning : confident I am,

G i j

Last

Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kissed it :
 I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord 280
 That I kiss aught but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so : go, and search. [*Exit PISANIO.*

Clot. You have abus'd me :—

His meanest garment ?

Imo. Ay ; I said so, sir :

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too :

She's my good lady ; and will conceive, I hope, 290

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

Clot. I'll be reveng'd :—

His meanest garment ?—Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

*Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO's House. Enter
 POSTHUMUS, and PHILARIO.*

Post. Fear it not, sir : I would, I were so sure
 To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
 Will remain her's.

Phil. What means do you make to him ?

Post. Not any ; but abide the change of time :
 Quake in the present winter's state, and wish 300
 That warmer days would come : In these fear'd hopes,
 I barely gratify your love ; they failing,

I must

I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission thoroughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief. 310

Post. I do believe
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be),
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers, they are people, such 321
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phil. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady 330
1s

Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then, 340
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by. 350

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour, 360
Together

Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make it apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is your's: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances, 370
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching), It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story 380
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other. 390

Iach.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

400

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted: Her andirons
(I had forget them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description 411
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can, [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*]
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

420

Iach.

Iach. Sir (I thank her) that :
She stripp'd it from her arm ; I see her yet ;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too : she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you ? doth she ?

Post. O, no, no, no ! 'tis true. Here, take this
too ; *[Gives the Ring.]*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye, 430
Kills me to look on't ;—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty ; truth, where semblance ;
love,

Where there's another man : The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues ; which is nothing :—
O, above measure false !

Phil. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again ; 'tis not yet won :
It may be probable, she lost it ; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her. 441

Post. Very true ;
And so, I hope, he came by't :—Back my ring ;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this ; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears ; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true ;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true : I am sure,

H

She

She could not lose it: her attendants are,
 All sworn, and honourable:—They induc'd to steal
 it! 450

And by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her:
 The cognizance of her incontinency
 Is this—she hath bought the name of whore thus
 dearly.—

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
 Divide themselves between you!

Phil. Sir, be patient:

This is not strong enough to be believ'd
 Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't:

She hath been colted by him. 460

Iach. If you seek

For further satisfying, under her breast
 (Worthy the pressing), lies a mole, right proud
 Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
 I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
 To feed again, though full. You do remember
 This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
 Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
 Were there no more but it. 470

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare you arithmetick: never count the
 turns;

Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn——

Post. No swearing:—

If

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal! 480

I will go there, and do't i'the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something— [Exit.

Phil. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

*Another Room in PHILARIO's House. Enter POST-
HUMUS.*

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I 490
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The non-pareil of this.—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with

Hij A pudency

A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought
her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow :—O, all the devils ;—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour——was't not ?— 501
Or less—at first: Perchance he spoke not ; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted : found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me ! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be't lying, note it, 509
The woman's ; flattering, her's ; deceiving, her's ;
Lust and rank thoughts, her's, her's ; revenges, her's ;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, her's, in part, or all ; but, rather, all :
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them :—Yet 'tis greater skill 520
In a true hate, to pray they have their will :
The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE's Palace. Enter, in State, CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one Door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.

Cymbeline.

NOW say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues, Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain, And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less Than in his feats deserving it), for him, And his succession, granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately Is left untender'd. 10

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Cæsars, Ere such another Julius. Britain is A world by itself; and we will nothing pay For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity, Which then they had to take from us, to resume We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege, The kings your ancestors; together with 20 The natural bravery of your isle; which stands As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in

With

With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters ;
 With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest

Cæsar made here ; but made not here his brag
 Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame* : with shame
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping
 (Poor ignorant baubles !) on our terrible seas, 30
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks : For joy whereof,
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (O, giglet fortune !) to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid :
 Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ;
 and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars : other
 of them may have crook'd noses ; but, to own such
 strait arms, none. 41

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as
 hard as Cassibelan : I do not say, I am one ; but I
 have a hand.—Why tribute ? why should we pay
 tribute ? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a
 blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay
 him tribute for light ; else, sir, no more tribute, pray
 you now.

Cym. You must know,
 'Till the injurious Roman did extort

50

This

This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition

(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world), against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be; we do. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
60

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made
our laws,

Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy:
Receive it from me then:—War, and confusion, 70
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,

That

That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent 80
 Which, not to read, would shew the Britons cold:
 So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-
 time with us a day, or two, or longer: If you seek
 us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our
 salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is
 your's; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall
 fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir. 90

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
 All the remain is, welcome. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Another Room. Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
 What monsters her accuse?—Leonatus!
 O, master! what a strange infection
 Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
 (As poisonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
 She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults 100
 As would take in some virtue.—O my master!
 Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
 Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
 Upon

Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter*

[Reading.

That I have sent her, by her own command, 110
Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble!
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters; 120
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him!
(Some griefs are medicinal; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love)—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Blest be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;

I

Though

Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet 190
 You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[Reading.

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in
 his dominions, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the
 dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.
 Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven:
 What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow.
 So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his
 vow, and your, increasing in love,*

Leonatus Posthumus.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
 He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me 141
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio
 (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st—
 O, let me 'bate—but not like me:—yet long'st—
 But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
 For mine's beyond, beyond), say, and speak thick
 (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
 To the smothering of the sense), how far it is 150
 To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
 To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
 How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
 'Till

'Till our return, to excuse :—but, first, how get hence :

Why should excuse be born or e'r begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour? 160

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf: — But this is fool-
ery:—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife. 170

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*Changes to a Forest, in Wales, with a Cave. Enter
BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows
you

To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through 181
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good-morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow, 190
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;

200

Richer,

Richer, than doing nothing for a babe ;
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
 Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd : no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor
 unfledg'd,
 Have never wing'd from view o' the nest ; nor know
 not

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
 If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known ; well corresponding
 With your stiff age : but, unto us, it is 210
 A cell of ignorance ; travelling a-bed ;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
 When we are as old as you ? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing ;
 We are beastly ; subtle as the fox, for prey ;
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat : 220
 Our valour is, to chace what flies ; our cage
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak !
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly : the art o' the court,
 As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that

The

The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger 230
 I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the
 search;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
 Must curt'sy at the censure:—O, boys, this story
 The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
 With Roman swords; and my report was once
 First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off: Then was I as a tree, 240
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
 A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
 And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you
 oft)

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
 I was confederate with the Romans: so,
 Follow'd my banishment; and, these twenty years,
 This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd 252
 More pious debts to heaven, than in all
 The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the moun-
 tains;

This is not hunters' language: He, that strikes

The

The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the vallies.

[*Exeunt GUID. and ARV.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature! 260
These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up
thus meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell 270
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal
(Once, Arviragus) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rouz'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon, 281
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as

Thou

Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse ; they took thee for their
mother,
And every day do honour to her grave :
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven. Enter PISANIO, and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
the place
Was near at hand :—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now :—Pisanio ! Man !
Where is Posthumus ? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus ? Wherefore breaks that
sigh
From the inward of thee ? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication : Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter ?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender ? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before : if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's
hand !
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,
And

And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy
tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

309

IMOGEN reads.

*Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my
bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak
not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my
grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part,
thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted
with the breach of her's. Let thine own hands take away
her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven:
she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to
strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pan-
dar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

319

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the
paper

Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?

K

To

To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge
 nature, 330

To break it with a fearful dream of him,
 And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
 Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

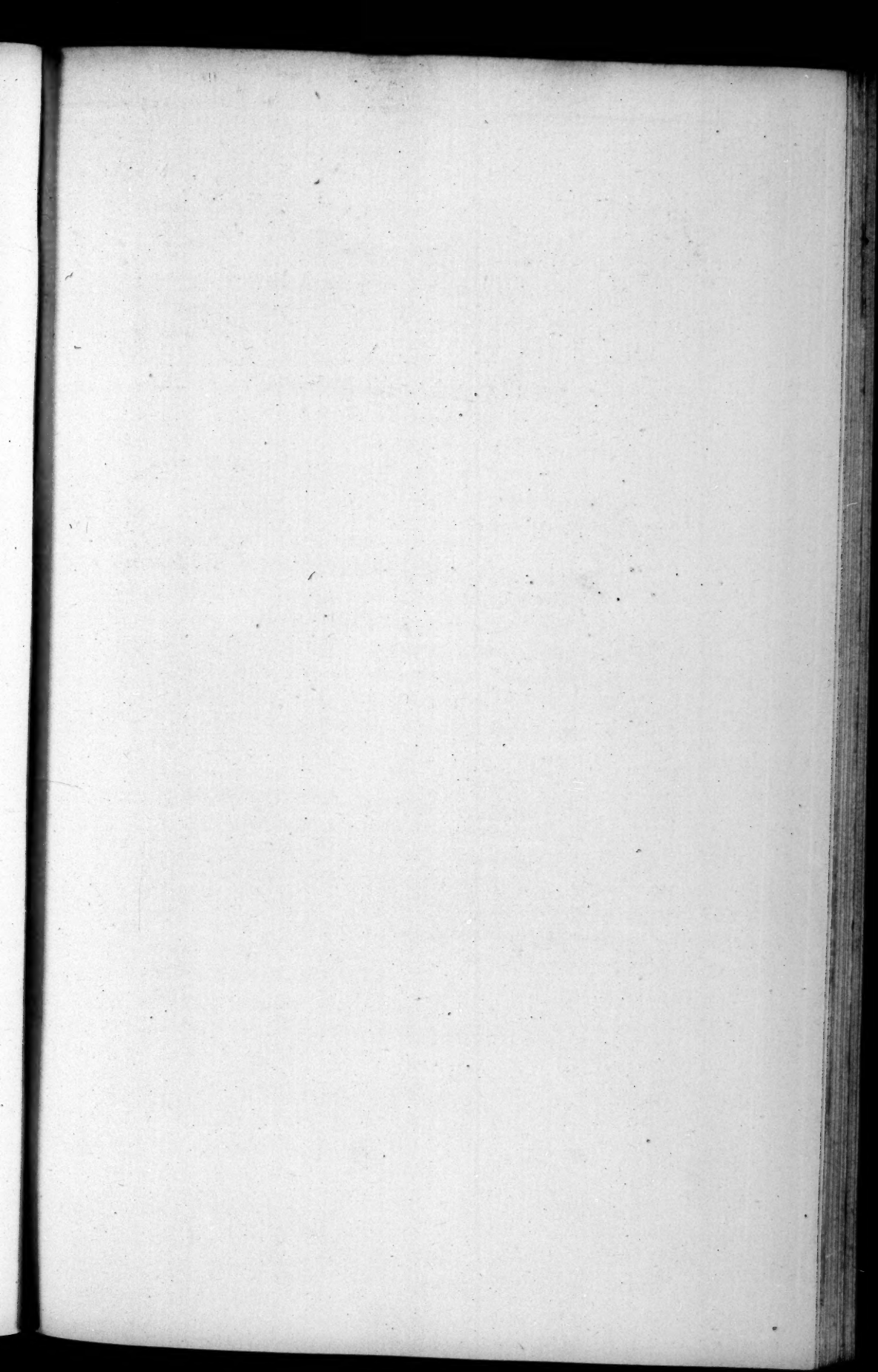
Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
 Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
 Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
 Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
 Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
 Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion; 340
 And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
 I must be ript:—to pieces with me!—O,
 Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
 By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
 Put on for villany; not born, where't grows;
 But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
 Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weep-
 ing

Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity 350
 From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthumus,
 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
 Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
 From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
 Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him,
 A little witness my obedience: Look!

I draw



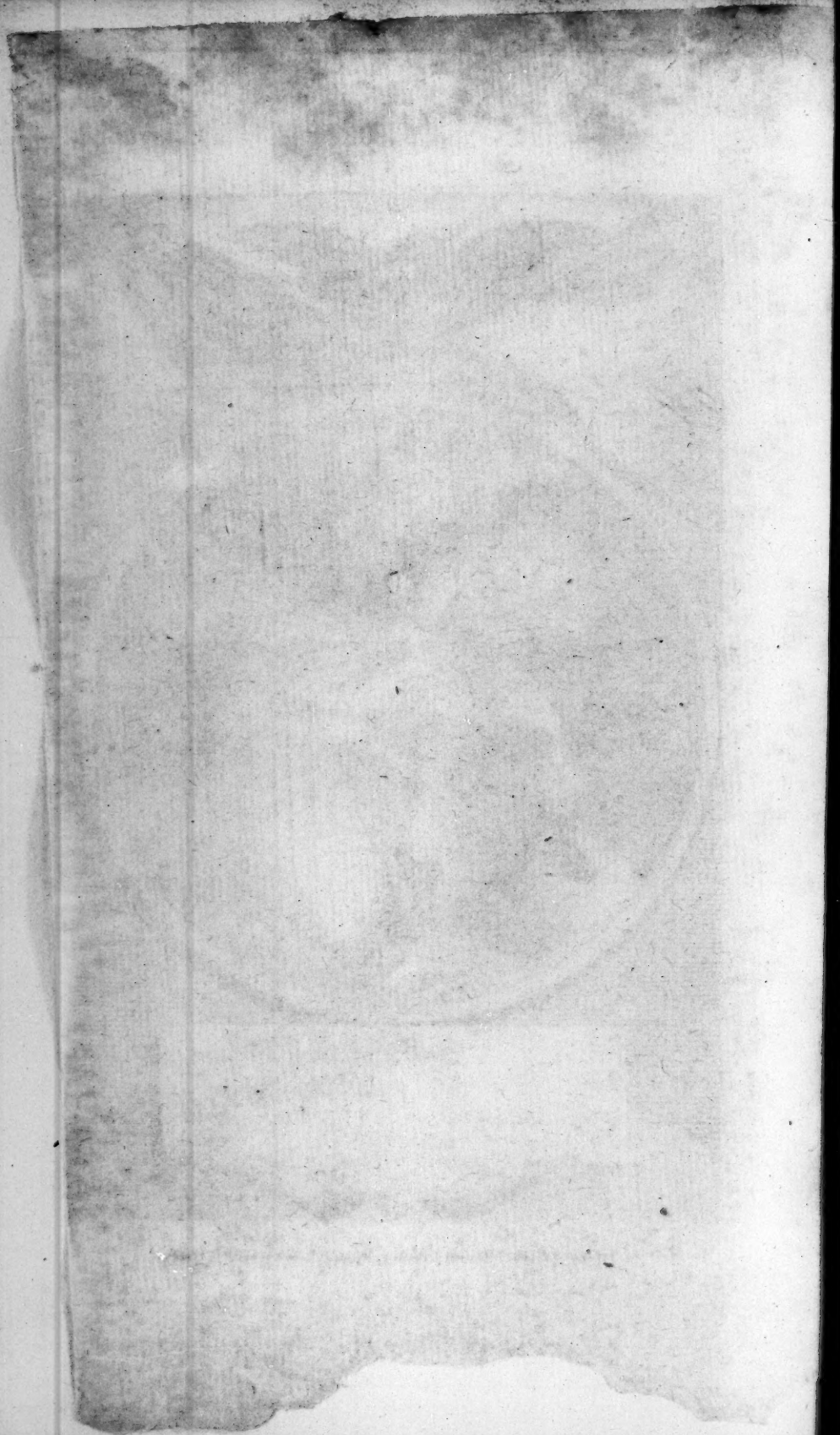


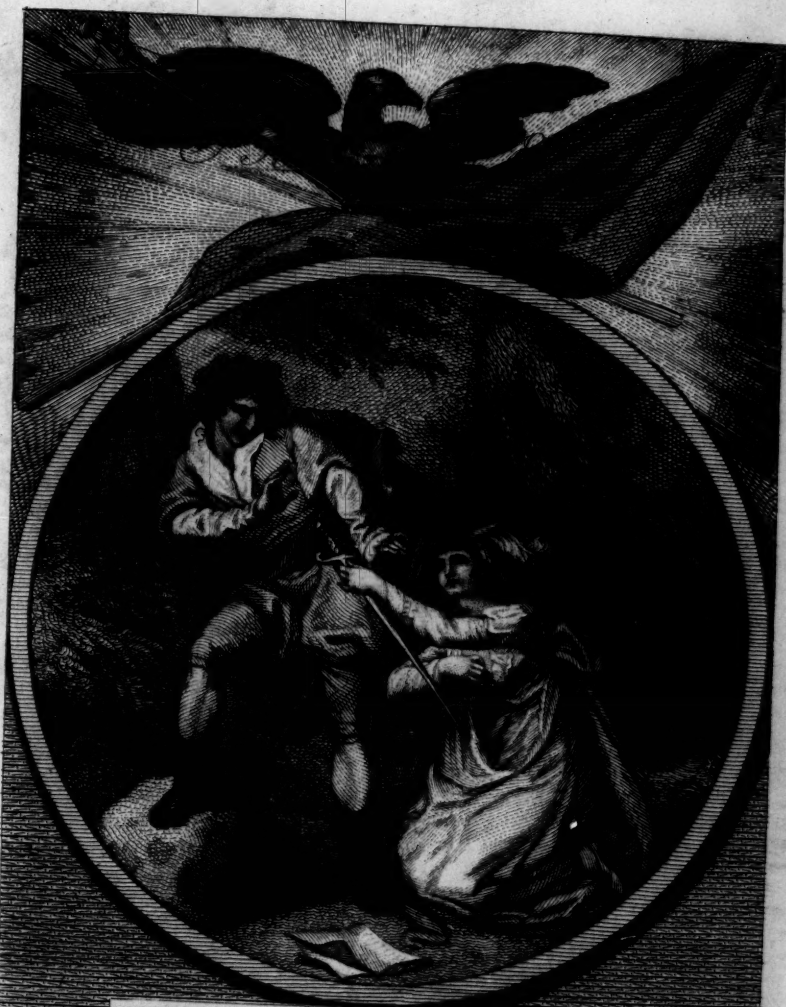




CHINESE

Printed by J. Ball, Tinsell's Library, Strand, London W.C.2, 1706.





CYMBELINE.

— take it, and bid
the innocent mansion of my love, my heart
sore.

Burney del.

Hall sculp.

Printed for J. Bell, British Library Strand London Mar: 9. 1786.

I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
 Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
 Thy master is not there; who was, indeed, 360
 The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
 There is a prohibition so divine,
 That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my
 heart;— 370

Something's afore't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
 Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
 The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
 All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
 Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
 Believe false teachers: Though those that are be-
 tray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, that diddest set up 380
 My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
 And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
 Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
 It is no act of common passage, but

K i j

A strain

A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself,
 To think, when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her
 That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me. — Pr'ythee, dispatch :
 The lamb entreats the butcher : Where's thy knife ?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding, 390
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady !

Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Did'st undertake it ? Why hast thou abus'd
 So many miles, with a pretence ? this place ?
 Mine action and thine own ? our horses' labour ? 400
 The time inviting thee ? the perturb'd court,
 For my being absent ; whereunto I never
 Purpose to return ? Why hast thou gone so far,
 To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 The elected deer before thee ?

Pis. But to win time

To lose so bad employment : in the which
 I have consider'd of a course ; Good lady,
 Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary ; speak : 410

I have heard, I am a strumpet ; and mine ear,
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
 Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,

I thought

I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;

Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:

But if I were as wise as honest, then

My purpose would prove well. It cannot be, 420

But that my master is abus'd:

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,

Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.

Pis. No, on my life.

I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him

Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded

I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,

And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,

430

What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am

Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court——

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado

With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing;

That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me

As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,

Then not in Britain must you bide.

440

Imo. Where then?

Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,

Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;

In

In a great pool, a swan's nest : Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad

You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow : Now, if you could wear a mind 450
Dark as your fortune is ; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger ; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view : yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus ; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means !

Though peril to my modesty, not death on't, 460
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then here's the point :

You must forget to be a woman ; change
Command into obedience ; fear, and niceness
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self), into a waggish courage ;
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel : nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart ! 470
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan ; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo.

Imo. Nay, be brief :

I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.

Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
('Tis in my cloke-bag), doublet, hat, hose, all 480
That answer to them : Would you in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy (which you'll make him
know,

If that his head have ear in musick), doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich ; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment. 490

Imo. Thou art all the comfort

The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away :
There's more to be consider'd ; but we'll even
All that good time will give us : This attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell :
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box ; I had it from the queen ; 500
What's in't is precious : if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And

And fit you to your manhood :—May the gods
Direct you to the best !

Imo. Amen ; I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*The Palace of CYMBELINE. Enter CYMBELINE,
Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords.*

Cym. Thus far ; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote : I must from hence ;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye 510
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you !

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office ;
The due of honour in no point omit :— 520
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly ; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner : Fare you well.

Cym.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
'Till he have crost the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exit LUCIUS, &c.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cause. 530

Clot. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly. 540

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty;
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too light in sufferance.

[*Exit a Servant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd 550
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady

So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Serv. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud of noise we make. 560

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! [Exit.

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king. 571

Clot. That man of her's, Pisanio her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. [Exit.

Queen. Go, look after.—

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown 580
To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is

To

To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clot. 'Tis certain, she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May
This night forestall him of the coming day! 590

[Exit Queen.]

Clot. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and
royal;

And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools 600

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing,
sirrah?

Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Lij

Pis.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn. 611

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once, 620
At the next word—No more of worthy lord—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.

She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } [*Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh! 632

Pis. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O, Imogen,
[*Aside.*
Safe

Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry—that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly—I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment. 644

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou can'st not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go. 658

Pis. I shall, my lord. [Exit.]

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time

time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart), that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her : First kill him, and in her eyes ; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body—and when my lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd), to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge. 676

Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.

Be those the garments ?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven ?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber ; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee : the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford ; Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true.

[*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss : for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.—To Milford go, 690

And

And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her ! This fool's speed
Be crost with slowness ; labour be his meed ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

The Forest and Cave. Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one :
I have tir'd myself ; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken : O Jove, I think,
Foundations fly the wretched : such, I mean, 700
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told
me,

I could not miss my way : Will poor folk lie,
That have afflictions on them ; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial ? Yes : no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true : To lapse in fulness
Is sorer, than to lie for need ; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord !
Thou art one o' the false ones : Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this ? 710
Here is a path to it : 'Tis some savage hold :
I were best not call ; I dare not call : yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.

Plenty,

Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
 If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
 Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the Cave.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman,
 and 721
 Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
 Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Guid. I am thoroughly weary. 730

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll bronze
 on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in:— [*Looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 Here were a fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,

An

An earthly paragon !—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy ! 740

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not :
Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took : Good
troth,
I have stolen nought ; nor would not, though I had
found
Gold strew'd o'the floor. Here's money for my meat :
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal ; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth ?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt ! 750
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry :
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound ?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What is your name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir : I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford ; 760
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls ; nor measure our good minds

M

By

By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty
I bid for you, as I'd buy. 771

Arv. I'll mak't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother :—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is your's:—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that
they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

[*Aside.*]

Bel. He wrings at some distress. 782

Guid. 'Would, I could free't !

Arr. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [Whispering.

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes), 79
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since

Since Leonatus false——

Bel. It shall be so :

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. —Fair youth, come in :
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. Pray, draw near. 800

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark,
less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Rome. Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenor of the emperor's writ ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians ;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons ; that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates 810
Lucius pro-consul : and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar !

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces ?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia ?

1 *Sen.* With those legions

Mij

Which

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant : The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time 820
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Forest, near the Cave. Enter CLOTEN.

Cloten.

I AM near to the place where they should meet, if
Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his gar-
ments serve me ! Why should his mistress, who was
made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too ?
the rather (saving reverence of the word) for, 'tis
said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I
must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself
(for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to
confer ; in his own chamber, I mean) the lines of
my body are as well drawn as his ; no less young,
more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond
him in the advantage of the time, above him in
birth, alike conversant in general services, and more
remarkable in single oppositions : yet this imperse-
verant thing loves him in my despatch. What mor-
tality is ! Posthumus, thy head, which is now grow-
ing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off ;
thy

thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Cave. Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well: remain here in the cave; We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here: [To IMOGEN.
Are we not brothers? 30

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not; yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort 40
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,

Since

Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :
I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ? how ? how ?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault : I know not why, 50
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason : the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain !
O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :
Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and grace.
I am not their father ; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me. 60
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,
what lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court :
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !
The imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still ; heart-sick :—Pisanio, 70
I'll

I'll now taste of thy drug.

Guid. I could not stir him :

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate ;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me : yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field :—

We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away. —

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

80

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

[Exit IMOGEN.]

Bel. And shalt be ever.—

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Guid. But his neat cookery!

He cut our roots in characters ;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick, 90
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh : as if the sigh

Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;

The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly

From so divine a temple, to commix

With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,

That grief and patience, rooted in him both,

Mingle their spurs together.

10

Arv.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away.—Who's
there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet 110
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

Guid. He is but one:—You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*]

Clot. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock. 120

Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Guid. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have
not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not

My

My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art ;
Why I should yield to thee ?

Clot. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes ?

Guid. No, nor thy tailor, rascal, 120
Who is thy grandfather ; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool ;
I am loth to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name ? 140

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Guid. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it ; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know,
I am son to the queen.

Guid. I am sorry for't ; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afeard ? 150

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear ; the
wise :

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death :

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,

N

I'll

I'll follow those that even now fled hence;
 And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
 Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Fight, and exeunt.*]

Enter BELARIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him,
 sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him, 160
 But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
 Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
 And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
 'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
 I wish my brother make good time with him,
 You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
 I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
 Of roaring terrors: For the effect of judgment 170
 Is oft the cause of fear—But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's Head.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
 There was no money in't: not Hercules
 Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
 Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
 My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's
 head,

Son

Son to the queen, after his own report ;
 Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore,
 With his own single hand he'd take us in, 181
 Displace our heads, where thank the gods, they grow,
 And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
 But, that he swore to take, our lives ? The law
 Protects not us ; Then why should we be tender
 To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us ?
 Play judge, and executioner, all himself ?
 For we do fear the law ? What company 190
 Discover you abroad ?

Bel. No single soul
 Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
 He must have some attendants. Though his honour
 Was nothing but mutation ; ay, and that
 From one bad thing to worse ; not frenzy, not
 Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
 To bring him here alone : Although, perhaps,
 It may be heard at court, that such as we
 Cave here, hunt here, are out-laws, and in time 200
 May make some stronger head ; the which he hearing
 (As it is like him), might break out, and swear
 He'd fetch us in : yet is't not probable
 To come alone, either he so undertaking,
 Or they so suffering : then on good ground we
 fear,
 If we do fear this body hath a tail
 More perilous than the head.

Nij

Arv.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

210

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw it into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck.

[Exit.

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though
valour

220

Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us
through,

And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
'Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!

I'll

I'll willingly to him : To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, thou thyself thou blazon'st 240
In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd ; honour untaught ;
Civility not seen from other ; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop 250
As if it had been sow'd ! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends ;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Guid. Where's my brother ?
I have sent Cloten's clot-pole down the stream,
In embassy to his mother ; his body's hostage
For his return. [Solemn Musick.

Bel. My ingenious instrument !
Hark, Polydore, it sounds ! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ? Hark ! 260

Guid. Is he at home ?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid.

Guid. What does he mean? since death of my dearest mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN as dead, bearing her in his Arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms, 270
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy! 280
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;
but I,
Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arv.

Arv. Stark, as you see ;
 'Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
 Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at : his right
 cheek

Reposing on a cushion. 290

Guid. Where ?

Arv. O' the floor ;
 His arms thus leagu'd : I thought, he slept ; and
 put
 My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rude-
 ness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps :
 If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;
 With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
 And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers, 300
 Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave : Thou shalt not lack
 The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
 The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
 The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
 Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock would,
 With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
 Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
 Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;
 Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
 To winter-ground thy corse. 311

Guid. Pr'ythee, have done ;
 And do not play in wench-like words with that
 Which

Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Guid. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so :

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices 320
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Guid. Cadwal,

I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less: for
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys; 330
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty,
rotting

Together, have one dust; yet reverence
(That angel of the world), doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Guid. Pray you, fetch him hither.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

340

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,

We'll

We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit BELARIUS.]

Guid. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So—Begin.

S O N G.

Guid. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,* 350
*Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Both golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physick, must
All follow this, and come to dust.*

Guid. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,* 360
Arv. *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;*
Guid. *Fear not slander, censure rash;*
Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:*
Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.*

O

Guid.

Guid. *No exorciser harm thee!*

Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*

Guid. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*

Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*

Both. *Quiet consummation have;*

370

And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.

Guid. We have done our obsequies: Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,

Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces:—

You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so

These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—

Come on, away: apart upon our knees.

The ground, that gave them first, has them again:

Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [*Exeunt.*]

IMOGEN, *awaking.*

Imo. Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; Which is the way?—

381

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?

'Ods pittikins!—can it be six miles yet?—

I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But,

But, soft! no bedfellow :—O, gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the Body.*]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, 390
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good
faith,

I tremble still with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh; 400
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregular devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas, 410
Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's
that?

Oij

Pisanio

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?
 'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
 Have lay'd this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, preg-
 nant!

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, 420
 That we the horridier may seem to those
 Which chance to find us: O, my lord! my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, Captains, &c. and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
 After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
 You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
 They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
 And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service; and they come 430
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
 Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
 Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present num-
 bers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
 What

What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision

(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence): Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd 441
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams: which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination),
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed 451
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young
one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it, Who is it? 461
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very

A very valiant Briton, and a good,
 That here by mountaineers lies slain :—Alas !
 There are no more such masters : I may wander
 From east to occident, cry out for service,
 Try many, all good, serve truly, never
 Find such another master. 470

Luc. 'Lack, good youth !

Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
 Thy master in bleeding : Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
 No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aside.*
 They'll pardon it. Say you, sir ?

Luc. Thy name.

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same :
 Thy name well fits thy faith ; thy faith, thy name.
 Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say, 481
 Thou shalt be so well master'd ; but, be sure,
 No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
 Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
 Than thine own worth prefer thee : Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the gods,
 I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
 As these poor pick-axes can dig : and when
 With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his
 grave,

And on it said a century of prayers, 490
 Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh ;
 And, leaving so his service, follow you,
 So please you entertain me.

Luc.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daizy'd plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave: Come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd, 501
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

CYMBELINE'S Palace. Enter CYMBELINE, Lords,
and PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with
her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me: her son gone, 510
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is your's,

I humbly

I humbly set it at your will : But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your high-
ness,

Hold me your loyal servant. 520

Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here :
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome ;
We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy
[To PISANIO.

Does yet depend.

Lord. So please your majesty, 530
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast ; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of : come more, for more you're
ready :

The want is, but to put these powers in motion,
That long to move. 540

Cym. I thank you : Let's withdraw ;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us ; but

We

We grieve at chances here.—Away. [Exeunt.

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work: 550
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

*Before the Cave. Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERTUS, and
ARVIRAGUS.*

Guid. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope 560
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.

P

To

To the king's party there's no going : newness
 Of Cloten's death (we being not known, nor muster'd
 Among the bands) may drive us to a render
 Where we have liv'd ; and so extort from us that
 Which we have done, whose answer would be death,
 Drawn on with torture. 57^a

Guid. This is, sir, a doubt,
 In such a time, nothing becoming you,
 Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
 That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
 Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
 And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
 That they will waste their time upon our note, 58^a
 To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
 Of many in the army : many years,
 Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore
 him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
 Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves ;
 Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
 The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless
 To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
 But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and 59^a
 The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
 Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
 I and my brother are not known ; yourself,
 So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,

Cannot

Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had 601
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by 610
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks
scorn, [Aside.
'Till it fly out, and shew them princes born. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field, between the British and Roman Camps. Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody Handkerchief.

Posthumus.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
 Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
 If each of you would take this course, how many
 Must murder wives much better than themselves
 For wrying but a little?—O, Pisapio!
 Every good servant does not all commands:
 No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
 Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved
 The noble Imogen to repent; and struck 10
 Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,
 alack,
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
 To have them fall no more: you some permit
 To second ills with ills, each elder worse;
 And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
 But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
 And make me blest to obey!—I am brought hither
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace! 20
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear

Act 5.

CYMBELINE.

Scene I.



MR POPE in POSTHUMUS.

Yea, bloody cloth I'll keep thee.

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Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pity'd nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show. 30
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army at one Door; and the British Army at another; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in Skirmish IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquishes and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness, and guilt, within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have bely'd a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn, 40
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before

This

This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*

The Battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the
ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons. They rescue CYMBELINE, and Exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd. 50

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field. Enter POSTHUMUS, and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the
stand?

Post.

Post. I did:
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken, 60
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with
turf; 70

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings (lads more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame),
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men: 80
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,

But

But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many
 (For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing), with this word, *stand, stand,*
 Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own nobleness (which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance), gilded pale looks,
 Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
 coward

But by example (O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
 A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made: And now our cowards
 (Like fragments in hard voyages, became
 The life o' the need), having found the back-door
 open

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
 Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their
 friends

O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made

Rather

Rather to wonder at the things you hear, 111
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too. 120
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewel; you are angry. [Exit.

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly
monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we 131
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find
him:

For, being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be

Britons must take : For me, my ransom's death ;
 On either side I come to spend my breath ; 140
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd ! Lucius is taken ;
 'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
 That gave the affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported ;
 But none of them can be found.—Stand ! Who's
 there ?

Post. A Roman ;
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answer'd him. 151

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him ; A dog !
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here : He brags his
 service
 As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, AR-
 VIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The
 Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who
 delivers him over to a Gaoler : after which all go out.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Prison. Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers.

1 Gaol. You shall not now be stolen, you have locks
upon you ;

So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 Gaol. Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage ! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty : Yet am I better 160

Than one that's sick o 'the gout ; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd

By the sure physician, death ; who is the key

To unbar these locks. My conscience ! thou art
fetter'd

More than my shanks, and wrists : You good gods,
give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,

Then, free for ever ! Is't enough, I am sorry ?

So children temporal fathers do appease ;

Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent ?

I cannot do it better than in gyves, 170

Desir'd, more than constrain'd : to satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

No stricter render of me, than my all.

I know, you are more clement than vile men,

Who of their broken debtors take a third,

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again

On their abatement ; that's not my desire :

For Imogen's dear life, take mine ; and though

Q ij

'Tis

'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it :
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp ;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake ; 181
 You rather mine, being yours : And so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen !
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.]

Salem Musick. Enter, as in an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man, attired like a Warrior ; leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to POSTHUMUS, with Musick before them. Then, after other Musick, follow the two young LEONATI, Brothers to POSTHUMUS, with Wounds as they died in the Wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
 Thy spite on mortal flies :
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates, and revenges. 190
 Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
 Whose face I never saw ?
 I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
 Attending Nature's law.
 Whose father then (as men report,
 Thou orphan's father art)
 Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
 From this earth-vexing smart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,

But

But took me in my throes ; 200
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity !

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

¹ *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel ; 210
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity ?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen ?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy, 220
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy ;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villany ?

² *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain ;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,

With

With honour to maintain.

230

¹ *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd :

Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd

The graces for his merits due ;
Being all to dolours turn'd ?

Sici. Thy chrystal window ope ; look out ;
No longer exercise,

Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

240

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help !
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

² *Broth.* Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

*Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon
an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-Bolt. The Ghosts fall
on their Knees.*

Jupit. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing ; hush ! — How dare you,
ghosts,

250

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence ; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers :

Be

Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
 No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
 Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
 The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent. 260
 Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
 Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
 And happier much by his affliction made.
 This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
 And so, away: no farther with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
 Mount eagle to my palace chrystalline. [*Ascends.*]
Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath 270
 Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
 More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird
 Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,
 As when his god is pleas'd.
All. Thanks, Jupiter!
Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
 His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest
 Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Vanish.*]
Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire,
 and begot 280
 A father to me: and thou hast created
 A mother, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
 Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.

And

And so I am awake.—Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare
one!

290

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[Reads.]

When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

301

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep if but for sympathy.

Re-enter

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot. 313

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink: sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows. 328

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

R

Gaol.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then ; I have not seen him so pictur'd : you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know ; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know ; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril : and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell one. 342

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness ! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles ; bring your prisoner to the king. 350

Post. Thou bring'st good news ; I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler ; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt POST. and Messenger.*]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman : and there be some of them too, that die against their wills ; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good ; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and

and gallowses! I speak against my present profit: but
my wish hath a preferment in't, [Exit.

SCENE V.

CYMBELINE's Tent. Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS,
GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have
made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stept before targe of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if 370
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and
living,

But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am

The heir of his reward; which I will add 380
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,

[To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

R ij

Bel.

Bel. Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen :
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees :

Arise my knight's o' the battle ; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you 390
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS, and Ladies.

There's business in these faces :— Why so sadly
Greet you our victory ? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king !

To sour your happiness ; I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become ? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death 400
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she ?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life ;
Which being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you : These her women
Can trip me, if I err ; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you ; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you : 410
Married your royalty, was wife to your place ;
Abhorr'd

Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this :

And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison. 420

Cym. O most delicate fiend !

Who is't can read a woman ?—Is there more ?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she
had

For you a mortal mineral ! which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you : In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew : yes, and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft), to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown. 430
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
The ills she hatch'd were not effected ; so,
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;

Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart, 440
That

That thought her like her seeming ; it had been
vicious,

To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and other Roman Prisoners ;
POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute ; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :
So, think of your estate. 450

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war ; the day
Was your's by accident ; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cold, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :
Augustus lives to think on't : And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat ; My boy, a Briton born, 460
Let him be ransom'd : never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like : let his virtue join

With

With my request, which, I'll make bold, your high-
ness

Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me:—Boy, 470
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, and art
Mine own. I know not why, wherefore, I say,
Live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt. 480

Imo. No, no; alack,
There's other work in hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy? 489
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?
speak,

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo.

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your
vassal,

Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name ? 500

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page ;
I'll be thy master : Walk with me ; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN walk aside.]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?

Arv. One sand another

Not more resembles : That sweet rosy lad,
Who dy'd, and was Fidele—What think you ?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace ! see further ; he eyes us not ;
forbear ;

Creatures may be alike : were't he, I am sure 510
He would have spoke to us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent ; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress : [Aside.]

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [CYM. and IMO. come forward.]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side ;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth ;

[To IACHIMO.
Give

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it, 520
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to
him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him? [Aside.

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it your's?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me? 530

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
which

Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may
grieve thee,
As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my
lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint. 540

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
strength:

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast (O, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthumus
(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all 550
Amongst the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

Cym. I stand on fire: 560
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Post-
humus
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover), took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd (therein
He was as calm as virtue), he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description 570
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.—
He

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
 And she alone were cold : Whereat, I, wretch !
 Made scruple of his praise ; and wager'd with him
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
 By her's and mine adultery : he, true knight, 580
 No lesser of her honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;
 And would so, had ~~it been~~ a carbuncle
 Of Phœbus' wheel ; and might so safely, had it
 Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
 Post I in this design : Well may you, sir,
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain 590
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate
 Most vilely ; for my vantage, excellent ;
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with similar proof enough
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With tokens thus, and thus ; averring notes
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet
 (O, cunning, how I got it !) nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not 600
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon——
 Methinks, I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st,

Sij

[*Coming forward.*

Italian

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
 For torturers ingenious: it is I 610
 That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
 Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus; and
 Be villany less than 'twas!—O Imogen! 620
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful
 page,

There lie thy part.

[*Striking her, she falls.*]

Pis. O, gentlemen, help

Mine, and your mistress—O, my lord Posthumus!
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen 'till now:—Help, help!—
 Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round? 630

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
 To death with mortal joy.

Pis.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on
me, if 640

That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!——

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat. 650

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again 660
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.——

Guid.

Guid. This is sure Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you ?
Think, that you are upon a rock ! and now
Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
'Till the tree die ! 670

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child ?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act ?
Wilt thou not speak to me ?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [Kneeling.

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame you
not ;

You had a motive for't. [To GUID. and ARVI.

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee ! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord. 680

Cym. O, she was naught ; and long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely : But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn ; foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death : By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's 690
Then in my pocket ; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford ;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which

Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend! 700
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it,

Cym. He was a prince.

Guid. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here 710
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew, 720
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone; [*To the guard.*
They were not born for bondage.

Cym.



Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

730

Bel. We will die all three:

But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For my own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—

By leave;—Thou had'st, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

740

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

750

Cym. Nursing of my sons!

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy: Here's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,

These

These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue? 760

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't; 771
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars. 781

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

T

Bel.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as your's, is true Guiderius :
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus, 790
Your younger princely son ; he, sir, was lap'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :
It was wise nature's end in the donation, 800
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more :—Blest may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now !—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord ;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met ? O never say hereafter, 810
But I am truest speaker : you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister ; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet ?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd ;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which 821
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long interrogatories. See, 830
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers; me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy: the counter-change
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices—
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.]

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'er-joy'd, 840
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd

Tij

The

The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,

The soldier that did company these three 850
In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd:—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again:

But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, [*Kneels.*
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith. 860

Post. Kneel not to me:

The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd;

We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arr. You help us, sir,

As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are. 870

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him shew

His

His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus—

880

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Soothsayer reads.

When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;

890

The fit and apt construction of thy name,

Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.

The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To CYMBELINE.]

Which we call *mollis aër*; and *mollis aër*

We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,

Is this most constant wife; [To POST.] who, even now,

Answering the letter of the oracle,

Unknown to you, unsought, were clip'd about

With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

900

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,

Personates thee: and thy lopt branches point

Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,

For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,

To the majestick cedar join'd; whose issue

Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym.

Cym. Well,

My peace we will begin :—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire ; promising 910
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
On whom heaven's justice (both on her, and her's),
Hath lay'd most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd : For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft, 920
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd : which fore-shew'd, our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods ;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars ! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward : Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave 930
Friendly together ; so through Lud's town march ;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there :—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Excunt omnes.*]

A S O N G,

A SONG, sung by GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS
over FIDELE, supposed to be dead.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

1.

*To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids, and village hinds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.*

2.

*No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove:
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.*

3.

*No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.*

4.

*The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.*

When

5.

*When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chace on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*

6.

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, 'till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd, 'till pity's self be dead.*

THE END.



ANNOTATIONS
BY
SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,
AND
THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,
UPON
CYMBELINE,
WRITTEN BY
WILL. SHAKSPERE.

—SIC ITUR AD ASTRA. VIRG.

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1

ANNOTATIONS
ON THE
THE VARIOUS FORMS OF
CYMBELINE
WRITTEN BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

LONDON
Printed by J. Sturges, at the
The British Museum Library
1841



ANNOTATIONS
UPON
CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

Line 1. *YOU do not meet a man, but frowns: our
BLOODS*

*No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers',
Still seem, as does the king's.] We do not
meet a man but frowns; our bloods—our countenances,
which, in popular speech, are said to be regulated by
the temper of the blood—no more obey the laws of
heaven—which direct us to appear what we really are
—than our courtiers':—that is, that the bloods of our
courtiers; but our bloods, like theirs—still seem, as doth
the king's.*

JOHNSON.

In the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1619, which has been attributed to Shakspeare, *blood* appears to be used for inclination:

“For

"For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden."

Again, in *K. Lear*, act iv. sc. 2.

"——Were it my fitness

"To let these hands obey my *blood*."

In *K. Henry VIII.* act iii. sc. 4. is the same thought:

"—subject to your countenance, glad, or sorry,

"As I saw it inclin'd," STEEVENS.

I would propose to make this passage clear by a very slight alteration, only leaving out the last letter:

You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods

No more obey the heavens than our courtiers

Still seem, as does the *king*.——

That is, *Still look as the king does*; or, as he expresses it a little differently afterwards:

——wear their faces to the bent

Of the king's look.

TYRWHITT.

28. *You speak him far.*] i. e. you praise him extensively.

STEEVENS.

29. *I DO EXTEND him, sir, within himself;*] I extend him within himself: my praise, however extensive, is within his merit.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps this passage may be somewhat illustrated by the following lines in *Troilus and Cressida*, act iii.

"——no man is the lord of any thing,

"'Till he communicate his parts to others:

"Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,

"'Till he behold them form'd in the applause

"Where they are extended," &c. STEEVENS.

To

To *extend* means here, as in many other places, to estimate, or appretiate.—*However highly I estimate him, my estimation is still short of his real value.* So, in a subsequent scene of this play: “The approbations of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to *extend* him.”

The term is, originally, legal.

MALONE.

51. ———— *Liv'd in court*

(*Which rare it is to do*), *most prais'd, most lov'd:*]

This encomium is high and artful. To be at once in any great degree *loved* and *praised*, is truly *rare*.

JOHNSON.

54. *A glass that featur'd them;——]* *Feated* is the old reading.

This passage may be well explained by another in the first part of *King Henry IV.*

——— *He was indeed the glass*

Wherein the noble youths did dress themselves.

Again, Ophelia describes Hamlet, as

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form.

To dress themselves therefore may be to form themselves.

Dresser, in French, is to form. To *dress* a Spaniel, is to break him in.

Feat is *nice*, *exact*. So in the *Tempest*:

——— *look how well my garments sit upon me,*

Much feater than before.

To *feat*, therefore, may be a verb meaning—to render *nice*, *exact*: by the dress of Posthumus, even the more mature courtiers condescended to regulate their external appearance.

STEEVENS.

99. (*Always reserv'd my holy duty*)—] I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty. JOHNSON.

114. *Though ink be made of gall.*] Shakspeare, even in this poor conceit, has confounded the vegetable galls used in ink, with the animal gall, supposed to be bitter. JOHNSON.

The poet might mean either the *vegetable* or the *animal galls* with equal propriety, as the *vegetable* gall is bitter; and I have seen an ancient receipt for making ink, beginning, "Take of the black juice of the gall of oxen two ounces," &c. STEEVENS.

132. *And sear up my embracements from a next With bonds of death!*—] Shakspeare may poetically call the *cere-cloths* in which the dead are wrapp'd, *the bonds of death*. If so, we should read *cere* instead of *sear*.

Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
Have burst their *cerements*?

To *sear up*, is properly to *close up by burning*; but in this passage the poet may have dropp'd that idea, and used the word simply for to *close up*. STEEVENS.

May not *sear up*, here mean *solder up*, and the reference be to a lead coffin? Perhaps *cerements* in Hamlet's address to the ghost, was used for *searments* in the same sense. HENLEY.

157. ———a touch more rare

Subdues all pangs, all fears.] *Rare* is used often for *eminently good*; but I do not remember any passage

passage in which it stands for *eminently bad*. May we read,

——a touch more *near*.

“*Cura deam propior luctusque domesticus angit.*”

Ovid.

There is another interpretation, which perhaps will remove the difficulty. *A touch more rare*, may mean a nobler passion.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act i. sc. 2.

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent *touches*,
Do strongly speak to us.

Again, in the *Tempest*:

Hast thou, which art but air, a *touch*, a feeling
Of their afflictions? &c.

A *touch* is not unfrequently used, by other ancient writers, in this sense.

A *touch more rare* is undoubtedly a more exquisite feeling, a superior sensation. So as Dr. Farmer observes to me in *Fraunce's Yvichurch*. He is speaking of Mars and Venus, “When sweet tickling joyes of *tutching* came to the highest poynt, when two were one,” &c.

STEEVENS.

164. ——a puttock.] A *kite*. JOHNSON.

245. ——*her beauty and her brain*, &c.] I believe the lord means to speak a sentence, “Sir, as I told you always, beauty and brain go not together.”

JOHNSON.

246. ——*She's a good sign*,——] I believe the poet meant nothing by *sign*, but *fair outward shew*.

JOHNSON.

The same allusion is common to other writers. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn* :

" ——— a common trull,

" A tempting *sign*, and curiously set forth

" To draw in riotous guests."

Again, in the *Elder Brother*, by the same authors :

" Stand still, thou *sign* of man." ———

To understand the whole force of Shakspeare's idea, it should be remembered, that anciently almost every *sign* had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism, underneath it.

STEEVENS.

———written in *gold letters*.

HENLEY.

260. ———'twere a *paper lost*

As offer'd mercy is. —] I believe the poet's meaning is, that the loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loss of a pardon to a condemn'd criminal.

A thought resembling this occurs in *All's Well that Ends Well* :

" Like a remorseful *pardon* slowly carried."

STEEVENS.

280. ———'till the *diminution*

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle :]
The *diminution of space*, is the *diminution* of which space is the cause. Trees are killed by a blast of lightning, that is, by *blasting*, not *blasted* lightning. JOHNSON.

287. ———next *vantage*.] Next opportunity.

JOHNSON.

296. ———or e'er I could

Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, —] Dr. Warburton

burton pronounces, as absolutely as if he had been present at their parting, that these two charming words were *adieu Posthumus*; but as Mr. Edwards has observed, "she must have understood the language of love very little, if she could find no tenderer expression of it, than the name by which every one called her husband." STEEVENS.

3300. *Shakes all our buds from growing.*] A bud, without any distinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural representation of any thing incipient or immature; and the buds of flowers, if flowers are meant, grow to flowers, as the buds of fruits grow to fruits.

JOHNSON.

——the tyrannous breathing of the north,

Shakes all our buds from growing.

A great critick proposes to read,

Shuts all our buds from blowing:

and his emendation may in some measure be confirmed by those beautiful lines in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, which I have no doubt were written by Shakspeare. Emilia is speaking of a rose:

"It is the very emblem of a maid.

"For when the west wind courts her gently,

"How modestly she blows, and paints the sun

"With her chaste blushes?—when the north comes near her

"Rude and impatient, then like chastity,

"She locks her beauties in her bud again,

"And leaves him to base briars." FARMER.

I think the old reading may be sufficiently supported
by

by the following passage in the 18th Sonnet of our author :

“Rough winds do *shake* the darling *buds* of May.”

Again, in the *Taming of a Shrew* :

“Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds *shake* fair
buds.” STEEVENS.

306. —and a *Frenchman*.] The old copy reads—a
Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard. STEEVENS.

314. —*makes him*—] In the sense in which we
say, This will *make* or *mar* you. JOHNSON.

321. —*words him*—a great deal from the matter.]
Makes the description of him very distant from the
truth. JOHNSON.

325. —under her colours,—] Under her banner;
by her influence. JOHNSON.

328. —without more quality.—] The folio reads
less quality. Mr. Rowe first made the alteration.

STEEVENS.

346. —*I did atone*, &c.] To *atone* signifies in this
place to *reconcile*. So Ben Jonson, in *The Silent Wo-*
man :

“There had been some hope to *atone* you.”

Again, in Heywood's *English Traveller*, 1633 :

“The constable is call'd to *atone* the broil.”

STEEVENS.

351. —rather *shunn'd to go even with what I*
heard, &c.] This is expressed with a kind of fantas-
tical perplexity. He means, I was then willing to
take for my direction the experience of others, more
than

than such intelligence as I had gathered myself.

JOHNSON.

363. — *which may, without contradiction,*——] Which, undoubtedly, may be publickly told.

JOHNSON.

377. — *though I profess, &c.*] Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his mistress, and regard her not with the fondness of a friend, but the reverence of an adorer.

JOHNSON.

381. — *If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of your's outlustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many:*——] “If (says Iachimo) your mistress went before some others I have seen, only in the same degree your diamond outlustres many I have likewise seen, I should not admit on that account that she excelled many: but I ought not to make myself the judge of who is the fairest lady, or which is the brightest diamond, till I have beheld the finest of either kind which nature has hitherto produced.” The passage is not nonsense. It was the business of Iachimo to appear on this occasion as an infidel to beauty, in order to spirit Posthumus to lay the wager, and therefore will not admit of her excellence on any comparison.

STEEVENS.

As the passage now stands, even with Mr. Steevens's explanation, the latter member of the sentence—— *but I have not seen, &c.* is not sufficiently opposed to the former.

MALONE.

If a break or mark of suspension were inserted after “*lady*——” Mr. Malone's difficulty would be removed.

moved. Posthumus must be considered as interrupting Iachimo, before he had completed his sentence. What was cut off may be easily supplied :—therefore we cannot precisely appreciate either. HENLEY.

405. ———to convince the honour of my mistress;——]

Convince for overcome.

WARBURTON.

So, in *Macbeth* :

“ ———their malady convinces

“ The great essay of art.”

JOHNSON.

424. ———abus'd——] Deceiv'd.

JOHNSON.

434. ———approbation——] Proof.

JOHNSON.

444. You are a friend, and therein the wiser.——]

You are a friend to the lady, and therein the wiser, as you will not expose her to hazard ; and that you fear, is a proof of your religious fidelity. JOHNSON.

468. Iach. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours ; so is your diamond too : If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours, &c.

Post. I embrace these conditions, &c.] To make Iachimo talk more in character, for we find him sharp enough in the prosecution of his bet, we should strike out the negative, and read the rest thus : *If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd, &c. my ten thousand ducats are mine ; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour, &c. she your jewel, &c. and my gold are yours.*

WARBURTON.

I once

I once thought this emendation right ; but am now of opinion, that Shakspeare intended that Iachimo, having gained his purpose, should designedly drop the invidious and offensive part of the wager, and to flatter Posthumus, dwell long upon the more pleasing part of the representation. One condition of a wager implies the other, and there is no need to mention both.

JOHNSON.

502. *Other conclusions?—*] Other experiments. I commend, says Walton, an angler that tries conclusions, and improves his art.

JOHNSON.

508. *Your highness*

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:]

There is in this passage nothing that much requires a note, yet I cannot forbear to push it forward into observation. The thought would probably have been more amplified, had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been published in later times, by a race of men who have practised tortures without pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.

Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor.

JOHNSON.

521. *I do not like her.——*] This soliloquy is very inartificial. The speaker is under no strong pressure of thought ; he is neither resolving, repenting, suspecting, nor deliberating, and yet makes a long speech to tell himself what himself knows.

JOHNSON.

I do not like her.——

C

This

This soliloquy, however inartificial in respect of the speaker, is yet necessary to prevent that uneasiness which would naturally arise in the mind of an audience on recollection that the queen had mischievous ingredients in her possession, unless they were undeceived as to the quality of them; and it is no less useful to prepare us for the return of Imogen to life.

STEEVENS.

Nor is it defective in contrivance upon another account. The entrance of Pisanio; the change of the queen's countenance on his unexpected appearance, arising from the consciousness of her design to destroy him, with the preparations she had just received; and the physician's knowledge of Pisanio's character; all conspired to prompt the soliloquy in question.

HENLEY.

544. ———to shift his being,] To change his abode.

JOHNSON.

548. ———that leans?] That inclines towards its fall.

JOHNSON.

558. *Think what a chance thou changest on;—*] Such is the reading of the old copy. The meaning is: "think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service."

STEEVENS.

570. *Of leigers for her sweet;—*] A leiger ambassador, is one that resides at a foreign court to promote his master's interest.

JOHNSON.

584. ———but most miserable

Is the desire that's glorious;—] Her husband,

band, she says, proves her supreme grief. She had been happy had she been stolen as her brothers were; but now she is miserable, as all those are who have a sense of worth and honour superior to the vulgar, which occasions them infinite vexations from the envious and worthless part of mankind. Had she not so refined a taste as to be content only with the superior merit of Posthumus, but could have taken up with Cloten, she might have escaped these persecutions. This elegance of taste, which always discovers an excellence and chooses it, she calls with great sublimity of expression, *The desire that's glorious.*

WARBURTON.

585. ——— *Blessed be those,*

How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,

Which seasons comfort.———] To be able to

refine on calamity (says she) is the miserable privilege of those who are educated with aspiring thoughts and elegant desires. Blessed are they, however mean their condition, who have the power of gratifying their honest inclinations, which circumstance bestows an additional relish on comfort itself.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“You lack the season of all natures, sleep.”

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

“——the memory of misfortunes past

“Seasons the welcome.”——— STEEVENS.

Imogen's sentiment is, in my apprehension, simply this:—*Had I been stolen away in my infancy, or (as she says in another place) born a neat-herd's daughter, I*

Ci

had

had been happy. But instead of that, I am in a high, and, what is called, a glorious station; and most miserable is such a situation! Wretched is the wish of which the object is glory! Happier far are those, how low soever their rank in life, who have it in their power to gratify their virtuous inclinations: a circumstance that gives an additional zest to comfort itself, and renders it something more; or (to borrow our author's words in another place) which keeps comfort always fresh and lasting.

A line in *Timon* may, perhaps, prove the best comment on the former part of this passage:

“O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings!”

Of the verb *to season*, as explained by Mr. Steevens, so many instances occur, that there can, I think, be no doubt of the propriety of his interpretation.

MALONE.

614. ———and the rich crop

Of sea and land,——] The crop of sea and land means only the productions of either element.

STEEVENS.

616. ———and the twinn'd stones

Upon the number'd beach?——] The pebbles on the sea shore are so much of the same size and shape, that twinn'd may mean as like as twins. So in the Maid of the Mill, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

——“But is it possible that two faces

“Should be so twinn'd in form, complexion,” &c.

Again in our author's *Coriolanus*, act iv. sc. 4.

“Are still together, who twin as 'twere, in love.”

Theobald's

Theobald's conjecture is supported by a passage in *K. Lear* :

" ——— the murm'ring surge

" That on *th' unnumber'd* idle pebbles chafes"—

Th' unnumber'd, and *the number'd*, approach so nearly in sound, that it is difficult for the ear to distinguish one from the other. MALONE.

627. *Should make desire vomit emptiness,*

Not so allur'd to feed.] No one who has been ever sick at sea, can be at a loss to understand what is meant by *vomiting emptiness*. MALONE.

To vomit emptiness is, in the language of poetry, to feel the convulsions of eructation without plenitude.

JOHNSON.

638. *He's strange, and peevish.*] *Strange*, I believe, signifies *shy*, or *backward*. So Holinshed, p. 735 : " —brake to him his mind in this mischievous matter, in which he found him nothing *strange*."

Peevish anciently meant weak, silly. So in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591 : " Never was any so *peevish* to imagine the moon either capable of affection, or shape of a mistress." Again, in Lyly's *Galatea*, when a man has given a conceited answer to a plain question, Diana says, " Let him alone, he is but *peevish*." Again, in *Love's Metamorphosis* by Lyly, 1601 : " In the heavens I saw an orderly course, in the earth nothing but disorderly love and *peevishness*." Again, in Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579 : " We have infinite poets and pipers, and such *peevish* cattel among us in Englande." Again, in the *Comedy of Errors* :

" How

"How now! a madman! why thou *peevish*
sheep,

"No ship of Epidamnum stays for me."

STEEVENS.

646. ——— *he is called*

The Briton reveller.] So, in Chaucer's *Coke's Tale*, late edit. v. 4369:

"That he was cleped Perkin *revelour*."

STEEVENS.

653. ——— *he furnaces*

The thick sighs from him :——] So, in Chapman's preface to his translation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598: "—— *furnaceth* the universall sighes and complaints of this transposed world." STEEVENS.

Again, in *As You Like It*:

"——— And then the lover,

"*Sighing like furnace*, with a woeful ballad."

MALONE.

693. *What both you spur and stop.*] What it is that at once incites you to speak, and restrains you from it.

JOHNSON.

699. *Fixing it only here* :——] The folio, 1623, reads, *fering*. The reading of the text is that of the second folio.

MALONE.

700. ——— *as common as the stairs*

That mount the Capitol ;——] Shakspeare has bestowed some ornament on the proverbial phrase "as common as the highway." STEEVENS.

701. ——— *join gripes with hands, &c.*] The old edition reads,

——join

———join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (*falsehood as*
With labour) then *by* peeping in an eye, &c.

I read,

———then *by* peeping———

The author of the present regulation of the text I do not know, but have suffered it to stand, though not right. *Hard with falsehood*, is, hard by being often griped with frequent change of hands. JOHNSON.

———join gripes with hands

Made hourly hard by falsehood, as by labour;

Then glad myself with peeping in an eye,] Mr.

Rowe first regulated the passage thus, as it has been handed down by succeeding editors; but the repetition which they wished to avoid, is now restored, for if it be not absolute nonsense, why should we refuse to follow the old copy? STEEVENS.

718. ———to an empery,] *Empery* is a word signifying sovereign command; now obsolete. Shakspeare uses it in another play:

“Your right of birth, your *empery*, your own.”

STEEVENS.

720. *With tomboys*,——] We still call a masculine, a forward girl, a *tomboy*. So, in Middleton’s *Game at Chess*:

“Made threescore year a *tomboy*, a mere wanton.” Again, in Lyly’s *Midas*, 1592: “If thou should’st rig up and down in our jackets, thou wouldst be thought a very *tomboy*.”

Again,

Again, in *Lady Alimony* :

“ What humourous *tomboys* be these?—

“ The only gallant *Messalinas* of our age.”

It appears, from several of the old plays and ballads, that the ladies of pleasure, in the time of Shakspeare, often wore the habits of young men. So, in an ancient bl. let. ballad, entitled *The Stout Cripple of Cornwall* :

“ And therefore kept them secretlie

“ To feede his fowle desire,

“ Apparell'd all like gallant youthes

“ In Page's trim attyre.

“ He gave them for their cognizance

“ A purple bleeding heart,

“ In which two silver arrowes seem'd

“ The same in twaine to part.

“ Thus secret were his wanton sports,

“ Thus private was his pleasure ;

“ Thus harlots in the shape of men

“ Did wast away his treasure.”

Verstegan, however, gives the following etymology of the word *tomboy* : “ *Tumbe*, to dance, *Tumbod*, danced ; heerof wee yet call a wench that skippeth or leapeth lyke a boy, a *tomboy* : our name also of *tumbling* cometh from hence.”

STEEVENS.

720. — *hir'd with that self-exhibition*] *Gross strumpets*, hired with the *very pension* which you allow your husband.

JOHNSON.

723. — *such boil'd stuff*,] So in the *Old Law* by Massinger :

“ —look

"——look *parboil'd*,

"As if they came from Cupid's scalding-house."

STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is,—such *corrupted* stuff; from the substantive *boil*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"——boils and plagues

"Plaster you o'er!"

MALONE.

741. *Let me my service tender on your lips.*] Perhaps this is an allusion to the ancient custom of swearing servants into noble families. So in *Caltha Poëtarum*, &c. 1599:

"——she swears him to his good abearing,

"Whilst her faire sweet *tips* were the books of swearing."

STEEVENS.

753. *As in a Romish stew,—*] *Romish* was, in the time of Shakspeare, used instead of *Roman*. There were stews at Rome in the time of Augustus. The same phrase occurs in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607,

"——my mother deem'd me chang'd,

"Poor woman! in the loathsome *Romish* stewes:" and the author of this piece seems to have been a scholar.

Again, in *Wit in a Constable*, by Glapthorne, 1640,

"A *Romish* cirque, or Grecian hippodrome."

Again, in Tho. Drant's translation of the first epistle of the second book of Horace, 1567,

"The *Romishe* people wise in this, in this point only just."

STEEVENS.

771. *He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:]*

D

The

The reading of the text, which was furnished by the second folio, is supported by a passage in *Hamlet*:

“ —A station like the herald Mercury,

“ *New lighted* on a heaven-kissing hill.”

The first folio reads,

—like a *defended* god.

MALONE.

794. —*being strange,*] i. e. being a stranger.

STEEVENS.

ACT II.

Line 2. *KISS'D the jack upon an up-cast,—*] He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. *To kiss the jack* is a state of great advantage. JOHNSON.

This expression frequently occurs in the old comedies. So, in *A Woman never vex'd*, by Rowley, 1632,

“ This city *bowler* has *kiss'd* the mistress at the first *cast*.” STEEVENS.

13. *No, my lord ; &c.*] This, I believe, should stand thus :

1 *Lord*. No, my Lord.

2 *Lord*. Nor crop the ears of them.

[*Aside*.

JOHNSON.

24. —with your comb on.] The allusion is to a fool's cap, which hath a *comb* like a cock's.

JOHNSON.

27. —every companion—] The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt.

JOHNSON.

63. —he'd make!—] In the old editions,

—heel'd—

is equally the abridgement of *he would*. * * *

77. *From fairies, &c.*] In *Macbeth* is a prayer like this :

“ Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

“ Gives way to in repose !”

STEEVENS.

80. —our *Tarquin*—] The speaker is an Italian.

JOHNSON.

81. *Did softly press the rushes,—*] It was the custom in the time of our author to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. The practice is mentioned in *Caius de Ephemera Britannica*.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare has the same circumstance in his *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ ———by the light he spies

“ Lucretia's glove wherein her needle sticks ;

“ He takes it from the *rushes* where it lies,” &c.

So, in Tho. Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587,—“ *Sedge and rushes,—*with the which many in this country do use in sommer time to strawe their parlours and churches, as well for coolenes as for pleasant smell.”

STEEVENS.

83. *How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets!—*] So, in
our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“Who sees his true love in her naked bed,

“Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white.”

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

“Who o'er the white sheets peers her whiter chin.”

MALONE.

86. ————'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the chamber thus:—] The same

hyperbole is found in the *Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's
Image*, by J. Marston, 1598:

“—————no lips did seem so fair

“In his conceit; through which he thinks doth flie

“So sweet a breath that doth perfume the air.”

MALONE.

89. ————now canopy'd] Shakspeare has the same
expression in *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

“Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their
light,

“And canopy'd in darkness sweetly lay,

“'Till they might open to adorn the day.”

MALONE.

90. *Under these windows:—*] i. e. her eyelids.
So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“——Thy eye's windows fall,

“Like death, when he shuts up the day of life.”

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day;

“Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth.—”

MALONE.

90. ———white and azure; lac'd

With blue of heaven's own tinct.——] So, in
Romeo and Juliet:

"What envious streaks do lace the severing
clouds."

Perhaps we ought to regulate this passage thus:

——White, and azure-lac'd,

With blue of heaven's own tinct.

That is, white streaked with blue, and that blue
celestial.

MALONE.

105. ———on her left breast

A mole cinque-spotted,——] Our author
certainly took this circumstance from some trans-
lation of Boccace's novel; for it does not occur in the
imitation printed in *Westward for Smelts*. In the DE-
CAMERONE, *Ambrogivolo* (the Iachimo of our author),
who is concealed in a chest in the chamber of Madonna
Zinevra (whereas in *Westward for Smelts* the contemner
of female chastity hides himself under the lady's bed),
wishing to discover some particular mark about her
person, which might help him to deceive her husband,
"he at last espied a large mole under her left breast,
with several hairs round it of the colour of gold."

Though this mole is said, in the present passage, to
be on Imogen's breast, in the account that Iachimo
afterwards gives to Posthumus, our author has ad-
hered closely to his original:

"——under her breast,

"(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud

"Of that most delicate lodging." MALONE.

106.

106. ————*like the crimson drops*

I' the bottom of a cowslip :—] This simile contains the smallest out of a thousand proofs that Shakspeare was a most accurate observer of nature. STEEVENS.

116. ————*you dragons of the night!—*] The task of drawing the chariot of night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. Milton mentions *the dragon yoke of night* in *Il Penseroso*; and in his *Masque at Ludlow-Castle*: “*the dragon womb of Stygian darkness.*” It may be remarked, that the whole tribe of serpents sleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear to exert a constant vigilance.

STEEVENS.

—————*that dawning*

May bare the raven's eye :—] The old reading is *beare*. The poet means no more than that the light might wake the raven; or, as it is poetically expressed, *bare his eye*.

STEEVENS.

139. *Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,*] The same hyperbole occurs in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book V:

“—————ye birds

“That singing up to *heaven's gate* ascend.”

Again, in Shakspeare's 29th Sonnet:

“Like to the lark at break of day arising

“From sullen earth, *sings hymns at heaven's gate.*”

STEEVENS.

141. *His steeds to water at those springs*

On chalic'd flowers that lies;] i. e. the morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers.

WARBURTON.

It

It may be noted, that the *cup* of a flower is called *calix*, whence *chalice*. JOHNSON.

—those springs

On chalic'd flowers that lies.] It may be observed, with regard to this apparent false concord, that in very old English, the third person plural of the present tense endeth in *eth*, as well as the singular; and often familiarly in *es*, as might be exemplified from Chaucer, &c. Nor was this antiquated idiom quite worn out in our author's time, as appears from the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,

"Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes:"

as well as from many others in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. PERCY.

Dr. Percy might have added, that the third person plural of the *Anglo-Saxon* present tense ended in *eth*, and of the *Dano-Saxon* in *es*, which seems to be the original of such very ancient English idioms.

TOLLET.

Shakspeare frequently offends in this manner against the rules of grammar. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"She lifts the coffer lids that close his eyes,

"Where lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies."

STEEVENS.

145. —pretty bin:] Is very properly restored by Hanmer, for *pretty is*: but he too grammatically reads:

With all the things that pretty bin. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, Book I. c. 1.

"That

"That which of them to take, in diverse doubt
they *bin*."

Again, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"Sir, you may boast your flockes and herdes, that
bin both fresh and fair."

Again,

"As fresh as *bin* the flowers in May."

Again,

"Oenone, while we *bin* disposed to walk."

Kirkman ascribes this piece to Shakspeare. The author was Geo. Peele.

STEEVENS.

148. — *I will consider your musich the better :—*]

i. e. I will pay you more amply for it. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, act iv.

"—being something gently *consider'd*, I'll bring
you," &c.

STEEVENS.

150. — *cats-guts,—*] The old copy reads—
calves-guts.

STEEVENS.

168. *To orderly solicits;—*] *i. e.* regular courtship, courtship after the established fashion.

STEEVENS.

The oldest copy reads—*solicity*. The reading of the text is that of the second folio.

MALONE.

182. — *his goodness forespent on us,*] *i. e.* The good offices done by him to us heretofore.

WARBURTON.

192. — *false themselves,—*] Perhaps, in this instance, *false* is not an *adjective*, but a *verb*; and as such I think is used in another of our author's plays. Spenser often has it:

"Thou

“Thou *falsed* hast thy faith with perjury.”

STEEVENS.

225. —one of your great knowing

Should learn, being taught, forbearance.] i. e.

A man who is taught forbearance should learn it.

JOHNSON.

229. *Fools are not mad folks.]* This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert mode of calling him fool. The meaning implied is this: If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be, *Fools are not mad folks.*

STEEVENS.

235. —so verbal:—] Is, so *verbose*, so full of talk.

JOHNSON.

243. *The contract, &c.]* Here Shakspeare has not preserved, with his common nicety, the uniformity of character. The speech of Cloten is rough and harsh, but certainly not the talk of one,

Who can't take two from twenty, for his heart,

And leave eighteen.—

His argument is just and well enforced, and its prevalence is allowed throughout all civil nations; as for rudeness, he seems not to be much undermatched.

JOHNSON.

249. —in *self-figurd'd knot* ;] This is nonsense. We should read,

——a *self-figured-knot* ;

That is, a knot formed by yourself.

JOHNSON.

272. *I am sprighted with a fool;*] *i. e.* I am haunted by a fool, as by a *spright*. *Over-sprighted* is a word

E

that

that occurs in *Law-tricks*, &c. 1608. Again, in our author's *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ ——— Julius Cæsar,

“ Who at Philippi the good Brutus *ghosted*.”

STEEVENS.

274. ——— *a jewel, that too casually*

Hath left mine arm; —] *i. e.* Too many chances of losing it have arisen from my carelessness.

WARBURTON.

309. *Or look —*] This the modern editors had changed into *Ere* look. *Or* is used for *ere*. So Douglas, in his translation of *Virgil* :

“ ——— sufferit he also,

“ *Or* he his goddes brocht in Latio.”

STEEVENS.

312. *Statist —*] *i. e.* Stateman. See note on *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 2.

STEEVENS.

320. ——— *mingled with their courages —*] The old folio has this odd reading :

——— *Their discipline,*

(Now *wing-led* with their courages) will make known.

JOHNSON.

——— *Their discipline,*

Now wing-led with their courages,

May mean their discipline borrowing wings from their courage; *i. e.* their military knowledge being animated by their natural bravery.

STEEVENS.

321. *To their approvers, —*] *i. e.* To those who try them.

WARBURTON.

338. *Post.*] I think this speech should be given to Philario. Posthumus was employed in reading his letters.

STEEVENS.

382. *And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for*

The press of boats, or pride :—] This language is such as a skilful villain would naturally use, a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gaiety shews his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art.

JOHNSON.

398. *So likely to report themselves :—*] So near to speech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking figure*.

JOHNSON.

399. *Was, as another nature, dumb ;—*] The meaning is this: The *sculptor* was as *nature*, but as *nature dumb*; he gave every thing that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *speech*.

JOHNSON.

407. ————*nicely*

Depending on their brands.] I am not sure that I understand this passage. Perhaps Shakspeare meant, that the figures of the Cupids were *nicely poized on their inverted torches*, one of the legs of each being taken off the ground, which might render such a support necessary.

STEEVENS.

I have equal diffidence with Mr. Steevens in explaining this passage. Here seems to be a kind of tautology. I take *brands* to be a part of the *andirons*, on which the wood for the fire was supported; as the upper part, in which was a kind of rack to carry a

E ij

spit,

spit, is more properly named the andiron. These irons, on which the wood lies across, generally called *dogs*, are here termed *brands*. WHALLEY.

409. This is *her honour*!—

Let it be granted, you have seen all this, &c.]

The expression is ironical. Iachimo relates many particulars, to which Posthumus answers with impatience,

This is *her honour*!

That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to pass for the corruption of her honour. JOHNSON.

414. ————*if you can,*

Be pale:—] If you can forbear to flush your cheek with rage. JOHNSON.

433. —*The vows of women, &c.]* The love vowed by women no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue. JOHNSON.

448. ————*I'm sure,*

She could not lose it : her attendants are

All sworn, and honourable:—They induc'd to steal it!

And by a stranger?—No;—] The absurd conclusions of jealousy are here admirably painted and exposed. Posthumus, on the credit of a bracelet, and an oath of the party concerned, judges, against all appearances from the intimate knowledge of his wife's honour, that she was false to his bed; and grounds that judgment, at last, upon much less appearances of the honour of her attendants. WARBURTON.

Her

Her attendants are all sworn and honourable.] It was anciently the custom for the attendants on our nobility and other great personages (as it is now for the servants of the king), to take an oath of fidelity on their entrance into office. In the household book of the 5th earl of Northumberland (compiled A. D. 1512.) it is expressly ordered [page 49] that "what person soever he be that comyth to my Lordes service, that incontynent after he be entered in the chequyrroull [check-roll] that he be *sworn* in the countyng hous by a gentillman-usher or yeman-usher in the presence of the hede officers; and on theire absence before the clerke of the kechyng, either by such an oath as is in the *Book of Othes*, yf any such [oath] be, or ells by such an oth as shall seyme best to their discrecion."

Even now every *servant* of the king's, at his first appointment, is sworn in, before a gentleman-usher, at the lord chamberlain's office.

PERCY.

452. *The cognizance*——] The badge; the token; the visible proof.

JOHNSON.

463. (*Worthy the pressing*)—] Thus the modern editions. The old folio reads,

(*Worthy her pressing*)——

JOHNSON.

488. *Is there no way, &c.*] Milton was very probably indebted to this speech for one of the sentiments which he has given to Adam. *Paradise Lost*, B. X.

"———O why did God,

"Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven

"With spirits masculine, create at last

"This novelty on earth, this fair defect

"Of

“ Of nature, and not fill the world at once

“ With men as angels without feminine,

“ Or find some other way to generate

“ Mankind ?”

See also *Rhodomont*'s invective against women in the *Orlando Furioso*; and above all, a speech which Euripides has put into the mouth of Hippolitus, in the Tragedy that bears his name. STEEVENS.

496. *Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,*

And pray'd me, oft, forbearance : did it with

A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't

Might well have warm'd old Saturn ;—] It

certainly carries with it a very elegant sense, to suppose the lady's denial was so modest and delicate as even to inflame his desires: But may we not read it thus :

And pray'd me oft forbearance: *Did it, &c.*

i. e. complied with his desires in the sweetest reserve; taking *Did* in the acceptation in which it is used by Jonson and Shakspeare in many other places.

WHALLEY.

521. —to pray they have their will:

The very devils cannot plague them better.]

So, in Sir Thomas Moore's *Comfort against Tribulation* :

“ God could not lightly do a man a more vengeance, than in this world to grant him his own foolish wishes.”

STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT III.

Line 1. *NOW* say, *what would Augustus Cæsar with us?* So, in *King John*:

Now say, Chatillon, *what would France with us?*

STEEVENS.

23. *With rocks unscaleable,——*] This reading is Hanmer's. The old editions have,

With *oaks* unscaleable.——

JOHNSON.

"The strength of our land consists of our seamen in their wooden forts and castles; our *rocks*, shelves, and *sirtes*, that lye along our coasts; and our trayned bands." From chapter 109 of Bariffe's *Military Discipline*, 1639, seemingly from Tooke's *Legend of Britomart*.

TOLLET.

30. (*Poor ignorant baubles!*)——] i.e. *unacquainted* with the nature of our boisterous seas.

JOHNSON.

54. ——*against all colour,*——] Without any pretence of right.

JOHNSON.

74. *Thou art welcome, Caius.*

Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent

Much under him:——] Some few hints for this part of the play are taken from Holinshed:

"Kymbeline, says he (as some write), was brought up at Rome, and there was made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him, that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not."

"——Yet

“ —— Yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæsar’s death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the empire, the Britons refused to pay that tribute.”

“ —— But whether the controversy, which appeareth to fall forth betwixt the Britons and Augustus, was occasioned by Kymbeline, I have not a vouch.”

“ —— Kymbeline reigned thirty-five years, leaving behind him two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus.”

STEEVENS.

78. —— *keep at utterance.* ——] *At utterance* means to keep at the extremity of defiance. *Combat à outrance* is a desperate fight; that must conclude with the life of one of the combatants. So in *The History of Helyas, Knight of the Swanne*, bl. let. no date: “ —— Here is my gage to sustaine it *to the utteraunce*, and befight it to the death.”

STEEVENS.

—— *I am perfect*,] I am well informed. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ —— in your state of honour *I am perfect*.”

JOHNSON.

94. *What monsters her accuser?* ——] Might we not safely read,

What monster’s her accuser? ——

STEEVENS.

96. —— *What false Italian,*

(*As pois’nous tongu’d, as handed*) ——] About

Shakspeare’s time the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the suspicion of Italian poisons yet more common.

JOHNSON.

101. —take in *some virtue*.—] To take in a town, is to conquer it. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“——cut the Ionian seas,

“And take in Tornyne——”

STEEVENS.

102. *Thy mind to her is now as low*,—] That is, thy mind compared to her's is now as low, as thy condition was, compared to her's. I believe the author wrote,

Thy mind to her's——

MALONE.

109. —Do't;—*the letter*

That I have sent her, by her own command,

Shall give thee opportunity:——] One is tempt-

ed to think that Shakspeare did not give himself the trouble to compare the several parts of his play after he had composed it.——These words are not found in the letter of Posthumus to Pisanio (which is afterwards given at length), though the substance of them is contained in it. MALONE.

113. *Art thou a feodary for this act*,—] A *feodary* is one who holds his estate under the tenure of suit and service to a superior lord. HANMER.

Feodary is, I believe, here used for a *confederate*. It is, I think, used in the same sense in *The Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

115. *I am ignorant in what I am commanded*.] *i. e.* I am unpractised in the arts of murder. STEEVENS.

119. *O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer, &c.*] This was a very natural thought. She must needs be supposed, in her circumstances, to be extremely soli-

citous about the *future*; and desirous of coming to it by the assistance of that superstition. WARBURTON.

124. —let that grieve him!] I should wish to read,

Of my lord's health, of his content;—yet *no*;
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him!

TYRWHITT.

126. *For it doth physic love*)——] That is, grief for absence keeps love in health and vigour.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Macheth*:

“The labour we delight in, *physics* pain.”

STEEVENS.

127. ———Blest be,

*You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet*

You clasp young Cupid's tables.——] The

meaning of this, which had been obscured by printing *forfeitures* for *forfeiters*, is no more than that the bees are not blest by the man who forfeiting a bond is sent to prison, as they are by the lover for whom they perform the more pleasing office of sealing letters.

STEEVENS.

128. —loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love,] We should, I think, read thus:—*and your, increasing in love*, Leonatus Posthumus.——To make it plain, that *your* is to be joined in construction with *Leonatus*, and not with *increasing*; and that the latter is a *participle present*, and not a *noun*. TYRWHITT.

166.

166. *That run i' the clock's behalf:—*] This fantastical expression means no more than sand in an hour-glass, used to measure time. WARBURTON.

170. *A franklin's housewife.*] A *franklin* is literally a *freeholder*, with a small estate, neither *villain* nor *vassal*. JOHNSON.

172. *I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through.—*] The lady says: “I can see neither one way nor other, before me nor behind me, but all the ways are covered with an impenetrable fog.” There are objections insuperable to all that I can propose, and since reason can give me no counsel, I will resolve at once to follow my inclination. JOHNSON.

178. —*Stoop, boys:—*] The old copy reads, —*sleep, boys:—*from whence Hanmer conjectured that the poet wrote—*stoop, boys*—as that word affords a good introduction to what follows. STEEVENS.

182. —*their impious turbands on,—*] The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a *Saracen*. JOHNSON.

194. *This service is not service, &c.*] In war it is not sufficient to do duty well; the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act. JOHNSON.

198. *The sharded beetle—*] *i. e.* the beetle whose wings are enclosed within two dry *hushs* or *shards*.

Fij

So,

So, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 103.

“ That with his sword, and with his spere,

“ He might not the serpent dere :

“ He was so *sherded* all aboute,

“ It held all edge toole withoute.”

Gower is here speaking of the dragon subdued by Jason.

STEEVENS.

The epithet *full-wing'd* applied to the eagle, sufficiently marks the contrast of the poet's imagery ; for whilst the bird can soar towards the sun beyond the reach of the human eye, the insect can but just rise above the surface of the earth, and that at the close of day,

HENLEY.

200. — *attending for a check* ;] *Check* may mean in this place a *reproof* ; but I rather think it signifies *command, control*. Thus in *Troilus and Cressida*, the restrictions of Aristotle are called Aristotle's *checks*.

STEEVENS.

213. *To stride a limit.*] To overpass his bound.

JOHNSON.

214. *What should we speak of,*] This dread of an old age, unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind.

JOHNSON.

224. *How you speak !*] Otway seems to have taken many hints for the conversation that passes between

Acasto

Acasto and his sons, from the scene before us.

STEEVENS.

244. *And left me bare to weather.*] So, in *Timon* :

“ That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves

“ Do on the oak, have with one winter’s brush,

“ Fallen from their boughs, and *left me open, bare,*

“ *For every storm that blows.*”

STEEVENS.

267. — *This Polydore* —] The old copy of the play (except here, where it may be only a blunder of the Printer) calls the eldest son of Cymbeline, Polydore, as often as the name occurs ; and yet there are some who may ask, whether it is not more likely that the Printer should have blundered in the other places, than that he should have hit upon such an uncommon name as *Paladour* in this first instance. *Paladour* was the ancient name for *Shaftsbury*. So, in *A Meeting Dialogue-wise between Nature, the Phoenix, and the Turtle-dove*, by R. Chester, 1601.

“ This noble king builded faire Caerguent,

“ New cleped Winchester of worthie fame ;

“ And at mount *Paladour* he built his tent,

“ That after-ages *Shafisburie* hath to name.”

STEEVENS.

276. — *The younger brother, Cadwal*] This name is likewise found in an ancient poem, entitled *King Arthur*, which is printed in the same collection with the *Meeting Dialogue-wise*, &c. in which, as Mr. Steevens has observed, our author might have found the name of *Paladour* :

“ — Augisell

“ — Augisell king of stout Albania,
 “ And Caduall king of Vinedocia. — ”

MALONE.

282. — *I stole these babes* ;] Shakspeare seems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom only to rob their father of heirs.—The latter part of this soliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reason why Belarius should now tell to himself what he could not know better by telling it. JOHNSON.

292. *Where is Posthumus?* —] Shakspeare's apparent ignorance of quantity is not the least among many proofs of his want of learning. Throughout this play he calls *Posthūmus*, *Posthūmus*, and *Arvirāgus*, *Arvirāgus*. It may be said that quantity in the age of our author did not appear to have been much regarded. In the tragedy of *Darius*, by William Alexander of Menstrie (lord Sterline) 1603, *Dariūs* is always called *Dariūs*, and *Euphrātes*, *Euphrātes* :

“ The diadem that *Dariūs* erst had borne —

“ The famous *Euphrātes* to be your border. — ”

Again, in the 21st Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

“ That gliding go in state like swelling *Euphrātes*. ”

Throughout Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan, *Euphrātes* is likewise given instead of *Euphrātes*.

STEEVENS.

In *A Meeting Dialogue-wise between Nature, the Phoenix, and the Turtle-dove*, by R. Chester, 1601, where Shakspeare perhaps found the name of *Paladour*,
Arviragus

Arviragus is introduced, with the same neglect of quantity as in this play:

“Windsor, a castle of exceeding strength,

“First built by *Arviragus*, Britaine’s king.”

MALONE.

297. — *haviour* —] This word, as often as it occurs in Shakspere, should not be printed as an abbreviation of *behaviour*. *Haviour* was a word commonly used in his time. See Spenser, *Æglogue* 9.

“Their ill *haviour* garres men missay.”

STEEVENS.

300. — *if it be* summer news,

Smile to’t before:—] So, in our author’s 98th Sonnet: :

“Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell

“Of different flowers in odour and in hue,

“Could make me any *summer’s* story tell.”

MALONE.

303. — *drug-damn’d* —] This is another allusion to Italian poisons.

JOHNSON.

That drug-damn’d Italy hath out-crafted him,] Folio:

— *out-craftied*.

MALONE.

323. — *worms of Nile*; —] Serpents and dragons by the old writers were called *worms*. Of this, several instances are given in the last act of *Antony and Cleopatra*.

STEEVENS.

325. — *states*,] Persons of highest rank.

JOHNSON.

338. — *Some jay of Italy*,] There is a prettiness in this expression; *putta*, in Italian, signifying both a

jay

jay and a *whore* : I suppose from the gay feathers of that bird. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Merry Wives*, &c. "teach him to know turtles from jays." STEEVENS.

339. *Whose mother was her painting, —*] *Some jay of Italy*, made by art the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense *painting* may be not improperly termed her *mother*. JOHNSON.

I met with a similar expression in one of the old comedies, but forgot to note the date or name of the piece :

" — a parcel of conceited feather-caps, *whose fathers were their garments*." STEEVENS.

In *All's Well that Ends Well*, we have :

" — whose judgments are

" *More fathers of their garments*." MALONE.

340. *Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion ;*] This image occurs in *Westward for Smelts*, 1620, immediately at the conclusion of the tale on which our play is founded : " But (said the Brainford fish-wife) I like her *as a garment out of fashion*." STEEVENS.

The same idea occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*, when on the death of Fulvia, Enobarbus thus strangely consoles Antony : " When it pleaseth the gods to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth ; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new : — this grief brings a consolation, your old smock brings forth a new petticoat." HENLEY.

351. ———— *So, thou, Posthumus,*

Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men ;] When Posthumus thought his wife false, he unjustly scandalized the whole sex. His wife here, under the same impressions of his infidelity, attended with more provoking circumstances, acquits his sex, and lays the fault where it is due. The poet paints from nature. This is life and manners. The man thinks it a dishonour to the superiority of his understanding to be jilted, and therefore flatters his vanity into a conceit that the disgrace was inevitable from the general infidelity of the sex. The woman, on the contrary, not imagining her credit to be at all affected in the matter, never seeks out for so extravagant a consolation ; but at once eases her malice and her grief, by laying the crime and damage at the door of some obnoxious coquet.

WARBURTON.

371. *Something's afore't—*] The old copy reads,
Something's a-foot— JOHNSON.

373. *The scriptures—*] So Ben Jonson, in *The Sad Shepherd* :

“The lover's *scriptures*, Heliodore's, or Tatius'.” Shakspeare, however, means in this place, an opposition between *scripture*, in its common signification, and *heresy*.

STEEVENS.

387. *That now thou tir'st on,—*] A hawk is said to *tire* upon that which he pecks ; from *tirer*, French.

JOHNSON.

404. *To be unbent,—*] To have thy bow unbent ; alluding to a hunter.

JOHNSON.

450. — *Now, if you could wear a mind*

Dark as your fortune is;—] To wear a dark mind, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness*, applied to the *mind*, is *secrecy*, applied to the *fortune*, is *obscurity*. The next lines are obscure. *You must*, says Pisanio, *disguise that greatness, which, to appear hereafter in its proper form, cannot yet appear without great danger to itself.*

JOHNSON.

454. — *full of view:—*] With opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes.

JOHNSON.

460. *Though peril to my modesty,—*] I read,

Through peril—

I would for such means adventure through peril of modesty; I would risque every thing but real dishonour.

JOHNSON.

468. — *—nay, you must*

Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,

Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!

Alack, no remedy)—] I think it very natural to reflect in this distress on the cruelty of Posthumus.

JOHNSON.

485. — *(which you'll make him know,]* This is Hanmer's reading. The common books have it:

—which will make him know.

Mr. Theobald, in one of his long notes, endeavours to prove, that it should be:

—which will make him so.

He is followed by Dr. Warburton.

JOHNSON.

493.

493. —————we'll even

All that good time will give us:—] We'll make our work *even* with our *time*; we'll do what time will allow.

JOHNSON.

494. —————*This attempt*

I am soldier to,—] *i. e.* I have inlisted and bound myself to it.

WARBURTON.

592. *And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one*

The best she hath,—] *She has all courtly parts*, says he, *more exquisite than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.*

JOHNSON.

There is a similar passage in *All's Well that Ends Well*, act ii. sc. 3. "To any count; to all counts; to what is man."

TOLLET.

629. *Or this, or perish.*] These words, I think, belong to Cloten, who, requiring the paper, says:

Let's see't: I will pursue her

Even to Augustus' throne. Or this, or perish.

Then Pisanio giving the paper, says to himself:

She's far enough, &c.

JOHNSON.

I own I am of a different opinion. *Or this, or perish*, properly belongs to Pisanio, who says to himself, as he gives the paper into the hands of Cloten, *I must either give it him freely, or perish in my attempt to keep it*: or else the words may be considered as a reply to Cloten's boast of following her to the throne of Augustus, and are added slily: *You will either do what you say, or perish, which is the more probable of the two.*

STEEVENS.

Gij

I cannot

I cannot but think Dr. Johnson in the right, from the account of this transaction which Pisanio afterwards gave :

“ ———— Lord Cloten,

“ Upon my lady’s missing, came to me,

“ With his sword drawn; foam’d at the mouth,
and swore,

“ If I discover’d not which way she was gone,

“ It was my instant death : By accident,

“ I had a feigned letter of my master’s

“ Then in my pocket,” &c.

But if the words, *Or this, or perish*, belong to Pisanio, as the letter was *feigned*, they must have been spoken out, not aside. HENLEY.

706. *Is sorer, —] Is a greater, or heavier crime.*

JOHNSON.

716. *If any thing that’s civil, —] Civil, for human creature.* WARBURTON.

If any thing that’s civil, speak ; if savage,

Take, or lend. —] She is in doubt, whether this cave be the habitation of a man or beast. If it be the former, she bids him *speak* ; if the latter, that is, the den of a savage beast, what then ? *Take or lend*—We should read :

Take or ’t end. —

i. e. Take my life ere famine end it. *Or* was commonly used for *ere* : this agrees to all that went before. WARBURTON.

I suppose the emendation proposed will not easily be received ; it is strained and obscure, and the objection

jection against Hanmer's reading is likewise very strong. I question whether, after the words, *if savage*, a line be not lost. I can offer nothing better than to read,

———Ho! who's here?

If any thing that's civil, *take or lend*;

If savage, *speake*.

If you are *civilized* and *peaceable*, *take* a price for what I want, or *lend* it for a future recompence; if you are *rough inhospitable* inhabitants of the mountain, *speake*, that I may know my state. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation of these words is confirmed by what Imogen says afterwards—

"I call'd, and thought to have *begg'd* or *bought*."

MALONE.

If any thing that's civil, speake; if savage,

Take or lend.—Ho!———] It is by no means neces-

sary to suppose that *savage hold* signifies the habitation of a *beast*. It may as well be used for the cave of a *savage*, or *wild man*, who, in the romances of the time, were represented as residing in the woods, like the famous *Orson*, *Bremo* in the play of *Mucedorus*, or the *savage* in the seventh canto of the fourth book of Spenser's *Faery Queen*, and the 6th B. C. 4.

STEEVENS.

May not, *if any thing that's civil*, intimate the chance of this cave's being the abode of *one amenable to the laws of society*, in opposition to the greater probability of its belonging to an *out-law*?—Robin Hood, Adam Bell, and Clym of the Clough, were all of them wood-

men

men of the latter kind; and it may be observed, that persons of a similar character, who still range the woods beyond the precincts of Virginia and the reach of laws, subsist entirely on the deer they can shoot; are not only famed for being the best marksmen, but are called *woodmen*, to the present hour. HENLEY.

779. —then had my prize

Been less; and so more equal ballasting] The meaning is—Had I been less a prize, I should not have been too heavy for Posthumus. JOHNSON.

791. *That nothing gift of differing multitudes*)] The poet must mean, that court, that obsequious adoration, which the shifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value. I am persuaded therefore our poet coined this participle from the French verb, and wrote:

That nothing gift of *defer*ing multitudes.

i. e. obsequious, paying deference.—Deferer, *Ceder par respect à quelqu'un, obeir, condescendre, &c.*—Deferent, *civil, respectueux, &c.* Richelet. THEOBALD.

He is followed by Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton; but I do not see why *differing* may not be a general epithet, and the expression equivalent to the *many-headed* rabble. JOHNSON.

Should not the passage be pointed thus:

——laying by

That nothing, gift of differing multitudes—

The sense seems to be:—*throwing out of the account shew of respect, which has nothing in it intrinsically good, but is the mere tribute of his numerous INFERI-*

ORS:

ORS:—*differing* is here used, as in various passages of Scripture, to express the inferiority of one object when contrasted with another. HENLEY.

805. *That since the common men are now in action*
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that, &c.] These facts are historical. STEEVENS.

811. —and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission.——] The meaning is, he *commands* the commission to be given to you. So we say, I *ordered* the materials to the workmen. JOHNSON.

ACT IV.

Line 14. —*IMPERSEVERANT*—] *Imperseverant* may mean no more than *perseverant*, like *imbosom'd*, *impassion'd*, *immask'd*. STEEVENS.

18. —*before thy face:—]* Posthumus was to have his head struck off; and then his garments cut to pieces before his face; we should read—*her* face, *i. e.* Imogen's, done to despight her, who had said, she esteemed Posthumus's garment above the person of Cloten. WARBURTON.

38. *Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom*
Is breach of all.—] Keep your *daily* course uninterrupted;

uninterrupted; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion. JOHNSON.

46. *How much the quantity,——*] I read,
As much the quantity. JOHNSON.

64. *——So please you, sir.*] I cannot relish this courtly phrase from the mouth of Arviragus. It should rather, I think, begin Imogen's speech. TYRWHITT.

72. *I could not stir him.*] Not move him to tell his story. JOHNSON.

73. *——gentle, but unfortunate;*] *Gentle*, is well born, of birth above the vulgar. JOHNSON.

100. *Mingle their spurs together.*] *Spurs*, an old word from the fibres of a tree. POPE.

102. *——stinking elder,——*] Shakspeare had only seen *English vines* which grow against walls, and therefore may be sometimes entangled with the *elder*. Perhaps we should read—*untwine from the vine*.

JOHNSON.

Sir John Hawkins proposes to read *entwine*. He says, "Let the stinking elder [*Grief*] *entwine* his root with the vine [*Patience*]; and in the end *Patience* must outgrow *Grief*." STEEVENS.

There is no need of alteration. The *elder* is a plant whose roots are much shorter lived than the *vine's*, and as those of the *vine* swell and outgrow them, they must of necessity loosen their hold. HENLEY.

104. *It is great morning.*—] A Gallicism. *Grand jour*. The same expression occurs also in *Troilus and Cressida*. STEEVENS.

130. *No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.]* See a note on

a similar passage in a former scene :

“ Whose mother was her painting.” STEEVENS.

157. *Yield, rustic mountaineer.]* I believe, upon examination, the character of Cloten will not prove a very consistent one. Act I. scene 4. the lords who are conversing with him on the subject of his rencontre with Posthumus, represent the latter as having neither put forth his strength or courage, but still advancing forwards to the prince, who retired before him; yet at this his last appearance, we see him fighting gallantly, and falling by the hand of Arviragus. The same persons afterwards speak of him as of a mere ass or idiot; and yet, act iii. scene 1. he returns one of the noblest and most reasonable answers to the Roman envoy: and the rest of his conversation on the same occasion, though *it may lack form a little*, by no means resembles the language of folly. He behaves with proper dignity and civility at parting with Lucius, and yet is ridiculous and brutal in his treatment of Imogen. Belarius describes him as not having sense enough to know what fear is (which he defines as being sometimes the effect of judgment); and yet he forms very artful schemes for gaining the affection of his mistress, by means of her attendants, to get her person into his power afterwards; and seems to be no less acquainted with the character of his father, and the ascendancy the queen maintained

H

over

over his uxorious weakness. We find Cloten, in short, represented at once as brave and dastardly, civil and brutal, sagacious and foolish, without that subtilty of distinction, and those shades of gradation between sense and folly, virtue and vice, which constitute the excellence of such mixed characters as Polonius in *Hamlet*, and the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*.

STEEVENS.

162. ——— *the snatches in his voice,*

And burst of speaking,——] This is one of our author's strokes of observation. An abrupt and tumultuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confused and cloudy understanding. JOHNSON.

168. In the old editions :

Being scarce made up,

I mean, to man, he had not apprehension

Of roaring terrors: for defect of judgment

Is oft the cause of fear,——] If I understand

this passage, it is mock reasoning as it stands, and the text must have been slightly corrupted. Belarius is giving a description of what Cloten formerly was; and in answer to what Arviragus says of *his being so fell*. "Ay, says Belarius, he was so fell; and being scarce then at man's estate, he had no apprehension of roaring terrors, *i. e.* of any thing that could check him with fears." But then, how does the inference come in, built upon this? *For defect of judgment is oft the cause of fear*. I think the poet meant to have said the mere contrary. Cloten was defective in judgment, and therefore did not fear. Apprehensions
of

of fear grow from a judgment in weighing dangers. And a very easy change, from the traces of the letters, gives us this sense, and reconciles the reasoning of the whole passage :

———for *th' effect* of judgment

Is oft the cause of fear. ——— THEOBALD.

Hanmer reads, with equal justness of sentiment :

———for defect of judgment

Is oft the *cure* of fear. ———

But, I think, the play of *effect* and *cause* more resembling the manner of our author. JOHNSON.

If *fear*, as in other passages of Shakspeare, be understood in an active signification for what may cause fear, it means that Cloten's defect of judgment caused him to commit actions to the terror of others, without due consideration of his own danger therein. Thus in *King Henry IV.* Part II.

———all these bold *fears*,

Thou seest with peril I have answered.

TOLLET.

178. *I am perfect, what :—*] *I am well informed*, what. So in this play :

I'm perfect, the Pannonians are in arms.

JOHNSON.

181. ———*take us in*,] *To take in* means, to conquer, to subdue. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ ———cut the Ionian seas,

“ And *take in* Toryne.”

STEEVENS.

190. For *we do fear the law ?—*] *For*, is here used in the sense of *because*.

MALONE.

194. ——— *Though his honour*

Was nothing but mutation;—] Mr. Theobald, as usual, not understanding this, turns *honour* to *humour*. But the text is right, and means, that the only notion he had of honour, was the fashion, which was perpetually changing. A fine stroke of satire, well expressed.

WARBURTON.

213. *Did make my way long forth.*] Fidele's sickness made *my walk forth* from the cave tedious.

JOHNSON:

226. ——— *revenges,*

That possible strength might meet,—] Such pursuit of vengeance as fell within any possibility of opposition.

JOHNSON.

237. *I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood,*] I would, says the young prince, to recover Fidele, kill as many Clotens as would fill a *parish*.

JOHNSON.

"His visage," says Fenner of a *catchpole*, "was almost eaten through with pock-holes, so that half a *parish* of children might have played at cherry-pit in his face."

FARMER.

239. *O thou goddess,*

Thou divine Nature, thou thyself thou blazon'st

In these two princely boys!—] So the first

folio. The second reads,

"Thou divine Nature, thyself thou blazon'st!"

REED.

280. *O, melancholy!*

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find

The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crave

Might

Might easiliest harbour in?—] The folio reads,

——thy sluggish *care* :

which Dr. Warburton allows to be a plausible reading, but substitutes *carrack* in its room ; and with this Dr. Johnson tacitly acquiesces, and inserts it in the text. Mr. Sympson, in his notes on Beaumont and Fletcher, has retrieved the true reading, which is,

——thy sluggish *crare*.

See *The Captain*, act i. sc. 2.

“ ——let him venture

“ In some decay'd *crare* of his own.”

A *crare*, says the author of *The Revisal*, is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*. The same word, though somewhat differently spelt, occurs in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto*, Book XXXIX. stanza 28.

“ A miracle it was to see them grown

“ To ships, and barks, with gallies, bulks, and
crayes,

“ Each vessel having tackling of her own,

“ With sails and oars to help at all essays.”

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611.

“ Behold a form to make your *cracers* and barks.”

Again, in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret* :

“ After a long chase took this little *cray*,

“ Which he suppos'd him safely should convey.”

Again, in the 22d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

“ ——some shell, or little *crae*,

“ Hard labouring for the land on the high working sea.”

Again,

Again, in *Amintas for his Phillis*, published in *England's Helicon*, 1614 :

"Till thus my soule doth passe in Charon's *crare*."

Mr. Tollet observes that the word often occurs in Holinshed, as twice, p. 906, Vol. II. STEEVENS.

The word is used in the stat. 2 Jac. I. c. 32. "*the owner of every ship, vessel, or crayer*." TYRWHITT.

284. —but I,] This is the reading of the first folio, which later editors not understanding, have changed into *but ah!* The meaning of the passage I take to be this:—*Jove knows, what man thou might'st have made, but I know, thou diedst, &c.* TYRWHITT.

—————but I,

Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—] I believe "*but ah!*" to be the true reading. *Ay* is through the first folio, and in all books of that time, printed instead of *ah!* Hence probably *I*, which was used for the affirmative particle *ay*, crept into the text here.

Heaven knows (says Belarius), *what a man thou would'st have been, hadst thou lived, but alas! thou diedst of melancholy, while yet only a most accomplished boy.*

MALONE.

294. —clouted brogues—] Are shoes strengthened with *clout* or *hob-nails*. In some parts of England, thin plates of iron, called *clouts*, are likewise fixed to the shoes of ploughmen and other rusticks.

STEEVENS.

296. *Why, he but sleeps:]* I cannot forbear to introduce a passage somewhat like this, from Webster's

White

White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona, on account of its singular beauty :

“ Oh, thou soft natural death! thou art joint twin

“ To sweetest slumber! no rough-bearded comet

“ Stares on thy mild departure : the dull owl

“ Beats not against thy casement : the hoarse wolf

“ Scents not thy carrion :—pity winds thy corse,

“ While horror waits on princes !” STEEVENS.

300. *With fairest flowers*

Whilst summer lasts, &c.] So, in Pericles Prince of Tyre :

“ No, I will rob Tellus of her weede

“ To strewe thy greene with flowers : the yellowes, blues,

“ The purple violets and marygolds,

“ Shall as a carpet hang upon *thy grave*

“ *While summer dayes doth last.*” STEEVENS.

306. — *The ruddock would,*

With charitable bill—bring thee all this ;

Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,

To winter-ground thy corse.—] To winter-ground a plant, is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter-season, by straw, dung, &c. laid over it. This precaution is commonly taken in respect of tender trees or flowers, such as Arviragus, who loved Fidele, represents her to be.

The

The *ruddock* is the *red-breast*, and is so called by Chaucer and Spenser :

“ The tame *ruddock*, and the coward kite.”

The office of covering the dead is likewise ascribed to the *ruddock*, by Drayton, in his poem called *The Owl* :

“ Cov’ring with moss the dead’s unclosed eye,

“ The little *red-breast* teacheth charitie.”

STEEVENS.

—*the ruddock would*, &c.] Is this an allusion to the *babes of the wood*, or was the notion of the red-breast covering dead bodies, general before the writing that ballad ?

PERCY.

This passage is imitated by Webster in his tragedy of *The White Devil*; and in such a manner, as confirms the old reading.

FARMER.

Which of these two plays was first written, cannot now be determined. Webster’s play was published in 1612, that of Shakspeare did not appear in print till 1623. In the preface to the edition of Webster’s play, he thus speaks of Shakspeare : “ And lastly (without wrong last to be named), the right happy and copious industry of M. Shakspeare,” &c.

STEEVENS.

We may fairly conclude that Webster imitated Shakspeare; for in the same page to which Dr. Farmer has referred the foregoing lines, is found a passage taken almost literally from *Hamlet*. It is spoken by a distracted lady :

“ —you’re

"——you're very welcome ;
 " Here's rosemary for you, and rue for you ;
 " Heart's-ease for you ; I pray make much of it ;
 " I have left more for myself."

The lines cited by Dr. Farmer stand thus in *The White Devil* :

" Call for the robin-red-breast and the wren,
 " Since o'er shady groves they hover,
 " And with leaves and flowers do cover
 " The friendless bodies of unburied men ;
 " Call unto his funeral dole
 " The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
 " To rear him hillocks that shall keep him
 warm."

Dr. Warburton hath asked, " What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with *moss* ?" But *winter-ground* does not refer to *moss*, but to the last antecedent, *flowers*. The passage should therefore, in my opinion, be printed thus :

Yea, and furr'd moss beside—when flowers are
 none

To winter-ground thy corse.

i. e. you shall have also a covering of moss, when there are no flowers to adorn thy grave with that ornament with which WINTER is usually decorated. So, in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1625 : " He looks like WINTER, stuck here and there with fresh *flowers*." MALONE.

332. *He was paid for that :—*] Hanmer reads,

He has paid for that :—

I

rather

rather plausibly than rightly. *Paid* is for *punished*.

So Jonson :

“ Twenty things more, my friend, which you
know due,

“ For which, or pay me quickly, or I’ll *pay* you.”

JOHNSON.

333. ————*reverence*

(*That angel of the world*),—] *Reverence*, or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world.

JOHNSON.

354. *Fear no more, &c.*] This is the topic of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian. Τάκρον ἄθλιον ἔχετε διψήσεις, ἔχετε πεινήσεις, &c.

WARBURTON.

358. *The sceptre, learning, &c.*] The poet’s sentiment seems to have been this :—All human excellence is equally subject to the stroke of death : neither the power of kings, nor the science of scholars, nor the art of those whose immediate study is the prolongation of life, can protect them from the final destiny of man.

JOHNSON.

362. *Fear not slander, &c.*] Perhaps,

Fear not *slander’s* censure rash.

JOHNSON.

365. *Consign to thee, —*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

—————*seal*

A dateless bargain to engrossing death.

To consign to thee, is to seal the same contract with thee, *i. e.* add their names to thine upon the register of death.

STEEVENS.

370. *Quiet consummation have;*] *Consummation* is used in the same sense in *K. Edward III.* 1599 :

“ My soul will yield this castle of my flesh,
 “ This mangled tribute, with all willingness,
 “ To darkness, *consummation*, dust, and worms.”

STEEVENS.

371. —*thy grave!*] For the obsequies of Fidele, a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins, of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end of the play, in honour of his memory.

JOHNSON.

383. ‘*Ods pittikins!*——] This diminutive adjuration is used by Decker and Webster in *Westward Hoe*, 1607; in the *Shoemaker’s Holiday*, or the *Gentle Craft*, 1610 : It is derived from *God’s my pity*, which likewise occurs in *Cymbeline*.

STEEVENS.

401. —*his Jovial face*——] *Jovial* face signifies, in this place, such a face as belongs to Jove. It is frequently used in the same sense by other old dramatick writers. So Heywood, in *The Silver Age*:

“ ——Alcides here will stand,
 “ To plague you all with his high *jovial* hand.”

Again, in Heywood’s *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630 :

“ Thou *jovial* hand hold up thy sceptre high.”

Again, in his *Golden Age*, 1611, speaking of Jupiter:

“ ——all that stand,
 “ Sink in the weight of his high *jovial* hand.”

STEEVENS.

405. *Conspir'd with, &c.*] The old copy reads thus :

—————thou

Conspir'd with that *irregulous* divel, Cloten.

I suppose it should be,

Conspir'd with *th'* *irreligious* devil, Cloten.

JOHNSON.

Irregulous (if there be such a word) must mean lawless, licentious, out of rule, *jura negans sibi nata*. In Reinolds's *God's Revenge against Adultery*, p. 121, I meet with "*irregulated* lust." STEEVENS.

439. *Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision :]* The *very gods*, the gods themselves immediately, and not by the intervention of other agents or instruments.

WARBURTON,

458. —————*who was he,*

That, otherwise than noble nature did,

Hath alter'd that good picture ?——] To do

a picture, and a picture is well *done*, are standing phrases; the question therefore is, Who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature *did* it?

JOHNSON.

Olivia speaking of her own beauty, as of a *picture*, asks Viola, if it "*is not well done ?*" STEEVENS.

Fecit was, till lately, the technical term universally annexed to pictures and engravings. HENLEY.

474. *Richard du Champ.*——] Shakspeare was indebted for his modern names (which sometimes are mixed with ancient ones), as well as his anachronisms, to the fashionable novels of his time. In a collection
of

of stories, entitled *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, 1576, I find the following circumstances of ignorance and absurdity: In the story of the Horatii and the Curiatii, the *roaring of cannons* is mentioned. Cephalus and Procris are said to be of the court of Venice; and "that her father wrought so with the duke, that this Cephalus was sent post in ambassage to the Turke.— Eriphile, after the death of her husband Amphiarus (the Theban prophet), calling to mind the affection wherein Don Infortunio was drowned towards her," &c. &c.

STEEVENS.

488. —these poor pick-axes—] Meaning her fingers.

JOHNSON.

500. —arm him.—] That is, *Take him up in your arms.*

HANMER.

504. *Cymbeline's palace.*] This scene is omitted against all authority by Sir T. Hanmer. It is indeed of no great use in the progress of the fable, yet it makes a regular preparation for the next act.

JOHNSON.

The fact is, that Sir Thomas Hanmer has inserted this supposed omission as the eighth scene of act iii. The scene which in Dr. Johnson's first edition is the eighth of act iii. is printed in a small letter under it in Hanmer's, on a supposition that it was spurious. In this impression it is the third scene of act iv. and that which in Johnson is the eighth scene of act iv. is in this the seventh scene.

STEEVENS.

526. *And will,*—] I think it should be read,

And he'll,—

STEEVENS.

528.

528. ———our jealousy

Does yet depend.] My suspicion is yet undetermined; if I do not condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you. We now say, the *cause* is *depending*. JOHNSON.

535. *I am amaz'd with matter.*] *i. e.* confounded by variety of business. So, in *King John*:

"I am *amaz'd*, methinks, and lose my way,

"Among the thorns and dangers of this world."

STEEVENS.

537. *Your preparation, &c.*] Your forces are able to *face* such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us. JOHNSON.

545. *I heard no letter*—] I suppose we should read with Hanmer,

I've had no letter.——

STEEVENS.

Perhaps, "I heard no *later*."

MUSGRAVE.

Perhaps *letter* here means, not an epistle, but the elemental part of a syllable. This might have been a phrase in Shakspeare's time. We yet say—I have not *heard* a *syllable* from him. MALONE.

553. ———to the note o' the king,——] I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour.

JOHNSON.

568. ———nor muster'd] Folio,

——not muster'd.

MALONE.

569. ———a render

Where we have liv'd;——] An account of our place of abode. This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of an old man.

JOHNSON.

Render

Render is used in a similar sense in *Timon*, act v.

“And sends us forth to make their sorrow’d
render.” STEEVENS.

571.—*whose answer—*] The *retaliation* of the
death of Cloten would be *death*, &c. JOHNSON.

578.—*their quarter’d fires,—*] Their fires
regularly disposed. JOHNSON.

ACT V.

Line 1. —*BLOODY handkerchief.*] The bloody
token of Imogen’s death, which Pisanio, in the fore-
going act, determined to send. JOHNSON.

1. *Yea, bloody cloth, &c.*] This is a soliloquy of
nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agi-
tated and perturbed, spontaneously and inadvertently
discharges itself in words. The speech, throughout
all its tenor, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to
issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his
own violence; then tries to disburden himself, by
imputing part of the crime to Pisanio; he next soothes
his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity,
by trying to think that he has been only an instrument
of the gods for the happiness of Imogen. He is now
grown reasonable enough to determine, that having
done so much evil, he will do no more; that he will
not

not fight against the country which he has already injured; but as life is not longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be remembered.

JOHNSON.

1. ———[*I wish'd*] The old copy reads,

I am wish'd.

STEEVENS.

5. For wrying but a little?—] This uncommon verb is likewise used by Stanyhurst, in the third book of his translation of Virgil, 1582 :

“the maysters wrye the vessels.”

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599 :

“——in her sinking down, she wryes

“The diadem.”——

STEEVENS.

9. ———to put on——] Is to incite, to instigate.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth* :

“——the powers aboye,

“Put on their instruments.”

STEEVENS.

14. —each elder worse;] The last deed is certainly not the oldest, but Shakspeare calls the deed of an elder man an elder deed.

JOHNSON.

—each elder worse;] *i. e.* where corruptions are, they grow with years, and the oldest sinner is the greatest. You, gods, permit some to proceed in iniquity, and the older such are, the more their crime.

TOLLET.

15. And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.] The divinity-schools have not furnished juster observations on the conduct of Providence, than Posthumus

humus gives us here in his private reflections. You, gods, says he, act in a different manner with your different creatures;

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,

To have them fall no more.——

Others, says our poet, you permit to live on, to multiply and increase in crimes;

And make them *dread it*, to the doers' thrift.

Here is a relative, without an antecedent substantive; which is a breach of grammar. We must certainly read:

And make them *dreaded*, to the doers' thrift.

i. e. others you permit to aggravate one crime with more; which enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their advantage. Dignity, respect, and profit, accrue to them from crimes committed with impunity. THEOBALD.

However ungrammatical, I believe the old reading is the true one. To make them *dread it*, is to make them *persevere in the commission of dreadful actions*. Dr. Johnson has observed on a passage in *Hamlet*, that Pope and Rowe have not refused this mode of speaking:—"To sinner it or saint it"—and "to coy it."

STEEVENS.

16. ——Do your best wills,

And make me blest to obey!——] So the copies.

It was more in the manner of our author to have written,

——Do your *blest* wills,

And make me blest t' obey.—— JOHNSON.

37. —[*this carle,*] *Carl* or *churl* (ceopl, Sax.) is a clown or husbandman. REMARKS.

Mr. Reed remarks from Verstigan, that *ceorle*, now written *churle*, anciently signified a *sturdy fellow*.

Carlot is a word of the same signification, and occurs in our author's *As You Like It*. Again, in an ancient *interlude* or *morality*, printed by Rastell, without title or date,

“A *carl*ys sonne, brought up of nought.”

The thought seems to have been imitated in *Philaster*:

“The gods take part against me; could this *boor*

“Have held me thus else?” STEEVENS.

70. *Close by the battle, &c.*] The stopping of the Roman army by three persons, is an allusion to the story of the Hays, as related by Holinshed in his *History of Scotland*, p. 155: “There was neere to the place of the battell, a long lane, fensed on the sides with ditches and walles made of turfe, through the which the Scots which fled were beaten downe by the enemies on heapes.

“Here Haie with his sons supposing they might best staie the fight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them backe whom they met fleeing, and spared neither friend nor foe; but downe they went all such as came within their reach, wherewith divers hardie personages cried unto their fellowes to returne backe unto the battell,” &c.

It appears from Peck's *New Memoirs*, &c. article 88, that Milton intended to have written a play on this subject.

MUSGRAVE.

76. *The country base,—*] *i. e.* A rustick game called

called *prison-bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*. So, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1632 :

“ —I’ll run a little course

“ At *base* or barley-brake —”

Again, in the *Antipodes*, 1638 :

“ —my men can run at *base*.”

Again, in the 30th Song of Drayton’s *Polyolbion* :

“ At hood-wink, barley-brake, at tick, or *prison-base*.”

Again, in Spenser’s *Faery Queen*, B. V. c. viii.

“ So ran they all as they had been at *bace*.”

STEEVENS.

78. —for preservation cas’d, or shame)] *Shame*
for modesty.

WARBURTON.

107. —*bugs* —] Terrors.

JOHNSON.

So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605 :

“ Where nought but furies, *bugs*, and tortures dwell.”

So, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594 :

“ Is Amurath Bassa such a *bug*,

“ That he is mark’d to do this doughty deed ?”

STEEVENS.

110. *Nay, do not wonder at it :—*] Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him, in another mode of reproach, that wonder is all that he was made for.

JOHNSON.

127. —*I, in mine own woe charm’d,*] Alluding to the common superstition of *charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and so is common to us

K ij

with

with the Germans, who are above all other people given to this superstition ; which made Erasmus, where, in his *Moriae Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteristic, say, “*Germani corporum proceritate & magiæ cognitione sibi placent.*” And Prior, in his *Alma* :

“North Britons hence have *second sight* ;

“And Germans free from *gun-shot fight.*”

WARBURTON.

See a note on *Macbeth*, act v. sc. ult. So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia* :

Their seconds minister an oath

Which was indifferent to them both,

That, on their knightly faith and troth,

No magick them supplied ;

And sought them that they had no charms

Wherewith to work each other's harms,

But came with simple open arms

To have their causes tried.

STEEVENS.

133. —*favourer to the Roman,*] The editions before Hanmer's for Roman read Briton ; and Dr. Warburton reads Briton still.

JOHNSON.

138. —*great the answer be*] *Answer*, as once in this play before, is *retaliation*.

JOHNSON.

145. —*a silly habit,*] *Silly* is *simple* or *rustick*. So in *King Lear* :

“—twenty *silly* ducking observants”—

STEEVENS.

146. *That gave the affront with them.*] That is, that turned their faces to the enemy.

JOHNSON.

So,

So, in Ben Jonson's *Alchymist* :

"To-day thou shalt have ingots, and to-morrow

"Give lords the affront." STEEVENS.

156. *You shall not now be stolen,——*] The wit of the gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture.

JOHNSON.

171. *——— to satisfy,*

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

No stricter render of me, than my all.] Posthumus questions whether contrition be sufficient atonement for guilt. Then, to satisfy the offended gods, he desires them to take no more than his present all, that is, his life, if it is the *main part*, the chief point, or principal condition of his freedom, *i. e.* of his freedom from future punishment. This interpretation appears to be warranted by the former part of the speech.

STEEVENS.

184. *—cold bonds.——*] This equivocal use of *bonds*, is another instance of our author's infelicity in pathetic speeches.

JOHNSON.

186. *Solemn musick, &c.*] Here follow a *vision*, a *masque*, and a *prophesy*, which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakspeare. POPE.

Every reader must be of the same opinion. The subsequent narratives of Posthumus, which render this masque, &c. unnecessary (or perhaps the scenical directions supplied by the poet himself), seem to have excited

excited some manager of a theatre to disgrace the play by the present metrical interpolation. Shakspeare, who has conducted his fifth act with such matchless skill, could never have designed the vision to be twice described by Posthumus, had this contemptible nonsense been previously delivered on the stage. The following passage from Dr. Farmer's *Essay*, will shew that it was no unusual thing for the players to indulge themselves in making additions equally unjustifiable. —“ We have a sufficient instance of the liberties taken by the actors, in an old pamphlet, by Nash, called *Lenten Stuffe, with the Prayse of the Red Herring*, 4to. 1599, where he assures us, that in a play of his called *The Isle of Dogs, foure acts*, without his consent, or the least guess of his drift or scope, were supplied by the players.” STEEVENS.

249. *Jupiter descends*—] It appears from *Acolastus*, a comedy by T. Palsgrave, chaplain to King Henry VIII. bl. let. 1540, that the descent of deities was common to our stage in its earliest state. “ Of whyche the lyke thyng is used to be shewed now-a-days in stage-plaies, when some *God* or some Saynt is made to appere forth of a cloude, and succoureth the parties which seemed to be towardes some great danger, through the Soudan's crueltie.” The author, for fear this description should not be supposed to extend itself to our theatres, adds in a marginal note, “ the lyke maner used nowe at our days in stage playes.” STEEVENS.

274. *Prunes the immortal wing*,—] A bird is said

said to *prune* himself, when he clears his feathers from superfluities.

STEEVENS.

274. —cloys *his beak*,] Perhaps we should read,

——claws his beak.

TYRWHITT.

A *cley* is the same with a *claw* in old language.

FARMER.

So, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. IV. fol. 69.

“ And as a catte wold ete fishes

“ Without wetyng of his *clees*.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Underwoods*:

“ ——from the seize

“ Of vulture death and those relentless *cleys*.”

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, speaks “ of a disease in cattell betwixt the *clees* of their feete.” And in the *Book of Hawking*, &c. bl. let. no date, under the article *Pounces*, it is said, “ The *cleis* within the fote ye shall call aright her pounces.” To *claw* their beaks, is an accustomed action with hawks and eagles.

STEEVENS.

319. —sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much ;——] *i. e.* sorry that you have paid too much out of your pocket, and sorry that you are paid, or subdued, too much by the liquor. So Falstaff:

“ ——seven of the eleven I pay'd.” STEEVENS.

322. —being drawn of heaviness:] Drawn is embowell'd, exenterated. So, in common language, a fowl is said to be drawn, when its intestines are taken out.

STEEVENS.

325. ———*debitor and creditor*———] For an *accounting book*. JOHNSON.

340. ———*jump the after-inquiry*———] That is, *venture* at it without thought. So, in *Macbeth*:

“We’d *jump* the life to come.” JOHNSON.

357. ———*I never saw one so prone*.] i. e. forward. In this sense the word is used in Wilfride Holme’s poem, entitled *The Fall and evil Success of Rebellion*, &c. 1537:

“Thus lay they in Doncaster, with curtal and serpentine,

“With bombard and basilisk, with men *prone* and vigorous.”

Again, in Sir A. Gorges’ translation of the sixth book of Lucan:

“———Thessalian *ferie* steeds,

“For use of war so *prone* and fit.” STEEVENS.

365. *Scene V.*] Let those who talk so confidently about the skill of Shakspeare’s contemporary, Jonson, point out the conclusion of any one of his plays, which is wrought with more artifice, and yet a less degree of dramatic violence, than this. In the scene before us, all the surviving characters are assembled; and at the expence of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be discovered on this occasion to offend the most scrupulous advocate for regularity: and, I think, as little is found wanting to satisfy the spectator by a catastrophe which is intricate without confusion, and not more rich in ornament than in nature. STEEVENS.

374. ———one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.] To promise
nothing but poor looks, may be, to give no promise of
 courageous behaviour. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard II.*

"To look so poorly, and to speak so fair."

STEEVENS.

389. ———*knights o' the battle*;—] Thus in Stowe's
Chronicle, p. 164, edit. 1615: "Philip of France
 made Arthur Plantagenet *knight of the field*."

STEEVENS.

464. *So feat*,——] So ready; so dextrous in wait-
 ing. JOHNSON.

470. ———*favour is familiar*——] I am acquainted
 with his countenance. JOHNSON.

540. *Quail to remember*,——] To *quail* is to sink
 into dejection. The word is common to many au-
 thors. STEEVENS.

554. ———*for feature, laming*] *Feature* for pro-
 portion of parts. WARBURTON.

583. ———*a carbuncle*] So, in *Antony and Cleo-
 patra*:

"He has deserv'd it, were it *carbuncled*

"Like *Phæbus'* car."

STEEVENS.

597. ———*averring notes*] Such marks of the
 chamber and pictures, as *averred* or confirmed my
 report. JOHNSON.

609. *Some upright justicer*!——] I meet with this
 antiquated word in *The Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

"———this day,

"Th' eternal *justicer* sees through the stars."

L

Again,

Again, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608 :

“ No : we must have an upright *justicer*.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, Book X. chap. 54.

“ Precelling his progenitors, a *justicer* upright.”

STEEVENS.

Justicer is used by Shakspeare thrice in *King Lear*, and I believe in other plays.

HENLEY.

616. —and she herself.] That is, She was not only the temple of virtue, but virtue herself.

JOHNSON.

631. —these staggers—] This wild and delirious perturbation. *Staggers* is the horse's apoplexy.

JOHNSON.

667. *Think, that you are upon a rock!*—] In this speech, or in the answer, there is little meaning. I suppose, she would say, Consider such another act as equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me see whether you will repeat it.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps only a stage direction is wanting to clear this passage from obscurity. Imogen first upbraids her husband for the violent treatment she had just experienced ; then, confident of the return of passion which she knew must succeed to the discovery of her innocence, the poet might have meant her to rush into his arms, and while she clung about him fast, to dare him to throw her off a second time, lest that precipitation should prove as fatal to them both, as if the place where they stood had been a rock. To which

which he replies, *hang there, i. e.* round my neck, till the frame that now supports you shall decay.

STEEVENS.

Is not the reading in the folios of that line in *All's Well that Ends Well* :—

“ I see that men make *ropes* in such a scarre—”
to be explained in a manner somewhat similar to this ?

HENLEY.

672. —*a dullard*—] In this place means a person stupidly unconcern'd. So, in *Histriomastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610 :

“ What, *dullard*! would'st thou doat in rusty art ?”

Again, Stanyhurst, in his version of the first book of Virgil, 1582 :

“ We Moores, lyke *dullards*, are not so wytyles abyding.”

STEEVENS.

727. *By tasting of our wrath?*—] The consequence is taken for the whole action ; *by tasting* is *by forcing us to make thee taste*.

JOHNSON.

744. *Assum'd this age:*—] I believe is the same as *reach'd* or *attain'd this age*.

STEEVENS.

ASSUM'D this age, has a reference to the different appearance which Belarius now makes, in comparison with that when Cymbeline last saw him.

HENLEY.

763. *Your pleasure was my near offence,*—] I think this passage may better be read thus :

Your pleasure was my *dear* offence, my punishment

L. ij

Itself

Itself *was* all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did.——

The offence which cost me so *dear*, was only your caprice. My sufferings have been all my crime.

JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copies, though corrupt, is generally nearer to the truth than that of the later editions, which, for the most part, adopt the orthography of their respective ages. An instance occurs in the play of *Cymbeline*, in the last scene. Belarius says to the king :

Your pleasure was my *near* offence, my punishment

Itself, and all my treason.——

Dr. Johnson would read *dear* offence. In the folio it is *neere*; which plainly points out to us the true reading, *meere*, as the word was then spelt.

TYRWHITT.

782. *Thou weep'st, and speak'st.*] “Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate.” The king reasons very justly.

JOHNSON.

804. —*may you be,*] The old copy reads—*pray you be.*

STEEVENS.

813. *When you were so indeed.*] The folio gives,
When *we* were so, indeed.

If this be right, we must read :

Imo.

Imo. I, you brothers.

Arv. When we were so, indeed. JOHNSON.

890. —fierce *abridgment*] *Fierce*, is *vehement*,
rapid. JOHNSON.

So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“Oh, the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings!”

STEEVENS.

890. *Will serve our long—*] So the first folio. Later editors have omitted *our*, for the sake of the metre, I suppose, but unnecessarily; as *interrogatory* is used by Shakspeare as a word of five syllables. See the *Merchant of Venice*, near the end, where in the old edition it is written *intergatory*. TYRWHITT.

Mr. Reed thinks this word was generally used as one of five syllables in our author's time. So, in *Novella*, by Brome, act ii. scene 1.

“—Then you must answer

“To these *intergatories*.”——

874. —sprightly *shews*] Are ghostly appearances. STEEVENS.

878. *Make no collection of it:*] A collection is a corollary, a consequence deduced from premises. So, in Sir John Davies's poem on *The Immortality of the Soul*:

“When she, from sundry arts, one skill doth draw;

“Gath'ring from divers fights, one act of war;

“From many cases like, one rule of law:

“These her *collections*, not the senses are.”

STEEVENS.

908.

908. *My peace we will begin :—*] I think it better to read :

By peace we will begin.—— JOHNSON.

913. *On whom Heaven's justice——*] The old copy reads :

*Whom Heavens, in justice, both on her and hers
Have laid most heavy hand.* MALONE.

THE END.



Bell's Edition.

ROMEO and JULIET.

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON, and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND.

MDCCLXXXV.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ROMEO AND JULIET

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by

THE EDITOR

THE EDITOR

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

ROMEO and JULIET.

THE story on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in *Girolamo de la Corte's History of Verona*. It was originally published by an anonymous Italian novelist in 1549 at Venice; and again in 1553, at the same place. The first edition of Bandello's work appeared a year later than the last of these already mentioned. Pierre Boisteau copied it with alterations and additions. Belleforest adopted it in the first volume of his collection, 1596; but very probably some edition of it yet more ancient had found its way abroad; as, in this improved state, it was translated into English, and published in an octavo volume 1562, but without a name. On this occasion it appears in the form of a poem entitled, *The tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet*. It was republished in 1587, under the same title: "*Contayning in it a rare Example of true Constancie: with the subtile Counsels and Practises of an old Fryer, and their Event. Imprinted by R. Robinson.*" Among the entries on the Books of the Stationer's Company, I find Feb. 18, 1582. "M. Tottell] *Romeo and Julietta*." Again, Aug. 5, 1596: "Edward White] a new ballad of *Romeo and Juliett*." The same story is found in *The Palace of Pleasure*: however, Shakspeare was not entirely indebted to Painter's epitome; but rather to the poem already mentioned.

Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil in 1582, enumerates Julietta among his heroines, in a piece which he calls an Epitaph, or Commune Defunctorum: and it appears (as Dr. Farmer has observed), from a passage in Ames's Typographical Antiquities, that the story had likewise been translated by another hand. Captain Breval, in his Travels tells us, that he saw at Verona the tomb of these unhappy lovers. STEEVENS.

This play is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakspeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Mr. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakspeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, lest he should have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him *no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed,* without danger to a poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, that, in a pointed sentence, more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated: he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakspeare to have continued his existence, though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

The

The Nurse is one of the characters in which the author delighted : he has, with great subtilty of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

His comic scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetic strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, *have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit.* JOHNSON.

P R O L O G U E.

*TWO households, both alike in dignity,
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
 Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
 Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
 The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
 And the continuance of their parents' rage,
 Which, but their childrens' end, nought could remove,
 Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;
 The which if you with patient ears attend,
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.*

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*
PARIS, *Kinsman to the Prince.*
MONTAGUE, } *Heads of two Houses at variance with each*
CAPULET, } *other.*
ROMEO, *Son to Montague.*
MERCUTIO, } *Friends of Romeo.*
BENVOLIO, }
TYBALT, *Kinsman to Capulet.*
An old Man, his Cousin.
FRIAR LAWRENCE, *a Franciscan.*
FRIAR JOHN, *of the same order.*
BALTHASAR, *Servant to Romeo.*
SAMPSON, } *Servants to Capulet.*
GREGORY, }
ABRAM, *Servant to Montague.*
Three Musicians.
PETER.

WOMEN.

LADY MONTAGUE, *Wife to Montague.*
LADY CAPULET, *Wife to Capulet.*
JULIET, *Daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo.*
Nurse to Juliet.
CHORUS,—*Boy, Page to Paris, an Officer, an Apothecary.*
Citizens of Verona, several Men and Women, relations to
both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watch and other At-
tendants.
THE SCENE, *in the beginning of the fifth act, is in Mantua;*
during all the rest of the play, at Verona.



ROMEO and JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Street. Enter SAMPSON, and GREGORY, two
Servants of CAPULET.*

Sampson.

GREGORY, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of
the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves
me.

Greg. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant,
is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou
runn'st away. 11

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to
stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of
Montague's.

Greg.

Greg. That shews thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

20

Greg. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

31

Greg. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM, and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

41

Greg.

Greg. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

Greg. No.

50

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Greg. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

60

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lye.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.

[*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; You know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

B

Turn

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me. 70

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace; I hate the
word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee;
Have at thee, coward.

Enter three or four Citizens, with Clubs.

Cit. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them
down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter Old CAPULET, in his Gown; and Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword,
ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a
sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me. 81

Enter Old MONTAGUE, and Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet,—Hold me not, let
me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—

Will

Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you
beasts,—

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands 90
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your cankred hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again, 100
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, CAPULET, &c.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?—
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach: 111
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,

Bij

He

He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn :
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 'Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo!—saw you him to-day ? 120

Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worship'd sun
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
 Where—underneath the grove of sycamore,
 That westward rooteth from the city' side—
 So early walking did I see your son :
 Towards him I made : but he was 'ware of me,
 And stole into the covert of the wood :
 I, measuring his affections by my own,— 130
 That most are busied when they are most alone,—
 Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 Should in the furthest east begin to draw
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
 Away from light steals home my heavy son, 140
 And private in his chamber pens himself ;
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
 And makes himself an artificial night :

Black

Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor, 150

Is to himself—I will not say, how true—

But to himself so secret and so close,

So far from sounding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the same.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,

We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a Distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you step
aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd. 160

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young.

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours?

Rom.

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love ?

170

Rom. Out——

Ben. Of love ?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see path-ways to his will!
Where shall we dine !—O me !—What fray was
here ?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with
love :—

180

Why then, O brawling love ! O loving hate !

O any thing of nothing first created !

O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms !

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick
health !

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is !—

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh ?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart at what ?

190

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast ;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With

With more of thine : this love, that thou hast
shown,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs ;

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears :

What is it else ? a madness most discreet, 200

A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewel, my coz.

[Going.

Ben. Soft, I will go along ;

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself ; I am not here ;

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love ?

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee ?

Ben. Groan ? why, no ;

But sadly tell me, who.

210

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will :—

O word ill urg'd to one that is so ill—

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man!—And she's fair I
love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss : she'll not be
hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit ;

And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms, 221

Nor

Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold :
O, she is rich in beauty ; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live
chaste ?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
waste ;

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise ; wisely too fair, 230
To merit bliss by making me despair :
She hath forsworn to love ; and in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes ;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more :
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows, 240
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair ;
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost :
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair ?
Farewel ; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Street. Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike ; and 'tis not hard, I think, 250
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both ;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before :
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years ;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride. 259

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth :
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part ;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love ; and you, among the store, 270
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light :
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel

C

When

When well-apparel'd April on the heel
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
 Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one, 280
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
 Come, go with me:—Go, sirrah, trudge about
 Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
 Whose names are written there; and to them say,
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt CAPULET, and PARIS.*]

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—
 In good time. 293

Enter BENVOLIO, and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
 Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
 One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that. 300

Ben.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

Whipt, and tormented, and — Good-e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:

But I pray, can you read any thing you see? 310

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

[He reads the list.]

Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters; County Anselm, and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena. 320

A fair assembly; Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither? to supper?

Serv. To our house.

Cij

Rom.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My Master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. 33¹

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars! 34¹
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! tut! you saw her fair, none else being
by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:
But in those chrystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will shew you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shews best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn, 350
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Room in CAPULET'S House. Enter Lady CAPULET, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve year old,—

I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here; what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile,

359

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;

I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.

Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—

And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—

She's not fourteen: How long is't now to Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,

Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen. 370

Susan

Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
 Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
 She was too good for me: But, as I said,
 On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
 That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
 And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
 Sitting i' the sun under the dove-house wall, 380
 My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
 Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
 When it did taste the worm-wood on the nipple
 Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
 To see it teachy, and fall out with the dug.
 Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I
 throw,

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years:

For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
 She could have run and waddled all about. 390

For even the day before, she broke her brow:

And then my husband—God be with his soul!

'A was a merry man;—took up the child;

Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?

Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;

Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy dam,

The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay:*

To see now, how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

I never

I never should forget it; *Wilt thou not, Jule?* quoth
he: 400

And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—*Ay*.

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy
peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot chuse but
laugh,

To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay*:

And, yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;

A par'lous knock; and it cried bitterly.

Yea, quoth my husband, *fall'st upon thy face?*

Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age;

Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said—*Ay*. 410

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse,
say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his
grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:

An I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme

I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat. 421

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now: younger
than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,

Are

Are made already mothers : by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady ! lady, such a man,
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax. 429

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower ; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you ? can you love the gentleman ?

This night you shall behold him at our feast :
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ;
Examine every several lineament,
And see how one another lends content ;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover : 441
The fish lives in the sea ; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide :
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story ;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less ? nay, bigger ; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love ?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move : 450
But

But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Street. Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology? 460

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this
ambling;

D

Being

Being but heavy, I will bear the light. 470

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me : you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles ; I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover ; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers ; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe :
Under love's heavy burden do I sink. 480

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love ?
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing ? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous ; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with
love ;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in :

[*Putting on a mask.*]

A visor for a visor !——what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities ?
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me. 490

Ben. Come, knock, and enter ; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me : let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.—

The

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire, 499
Or (save your reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night. 519

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Rom. In bed asleep; while they do dream things
true.

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with
you.

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep: 520

Her waggon spokes made of long spinners' legs;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;

The traces, of the smallest spider's web;

Dij

The

The collars of the moonshine's watry beams ;
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash of film :
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub, 530
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-maker.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight :
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit : 540
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice :
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and wakes ;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab, 550
That plats the manes of horses in the night ;
And cakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

This

This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage,
This is she——

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams; 560
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from our
selves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives, 570
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE V.*A Hall in CAPULET's House. Enter Servants.*

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher! 580

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou lov'st me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell, —Antony! and Potpan?

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are look'd for, and call'd for, ask'd for, and sought for, in the great chamber. 591

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests and the Maskers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their feet

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—

Ab ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?

You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,

That I have worn a visor; and could tell 600

A whispering

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please ;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone :
You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians,
play.

A hall ! a hall ! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Musick plays, and they dance.*

More light, ye knaves ; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet ;

For you and I are past our dancing days :

How long is't now, since last yourself and I 610

Were in a mask ?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man ! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so
much :

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,

Come pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty years ; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more : his son is elder, sir ;
His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that ?

His son was but a ward two years ago. 620

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the
hand

Of yonder knight ?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn
bright !

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night

Like

Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear :
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !
 So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand, 630
 And, touching her's, make happy my rude hand.
 Did my heart love 'till now ? forswear it, sight !
 For I ne'er saw true beauty 'till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague :—
 Fetch me my rapier, boy :—What ! dares the slave
 Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
 To flear and scorn at our solemnity ?
 Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 Cap. Why, how now, kinsman ? wherefore storm
 you so ? 640

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe ;
 A villain, that is hither come in spight,
 To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 Cap. Young Romeo is't ?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
 He bears him like a portly gentleman ;
 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
 To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth :
 I would not for the wealth of all this town, 650
 Here in my house, do him disparagement :
 Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
 It is my will ; the which if thou respect,

Shew

Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill beseeeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.

1 Cap. He shall be endur'd;
What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall:—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to. 660
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 Cap. Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scathe you;—I know
what.—

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my hearts:—You are a princex; go:—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly my hearts. 671

Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [Exit.

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand

[To Juliet.

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
much, 680

E

Which

Which mannerly devotion shews in this ;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too ?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in
prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands
do ;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers'
sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I
take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd. 690

[*Kissing her.*]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have
took.

Rom. Sin from my lips ? O trespass sweetly urg'd !
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with
you.

Rom. What is her mother ?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous :
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal ; 700
I tell you—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is she a Capulet ?

O dear

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1 Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:— 710

More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;

I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman;

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. That, as I think, is young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married, 720
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? What's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal.

730

[*One calls within, JULIET.*]

E ij

Nurse.

Nurse. Anon, anon:—

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHORUS.

*Now old desire doth on his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir:
That fair, for which love groan'd sore, and would
die,*

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,

Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;

But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,

*And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful
hooks:*

740

Being held a foe he may not have access

To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;

And she as much in love, her means much less

To meet her new-beloved any where:

But passion lends them power, time means to meet,

Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

[*Exit Chorus.*]

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Street. Enter ROMEO alone.

Romeo.

CAN I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[Exit.

Enter BENVOLIO, with MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard
wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Why, Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh, 10

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but—Ay me! couple but—love and dove;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name to her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,

When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

20

By

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
'Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spight: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name, 30
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those
trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep: 40
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

CAPULET'S Garden. Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—
But, soft! what light through yonder window
breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

[JULIET appears above, at a Window.]

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious; 50

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady; O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 'tis not to me it speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do intreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres 'till they return. 60

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars;

As day-light doth a lamp; her eye in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ay me!

Rom. She speaks:—

70

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

80

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[*Aside.*]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part:
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

90

Rom. I take thee at thy word:

Call

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in
night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am : 100
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred
words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and where-
fore?

The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb!
And the place death, considering who thou art, 110
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er perch these
walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

F

Jul.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee
here. 120

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
sight;

And, but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this
place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to in-
quire;

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,

I would adventure for such merchandise. 130

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my
face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-
night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain fain deny

What I have spoke; But farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;

And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully: 140

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,

I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,

So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.

In

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
 And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light :
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou over-heardst, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ; 150
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
 moon

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Jul. Do not swear at all ;
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, 160
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear ; although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to-night :
 It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden ;
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
 Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night !
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
 Good night, good night ! as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast ! 172

F i j

Rom.

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have: 180
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
indeed. 190

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

[*Within:* Madam.

I come,

I come, anon :—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—[*Within* : Madam.] By and by, I
come :—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief :

To-morrow will I send.

200

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night ! [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy
light.—

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their
books ;

But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

Re-enter JULIET again, above.

Jul. Hist ! Romeo, hist !—O, for a falconer's
voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again !

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;

Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine

With repetition of my Romeo's name.

211

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name :

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,

Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My sweet ?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow

Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail ; 'tis twenty years 'till then.

220

I have

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remem'bring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee
gone :

And yet no further than a wanton's bird ;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, 230
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I ;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sor-
row,

That I shall say—good night, 'till it be morrow.

[*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast !—

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell ; 240
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Monastery. Enter Friar LAWRENCE, with a Basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning
 night,
 Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
 And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
 From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:
 Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
 The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb; 250
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find;
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities:
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give;
 Nor ought so good, but, strain'd from that fair
 use, 260
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
 And vice sometime's by action dignify'd.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:

For

For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.

Two such opposed foes encamp them still

In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;

And, where the worser is predominant, 270

Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri. *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,

So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,

And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;

But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
reign: 280

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,

Thou art up-rouz'd by some distemp'rature;

Or if not so, then here I hit it right—

Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: But where hast thou
been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again. 290
I have

I have been feasting with mine enemy ;
Where on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded ; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physick lies :
I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is
set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet : 300
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage ; When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy saint Francis ! what a change is here !
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes. 310
Holy saint Francis ! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste !
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear, that is not wash'd off yet ;

If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline ; 320
 And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence
 then—

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she whom I love
 now,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow ;

The other did not so. 330

Fri. O, she knew well,

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your household's rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow ; They stumble, that run
 fast. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The Street. Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be ?—
 Came he not home to-night ? 340

Ben. Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.

Mer.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a
letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how
he dares, being dar'd. 351

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead!
stab'd with a white wench's black eye, shot thorough
the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart
cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; And is he
a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you.
O, he is the courageous captain of compliments:
he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance,
and proportion; he rests his minim, one, two, and the
third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button,
a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first
house;—of the first and second cause: Ah, the im-
mortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!—

Ben. The what? 366

Mer. The pox of such antick, lispings, affecting
fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—*By*
—*a very good blade!*—*a very tall man!*—
a very good whore!—Why, is not this a lament-

Gij

able

able thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *Pardonnez-moy's*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bon's*, their *bon's*!

375

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour*! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

386

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

392

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to curt'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition,

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy,

Rom.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

400

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Well said : follow me this jest now, 'till thou hast worn out thy pump ; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-sol'd jest, solely singular for the singleness !

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio ; my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs ; or I'll cry a match.

410

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done ; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five : Was I with you there for the goose ?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose ?

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting ; it is a most sharp sauce.

420

Rom. And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose ?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad !

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad ; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now than groaning for

for

for love? now thou art sociable, now art thou Romeo: now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole. 432

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer. 440

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurse, and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, *Peter*.

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman. 450

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom.

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said ;—For himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo*?

Rom. I can tell you; but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i'faith: wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho! 470

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pye, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,

And an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in lent:

But a hare that is hoar,

Is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent.—

480

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady; farewel, lady, lady, lady.

Exeunt MERCUTIO, and BENVOLIO.

Nurse. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

490

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks! and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

502

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing

thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing. 513

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer. 521

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Lawrence's cell
Be shriv'd, and marry'd. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall,
Within this hour my man shall be with thee; 530

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy

Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewel!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Farewel!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you,
sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee my man's as true as steel. 540

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

550

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. 560

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

CAPULET'S Garden. Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance,

Perchance, she cannot meet him :—that's not so.—
 O, she is lame ! love's heralds should be thoughts,
 Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
 Driving back shadows over lowring hills :
 Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
 Of this day's journey ; and from nine 'till twelve 570
 Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
 Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
 She'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
 And his to me :
 But old folks, many feign as they were dead ;
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse, with PETER

O God, she comes !—O honey nurse, what news ?
 Hast thou met with him ? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. 580

[*Exit PETER.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord ! why look'st
 thou sad ?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily ;
 If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news
 By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile ;—
 Fie, how my bones ache ! what a jaunt have I had !

Jul. I would, thou had'st my bones, and I thy
 news :

Hi j

Nay,

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak ;—good, good nurse,
speaks.

Nurse. What haste ? can you not stay awhile ?
 Do you not see, that I am out of breath ? 590

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
breath.

To say to me—that thou art out of breath ?

The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad ? answer to that ;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance :

Let me be satisfied ; Is't good or bad ?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice ; you
 know not how to chuse a man : Romeo ! no, not he ;
 though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg
 excels all men's ; and for a hand, and a foot, and a
 body, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they
 are past compare : He is not the flower of courtesy,
 but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy
 ways, wench ; serve God :—What have you din'd at
 home ?

Jul. No, no : But all this did I know before ;
 What says he of our marriage ? what of that ?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches ! what a head
 have I ?

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. 610

My back o' the other side,—O, my back, my
 back !—

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down !

Jul.

Jul. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well :
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my
love ?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and
I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother ?

Jul. Where is my mother ?—why, she is within ;
Where should she be ? How oddly thou reply'st ? 620
Your love says like an honest gentleman,——
Where is your mother ?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear !
Are you so hot ? Marry, come up, I trow ;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones ?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil ;—Come, what says
Romeo ?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day ?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Lawrence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife : 631
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church ; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark :
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight ;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go, I'll to dinner ; hie you to the cell, 639

Jul. Hie to high fortune !—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

*Friar LAWRENCE's Cell. Enter Friar LAWRENCE,
and ROMEO.*

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph, die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness, 652
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity. 660

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us
both.

Jul.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament : 671
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make
short work ;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
'Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Street. Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and
Servants.*

Benvolio.

I PRAY thee, good Mercutio, let's retire ;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl ;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when
he

he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow? 10

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon mov'd to be moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye; would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling! 30

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter

Enter TYBALT, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it
with something; make it a word and a blow. 40

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, if
you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without
giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels?
an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing
but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall
make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place, 51
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them
gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes
my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go first to field, he'll be your follower;

I

Your

Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain. 61

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—Villain I am none;
Therefore, farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
'Till thou shalt know the reason of my love: 70
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away.—

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your
nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as
you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the
eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pil-
cher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about
your ears ere it be out. 82

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame
Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—

The

The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets :—hold, Tybalt ;—good Mercutio.

[Exit TYBALT.

Mer. I am hurt ;—

91

A plague o' both the houses !—I am sped :—
Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

Ben. What, art thou hurt ?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch ; marry, 'tis
enough.—

Where is my page ?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.

Rom. Courage, man ; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as
a church door ; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve : ask for
me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.
I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world :—A plague
o' both your houses !—What ! a dog, a rat, a mouse,
a cat, to scratch a man to death ! a braggart, a
rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithme-
tick !—Why, the devil, came you between us ? I was
hurt under your arm ?

106

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses !
They have made worm's meat of me :
I have it, and soundly too :—Your houses !

[Exeunt MERCUTIO, and BENVOLIO.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf ; my reputation stain'd

Iij

With

With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman :—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead ;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds, 120
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth de-
pend ;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads, 130
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Or thou, or I, or both, shall follow him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him
here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight, TYBALT falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain :—

Stand

Stand not amaz'd :—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken :—hence !—be gone !—away !

Rom. O ! I am fortune's fool ! 140

Ben. Why dost thou stay ? [Exit ROMEO.

Enter Citizens, &c.

Cit. Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he ?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

Cit. Up, sir, go with me ;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives,
&c.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray ?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl :
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo, 150
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin !—O my brother's
child !—

O prince !—O husband !—O, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman !—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin !

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray ?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did
slay ;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal 160
Your

Your high displeasure: all this—uttered
 With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
 bow'd,—

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
 Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
 With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breas;
 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
 Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud, 170
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his
 tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
 And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
 And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly: 180
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
 Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life:
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;

Who

Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

La. Mont. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
friend ; 190

His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence :
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding ;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine :
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ; 199
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in CAPULET'S House. Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion ; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !
That run-away's eyes may wink ; and Romeo 210
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen !—

Lovers

Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties : or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle ; 'till strange love, grown bold,
Thinks true love acted, simple modesty. 220
Come, night !—Come, Romeo ! come, thou day in
night !

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night ; come, loving, black-brow'd
night,

Give me my Romeo : and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world shall be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love, 230
But not possess'd it ; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd : So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse, ~

Enter Nurse, with Cords.

And she brings news ; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—

Now,

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the
cords,

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. 240

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring
thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's
dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—

Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell. 250

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,

And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:

I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;

Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.

If he be slain say—*I*; or if not, no:

Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—

God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse; 260

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,

All in gore blood;—I sowned at the sight.

K

Jul.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break
at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead? 271
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? 280
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvisish-ravens lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell 290

In

In such a gorgeous palace !

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men ; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man ? give me some *aqua vita* :—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows, make me old.
Shame come to Romeo !

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish ! he was not born to shame :
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit ; 300
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him !

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your
cousin ?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband ?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it ?—
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin ?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband :
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring ; 310
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ;
And Tybalt dead, that would have slain my husband :
All this is comfort ; Wherefore weep I then ?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me : I would forget it fain ;
But, O ! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds :

Kij

Tybalt

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished ; 320

That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd ?

But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word, 330

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead :—*Romeo is banished*,—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death : no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse ?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse :
Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears ? mine shall
be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords :—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I ; for Romeo is exil'd : 341

He made you for a highway to my bed ;

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords ; come, nurse ; I'll to my wedding-bed ;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead !

Nurse. Hie to your chamber : I'll find Romeo

To comfort you ;—I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night ;

I'll

I'll to him ; he is hid at Lawrence' cell. 349

Jul. O find him ! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Friar LAWRENCE's Cell. Enter Friar LAWRENCE,
and ROMEO.*

Fri. Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou fearful
man ;

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news ? what is the prince's
doom ?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not ?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company :

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom. 360

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's
doom ?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha ! banishment ? be merciful, say—death ;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death : do not say—banishment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself. 370

Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death; then banishment
Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not. 380

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is
here,

Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty, 390
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin:
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not; he is banished.
Had'st thou no poison mix'd, no sharp ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But

But—banished—to kill me? banished?
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
 Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin absolver, and my friend profest,
 To mangle me with that word—banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
 It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have
 no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not
 feel;

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
 An hour but marry'd, Tybalt murdered,
 Doating like me, and like me banished,
 Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear
 thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo hide thyself. [*Knock within.*]

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knock.*]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—
Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up;

[*Knock.*]

Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!

What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come.

[*Knock.*]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
your will? 430

Nurse. [*within.*] Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand;

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!—

Fri. O woeful sympathy!

Piteous predicament!

440

Nurse. Even so lies she,

Blubbering

Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering :—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man :
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand ;
Why should you fall into so deep an O ?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—death is the end of all.

Rom. Spak st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy 450
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps ;
And now falls on her bed ; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls ; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand 460
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand :
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art ;
Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast :
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man !
Or ill beseeeming beast, in seeming both ! 470

L.

Thou

Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all, 480
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in the skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance, 490
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there too art thou happy:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a mis'hav'd and a sullen wench, 500
Thou

Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love :
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her ;
 But, look, thou stay not 'till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
 Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy 510
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
 Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady ;
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the
 night,
 To hear good counsel : O, what learning is !—
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir :
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. 521

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

Fri. Go hence. Good night :—and here stands all
 your state,—

Either be gone before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence :
 Sojourn in Mantua ; I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time
 Every good hap to you, that chances here :

L ij

Give

Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me, 530
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewel. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

*A Room in CAPULET'S House. Enter CAPULET, Lady
CAPULET, and PARIS.*

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I;—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago. 539

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo:—
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.—
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here with my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft; What day is this? 550

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,

O' Thursday let it be;—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl:—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much: 559
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—o' Thursday be it then:—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewel, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
'Fore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by:—Good night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

JULIET'S Chamber. Enter ROMEO, and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark, 570
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops ;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I ; 580
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
I am content, if thou wilt have it so,
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads : 590
I have more care to stay, than will to go ;—
Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul ? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away ;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division ;
This doth not so, for she divideth us :
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too ! 600
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone ; more light and light it grows.

Rom.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark
our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam?

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[Exit Nurse.]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewel, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[ROMEO descends.]

Jul. Art thou gone so? Love! lord! ah, husband!
friend!

611

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,

For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewel! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

620

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul;

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:

Dry

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[Exit ROMEO.]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long, 630
But send him back.

La. Cap. [within.] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's
death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
Therefore, have done: Some grief shews much of
love; 641

But much of grief shews still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the
friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for
his death,

As

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

650

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer
lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my
hands:

'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou
not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,— 660
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, 'till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vext:—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors 670
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt,
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a
man.

M

But

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time :
What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
child ;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy, 680
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that ?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste ; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo. 690
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet ; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris :—These are news indeed !

La. Cap. Here comes your father ; tell him so
yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET, and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew ;
But for the sun-set of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—

How

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears? 700
 Evermore showering? In one little body
 Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
 For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
 Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
 Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
 Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
 Without a sudden calm, will overset
 Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
 Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you
 thanks; 710

I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you,
 wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
 Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
 Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
 So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you
 have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;
 But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now! chop logick? What is
 this? 720

Proud—and, I thank you—and, I thank you not—
 And yet not proud—Mistress minion, you,
 Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
 But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
 To go with Paris to saint Peter's church

Mij

Or

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green sickness carrion ! out, you baggage !
You tallow-face !

La. Cap. Fie, fie ! what are you mad !

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word. 731

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage ! disobedient
wretch !

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face :
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me ;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That God hath sent us but this only child ;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her :
Out on her, hilding ! 740

Nurse. God in heaven bless her !—

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom ? hold your
tongue,

Good prudence ; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den !

Nurse. May not one speak ?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool !

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not. 750

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread ! it makes me mad : Day, night,
late, early,

At

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
 Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
 To have her match'd : and having now provided
 A gentleman of princely parentage,
 Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
 Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
 Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,—
 And then to have a wretched puling fool, 760
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 To answer—I'll not wed,—I cannot love,—
 I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me ;—
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you :
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me ;
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee, 770
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good :
 Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief ?—
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a
 word ;
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*
Jul.

Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented? 781

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo 790

—Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
Oh! he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dish-clout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match, 800
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or, 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul.

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone, 810
Having displeas'd my father, to Lawrence's cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy; 820
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Friar LAWRENCE'S Cell. Enter Friar LAWRENCE,
and PARIS.*

Friar.

ON Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore little have I talk'd of love;

For

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
 Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
 That she do give her sorrow so much sway; 10
 And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
 To stop the inundation of her tears;
 Which, too much minded by herself alone,
 May be put from her by society :
 Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

[*Aside.*

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife !

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday
 next. 20

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father ?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
 Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that ; 31
 For it was bad enough, before their spight.

Par.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
now:—

My lord, we must intreat the time alone. 41

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouze you:
'Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit PARIS.]

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done
so,
Come, weep with me; Past hope, past cure, past
help!

Friar. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county. 50

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,

N

Shall

Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both : 60
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Friar. Hold, daughter ; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution 70
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself ;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it ;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk 80
Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ;
Or hide me nightly in a charnel house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls ;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
Things

Things that, to hear them told, have made me
tremble ;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Friar. Hold, then ; go home, be merry, give con-
sent

To marry Paris : Wednesday is to-morrow ; 91

To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :

Take thou this phial, being then in bed,

And this distilled liquor drink thou off :

When, presently, through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize

Each vital spirit ; for no pulse shall keep

His natural progress, but surcease to beat :

No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st ; 100

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade

To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;

Each part, depriv'd of supple government,

Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear like death :

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death

Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,

And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :

Then (as the manner of our country is) 111

In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.

In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
 And hither shall he come; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame;
 If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear, 121
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.

Friar. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall
 help afford.

Farewel, dear father! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

CAPULET'S House. Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—
 Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks. 130

Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if
 they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick
 his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his
 fingers, goes not with me.

Cap.

Cap. Go, begone.— [Exit *Servant*.]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Lawrence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth. 140

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my head-strong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you. 150

Cap. Send for the county; go, tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Lawrence's cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well; stand up:
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him. 160

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments

As

As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not 'till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt JULIET, and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our prevision; 'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her; 170
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt CAPULET, and Lady CAPULET.*]

SCENE III.

JULIET's Chamber. Enter JULIET, and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state, 180
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night!

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need. 190

[Exeunt Lady, and Nurse.]

Jul. Farewel!—God knows, when we shall meet
again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll call them back again to comfort me;—

Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—

Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I of force be married to the count?—

No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—

[Laying down a dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar 201

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,

For

For he hath still been tried a holy man :
 I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point ! 210
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes
 in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,—
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth, 220
 Lies festringly in his shroud ; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort ;—
 Alack, alack ! is it not like, that I,
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells ;
 And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—
 O ! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environed with all these hideous fears ?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints ? 229
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains ?
 O, look ! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body

Upon

Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—

Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

She throws herself on the bed.

SCENE IV.

CAPULET'S Hall. Enter Lady CAPULET, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd, 239

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:

Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere
now

All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your
time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exeunt Lady CAPULET, and Nurse.]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,
What's there? 251

O

Enter

Enter three or four, with Spits, and Logs, and Baskets.

Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; A merry whoreson! ha,
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with musick straight,

[*Musick within.*]

For so he said he would. I hear him near:—

Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, Nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up; 262

I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,

Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:

Make haste, I say! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

JULIET'S Chamber; JULIET on the Bed. *Enter Nurse.*

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast,
I warrant her:—

Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—

Why,

Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why,
bride!—

What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths
now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant, 270

The county Paris hath set up his rest,

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,

(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!

I must needs wake her:—Madam! madam! madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;

He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?

What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!

I must needs wake you:—Lady! lady! lady!

Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!— 280

Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—My lord!—my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What's the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life!

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—

Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is
come.

O ij

Nurse.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!

290

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated;
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accurs'd time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,

300

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:—

O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride:—See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered now by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,

310

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

Most

Most miserable hour, that time e'er saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!

Most lamentable day! most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold! 320
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder murder our solemnity?— 330
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives
not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was—her promotion; 340
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:

And

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
 She's not well marry'd, that lives marry'd long;
 But she's best marry'd, that dies marry'd young.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
 In all her best array bear her to church:
 For though fond nature bids us all lament,
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

350

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their office to black funeral:
 Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
 Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
 Our bridal flowers serve for a bury'd corse,
 And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
 And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
 The heavens do lour upon you, for some ill;
 Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

361

[*Exeunt CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS, and Friar.*]

Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be
 gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
 For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease;*

O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease.* 370

Mus. Why *heart's ease*?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—
My heart is full of woe: O, play me some merry dump,
to comfort me.

Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I
will give you the minstrel. 381

Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger
on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you,
I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put
out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-
beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dag-
ger:—Answer me like men: 391

When griping grief the heart doth wound,

And doleful dumps the mind oppress,

Then musick with her silver sound,

Why, *silver sound*? why, *musick with her silver sound*?

What

What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mus.* I say—*silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver. 400

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Sound-post?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—*musick with her silver sound*, because such fellows as you have no gold for sounding:—

Then musick with her silver sound,

With speedy help doth lend redress. [*Exit, singing.*]

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same? 410

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mantua. A Street. Enter ROMEO.

Romeo.

IF I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne;
And, all this day an unaccustom'd spirit

Lifts

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to
think);

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possest, 10
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona! —How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Balth. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, 20
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars! —
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post horses; I will hence to-night.

Balth. Pardon me, sir, I dare not leave you thus:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd; 30
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:

P

Hast

Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Balth. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit BALTHASAR.*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night.

Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an apothecary,—

And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted 40

In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,

Culling of simples; meager were his looks,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

An alligator stuff'd, and other skins

Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves

A beggarly account of empty boxes,

Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,

Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,

Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a shew. 50

Noting this penury, to myself I said—

An if a man did need a poison now,

Whose sale is present death in Mantua,

Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.

O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;

And this same needy man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house:

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—

What, ho! apothecary!

Enter

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud? 60

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor;

Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law

Is death, to any he that utters them. 70

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will, 80
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's
souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,

Pij Than

Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not
sell :

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewel ; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison ; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Friar LAWRENCE's Cell. Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar ! brother, ho ! 90

Enter Friar LAWRENCE.

Law. This same should be the voice of friar
John.—

Welcome from Mantua : What says Romeo ?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth ; 100
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Law. Who bare my letter then to Romeo ?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight 110
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit.

Law. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell 'till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[Exit.

SCENE III.

*A Church-Yard; in it, a Monument belonging to the
CAPULETS. Enter PARIS, and his PAGE with a
Torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand
aloof;— 120
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves),
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,

As

As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure. 130
[Exit.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal
bed: [Strewing Flowers.

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!

[The Boy whistles.
The boy gives warning; something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites? 140
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, awhile.

Enter ROMEO, and BALTHASAR with a Torch, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching
iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:

But,

But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger 150
A precious ring; a ring, that I must use
In dear employment; therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
On what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

Balth. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship.—Take
thou that: 161

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Balth. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[Exit BALTHASAR.]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking up the Monument.]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin;—with which
grief, 170

It is supposed, the fair creature dy'd,—

And here is come to do some villainous shame

To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?

Condemned

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I
hither.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth, 181
Pull not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself:
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjuration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,
boy. 190

[*They fight, PARIS falls.*]

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the
watch.

Par. O, I am slain!—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies.]

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face;—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have marry'd Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 200
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

I'll

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying PARIS in the Monument.]

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy? 220
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe—
I will believe (come lie thou in my arms)
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour.
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;

231

Q

And

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And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest; 231

Q

And

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your
last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in: 240
Here's to my love!—[*Drinks*] O, true apothecary
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*]

*Enter Friar LAWRENCE, with a Lantern, Crow, and
Spade.*

Law. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-
night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who's
there?

Enter BALTHASAR.

Balth. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
you well.

Law. Bliss be upon you? Tell me, good my
friend,

What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capulets' monument.

Balth. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love. 251

Law.

Law. Who is it ?

Balth. Romeo.

Law. How long hath he been there ?

Balth. Full half an hour.

Law. Go with me to the vault.

Balth. I dare not, sir :

My master knows not, but I am gone hence ;

And fearfully did menace me with death,

If I did stay to look on his intents. 260

Law. Stay then, I'll go alone : Fear comes upon me ;

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Balth. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,

I dreamt my master and another fought,

And that my master slew him.

Law. Romeo ?

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains

The stony entrance of this sepulchre ?—

What mean these masterless and gory swords

To lie discolour'd by this place of peace ?— 270

Romeo ! O, pale !—Who else ? what, Paris too ?

And steep'd in blood ?—Ah, what an unkind hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance !—

The lady stirs.

Jul. [*waking.*] O, comfortable friar ! where is my lord ?

I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am :—Where is my Romeo ?

[*Noise within.*

Qij

Law.

Law. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
 A greater Power than we can contradict 280
 Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
 Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
 And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
 Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
 Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
 Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again.*] I dare stay
 no longer. [Exit.]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away:—
 What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
 Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
 O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop, 290
 To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
 Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
 To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.]
 Thy lips are warm!

Watch. [within.] Lead, boy:—Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy
 dagger! [Snatching ROMEO's Dagger.]
 This is thy sheath; [stabs herself.] there rust, and
 let me die.

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch
 doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody; Search about the
 church-yard;

Go,

THE END OF THE WORLD.



ROMEO & JULIET.

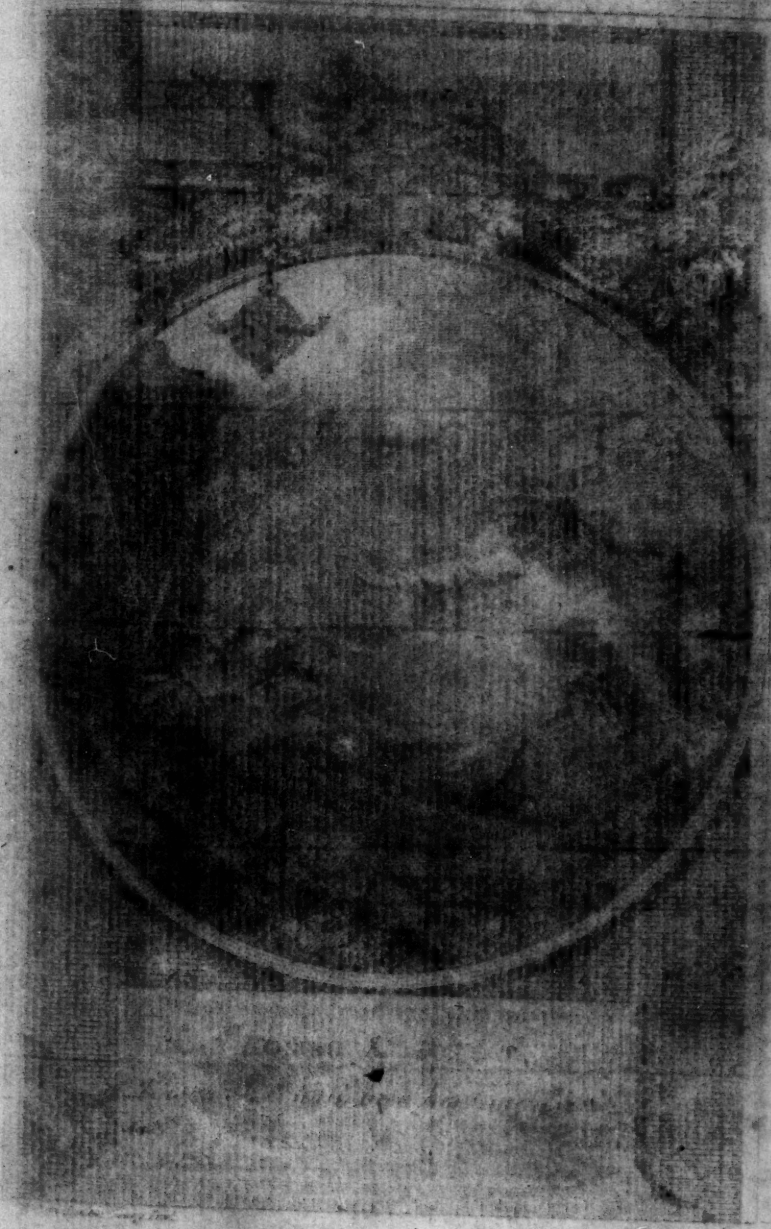
Poison has bathed his timeless end.

Act V.

Scene 5.

P. I. de Louthembourg Inv.

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

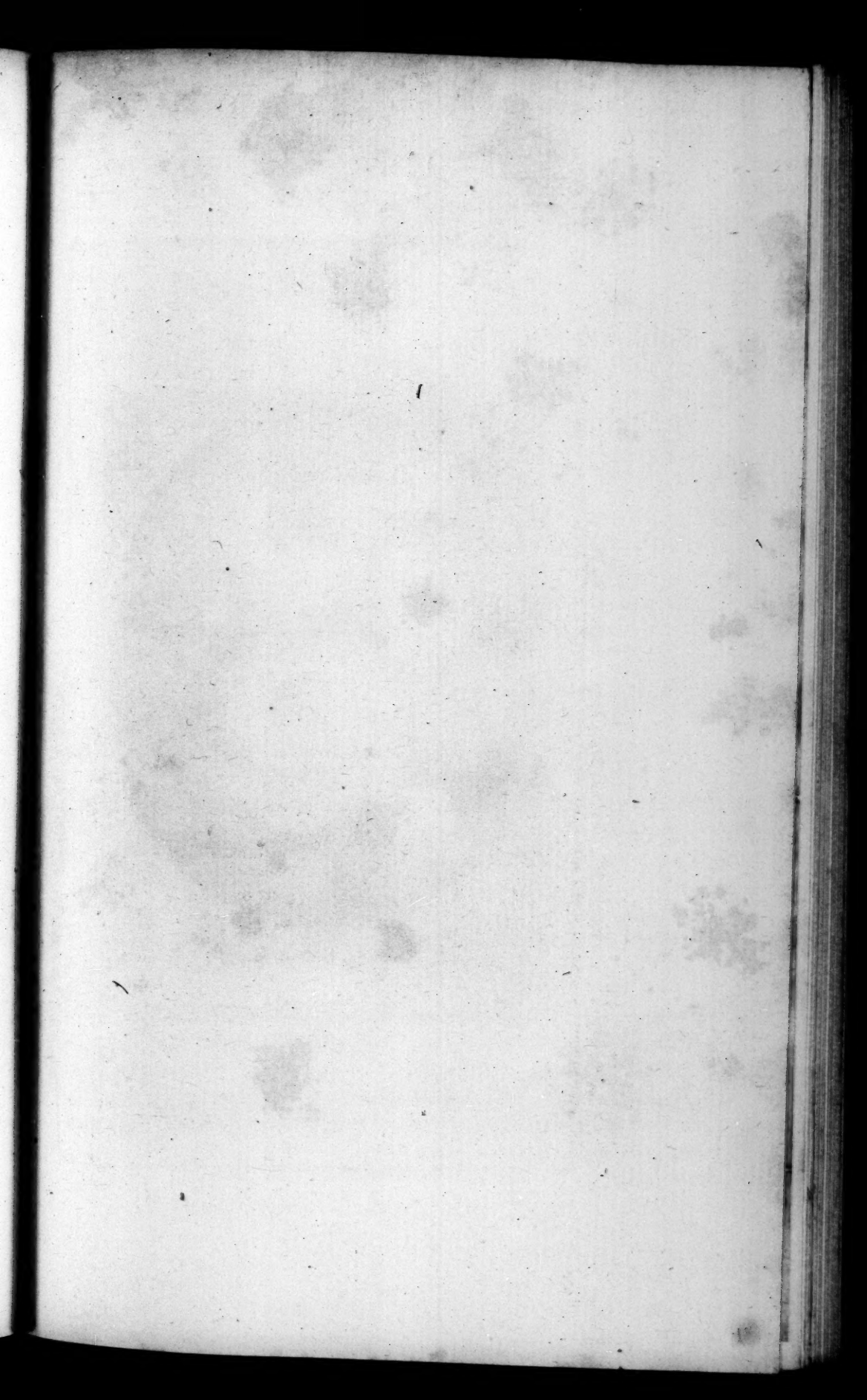
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Printed for J. Bell, in Strand, near St. Dunstons Church, 1797.



P. 1 de L'outherbourg inv.

Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand London Jan^y 4th 1785.



Act 5. ROMEO and JULIET. Scene 3.



Ramborg del.

Ch. Sherwin sculp.

M^{rs} KEMBLE in the Character of JULIET.

*Yea noise?—then I'll be brief—O Happy
Dagger!*

London Printed for John Bell, British Library Strand March 4th 1785.

Oh, some of you, whom'er you find, attach. 309

(Exeunt some)

(To the others) Have let the light of day

Shine forth, and let the world see that

Two young men have been slain to-day.

But for the peace, and to the peace,

Of the Montagues, some of the peace,

And on the ground whereon these young men

Were slain, grow up of all these pieces work,

A monument to their memory, and a record.

(To the others) Let the light of day

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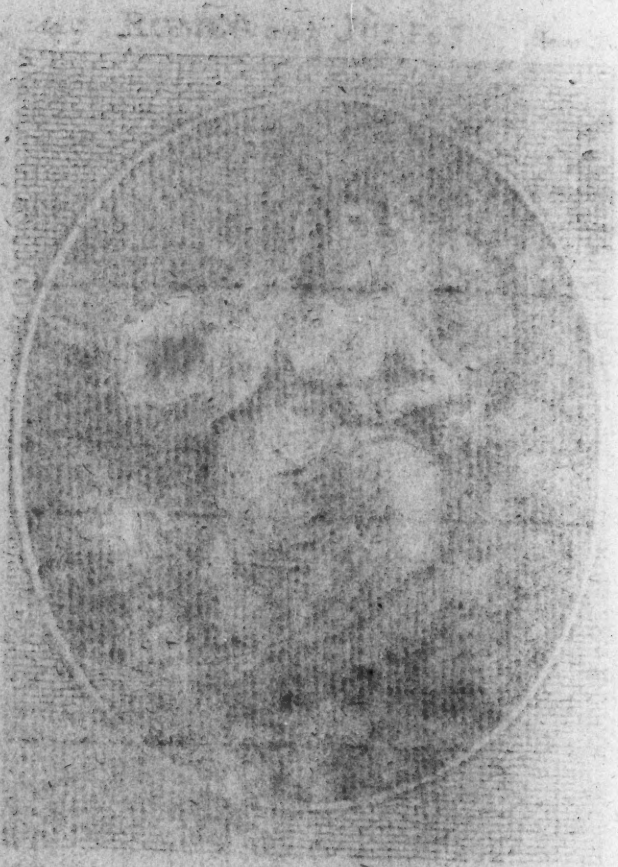
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Handwritten text, likely a signature or title, appearing below the circular image. The text is faint and difficult to read due to fading and the grid overlay.

Small line of text, possibly a date or a reference, located below the main handwritten text.

Go, some of you, whome'er you find, attach. 300

[*Exeunt some.*]

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search:—
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him in
the church-yard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, 'till the prince come
hither. 310

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAWRENCE.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and
weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince, and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter

Enter CAPULET, and Lady CAPULET, &c.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek
abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,
With open out-cry, toward our monument. 320

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our
ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris
slain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder
comes.

Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's
man;

With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter
bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo! his house 330
Lies empty on the back of Montague,
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE, and Others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night ;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath :
What further woe conspires against my age ?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see. 340

Mon. O thou untaught ! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave ?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true
descent ;

And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death : Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Law. I am the greatest, able to do least, 350
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder ;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in
this.

Law. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :
I married them ; and their stolen marriage-day 360
Was Tybalt's doom's-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city ;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You—to remove that siege of grief from her—

Betroth'd,

Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris :—Then comes she to me ;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell, there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art, 370
A sleeping potion ; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death : mean time I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was staid by accident ; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back : Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking, 380
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
'Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :
But, when I came (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking), here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience :
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me, 390
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
All this I know ; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy : And, if aught in this
Miscarry'd by my fault, let my old life

Be

Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy
man.—

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say to this?

Balth. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua, 400
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the county's page that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb; 410
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's
words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with
love! 420

R

And

And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen :—all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand :
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more :
For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

430

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie ;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it
brings ;

The sun, for sorrow, will not shew his head :
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished :

For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END.



ANNOTATIONS
BY
SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,
AND
THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,
UPON
ROMEO and JULIET,
WRITTEN BY
WILL. SHAKSPERE.

—SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

VIRG.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
JOHN BELL, *British-Library*, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES.

MDCC LXXXVII.

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M. DCCCXXXV.



ANNOTATIONS
UPON
ROMEO and JULIET.

P R O L O G U E.

THIS prologue, after the first copy was published in 1597, received several alterations, both in respect of correctness and versification. In the folio it is omitted.—The play was originally performed by *the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunsdon his servants*.

In the first of K. James I. was made an act of parliament for some restraint or limitation of noblemen in the protection of players, or of players under their sanction.

STEEVENS.

ROMEO

ROMEO and JULIET.] BREVAL says, in his *Travels*, that, on a strict inquiry into the histories of Verona, he found that Shakspeare had varied very little from the truth, either in the names, characters, or other circumstances of his play. STEEVENS.

I believe that Shakspeare formed his drama on the poem entitled *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, rather than on Painter's Novel, for these reasons:

1. In the poem the prince of Verona is called *Escalus*; so also in the play.—In Painter's translation from Boisteau he is named *Signor Escala*, and sometimes *Lord Bartholomew of Escala*. 2. The messenger employed by Friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo, to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Painter's translation called *Anselme*; in the poem, and in the play, Friar *John* is employed in this business. 3. The circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter. 4. Several passages of *Romeo and Juliet* appear to have been formed on hints furnished by the poem, and some expressions are borrowed from thence.

With respect to the name of *Romeo*, this also Shakspeare might have had from the poem; for in one place that name is given to him. MALONE.

It is plain, from many circumstances, that Shakspeare had read this novel, both in its prosaick and metrical

metrical form. He might likewise have met with other poetical pieces on the same subject. We are not yet at the end of our discoveries relative to the originals of our author's dramattick pieces.

STEEVENS.

This story was well known to the English poets before the time of Shakspeare. In an old collection of poems, called, *A gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions*, 1578, I find it mentioned :

"Sir *Romeus*' annoy but trifle seems to mine."

And again, *Romeus and Juliet* are celebrated in *A poor Knight his Palace of private Pleasures*, 1579.

I quote these passages for the sake of observing, that, if Shakspeare had not read Painter's translation, it is not likely that he would have altered the name to *Romeo*. There was another novel on the subject by L. de Porto ; which has been lately printed at Venice.

FARMER.

The two entries which I have quoted from the books at Stationers-Hall, may possibly dispose Dr. Farmer to retract his observation concerning Shakspeare's changing the names.

STEEVENS.

ACT I.

Line 1. — *WE'LL not carry coals.*] Dr. Warburton very justly observes, that this was a phrase formerly in use to signify *the bearing injuries*; but, as he has given no instances in support of his declaration, I thought it necessary to subjoin the following:

Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, 1595, says: "We will *bear no coles*, I warrant you." So, Skelton:

"———You, I say, Julian,

"Wyll you *beare no coles*?"

So, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 2d part, 1602: "He has had wrong, and if I were he, *I would bear no coles.*" So, in *Law Tricks*, or *Who would have thought it?* a comedy, by John Day, 1608: "I'll *carry coals* and you will, no horns." Again, in *May-Day*, a comedy by Chapman, 1610: "You must swear by no man's beard but your own, for that may breed a quarrel: above all things you must *carry no coals.*" And again, in the same play: "Now my ancient being a man of an *un-coal-carrying* spirit," &c. Again, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*: "Here comes one that will *carry coals*; ergo, will hold my dog." And, lastly, in the poet's own *Henry V.* "At Calais they stole a fire-shovel; I knew by that piece of service the men would *carry coals.*" Again, in the *Malcontent*, 1604:

"Great

"Great slaves fear better than love, born naturally for a coal-basket." STEEVENS.

This phrase continued to be in use down to the middle of the last century. In a little satirical piece of Sir John Birkenhead, entitled, "Two centuries [of Books] of St. Paul's Church-Yard," &c. published after the death of K. Charles I. N^o 22, p. 50, is inserted "*Fire, Fire!* a small manual, dedicated to Sir Arthur Haselridge; in which it is plainly proved by a whole chauldron of scripture, that *John Lillburn* will not carry coals." By Dr. Gouge.

PERCY.

But, notwithstanding this accumulation of passages in which the phrase itself occurs, the original of it is still left unexplored.—"If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head," &c. Prov. xxv. 22.—or as cited in the Epistle to the Romans, xii. 20. HENLEY.

34. —*here comes of the house of the Montagues.*] I believe the author wrote:

Here comes *two* of the house of the Montagues. The word *two* was inadvertently omitted in the quarto of 1599, from which the subsequent impressions were printed; but in the first edition of 1597, the passage stands thus:

"Here comes *two* of the Montagues——" which confirms the emendation. The disregard of concord is in character, and was probably intended.

B ij

It

It should be observed, that the partisans of the Montague family wore a token in their hats in order to distinguish them from their enemies, the Capulets. Hence throughout this play, they are known at a distance. This circumstance is mentioned by Gascoigne, in a *Devise of a Masque*, written for the right honourable Viscount Mountacute, 1575:

“ And for a further prooffe he shewed in hys hat

“ Thys token which the *Mountacutes* did beare
alwaies, for that

“ They covet to be known from *Capels*, where
they pass,

“ For ancient grutch whych long ago 'twene
these houses was.” MALONE.

44. — *I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.*] So it signifies in Randolph's *Muses Looking Glass*, act iii. sc. 3. p. 45.

“ *Orgylus*. To bite his thumb at me.

“ *Argus*. Why should not a man bite his thumb?

“ *Orgylus*. At me? were I scorn'd to see men bite
their thumbs;

Rapiers and daggers,” &c. DR. GREY.

This mode of quarrelling appears to have been common in our author's time. “What swearing is there (says Decker, describing the various groupes that daily frequented the walks of St. Paul's Church), what shouldering, what justling, what jeering, what *byting of thumbs to beget quarrels!*” THE DEAD TERM, 1608, MALONE.

59. *Enter Benvolio.*] Much of this scene is added since the first edition; but probably by Shakspeare, since we find it in that of the year 1599. POPE.

—*here comes one of my Master's kinsmen.*] Some mistake has happened in this place: *Gregory* is a servant of the *Capulets*; and *Benvolio* was of the *Montague* faction. FARMER.

Perhaps there is no mistake. *Gregory* may mean *Tybalt*, who enters immediately after *Benvolio*, but on a different part of the stage. The eyes of the servant may be directed the way he sees *Tybalt* coming, and in the mean time, *Benvolio* enters on the opposite side.

STEEVENS.

64. —*thy swashing blow.*] Ben Jonson uses this expression in his *Staple for News*: “I do confess a *swashing blow*.” In the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584, *Fraud* says:

“I will flaunt it and brave it after the lusty
Swash.”

To *swash* seems to have meant to be a bully, to be noisily valiant. So, Green, in his *Card of Fancy*, 1608, “—in spending and spoiling, in swearing and *swashing*.” Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, says, that “to *swash* is to make a noise with swordes against tergats.”

STEEVENS.

76. —*Give me my long sword,*—] The *long sword* was the sword used in war, which was sometimes wielded with both hands. JOHNSON.

This *long sword* is mentioned in *The Coxcomb*, a comedy

comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, where the justice says:

“Take their confessions, and my *long sword*;

“I cannot tell what danger we may meet with.”

It appears that it was once the fashion to wear two swords of different sizes at the same time.

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

“Peter Salamander, tie up your *great* and your *little sword*.” STEEVENS.

91. —mis-temper'd *weapons*—] are *angry weapons*.

So, in *King John*:

“This inundation of *mis-temper'd* humour,” &c. STEEVENS.

106. *To old Freetown, our common judgment-place,*] This name the poet found in *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562. It is there said to be the castle of the Capulets. MALONE.

123. *Peer'd forth the golden window of the east.*] The same thought occurs in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. 10.

“Early before the morn with cremosin ray

“The *windows* of bright heaven opened had,

“Through which into the world the dawning day

“Might looke,” &c. STEEVENS.

131. *That most are busied, &c.*] Edition 1597. Instead of which it is in the other edition thus:

—————by my own,

Which then most sought, where most might not be found,

Being

Being one too many by my weary self,

Pursu'd my humour, &c.

POPE.

183. *And gladly shunn'd, &c.*] The ten lines following, not in edition 1597, but in the next of 1599.

POPE.

148. Ben. *Have you importun'd, &c.*] These two speeches also omitted in edition 1597, but inserted in 1599.

POPE.

156. *Or dedicate his beauty to the same.*] When we come to consider, that there is some power else besides *balmy air*, that brings forth, and makes the tender buds spread themselves, I do not think it improbable that the poet wrote,

Or dedicate his beauty to the *Sun*.

Or, according to the more obsolete spelling, *Sunne*; which brings it nearer to the traces of the corrupted text.

THEOBALD.

The same expression occurs in *Timon*, act iv.

"A *dedicated* beggar to the air." STEEVENS.

164. *Is the day so young?*] *i. e.* is it so early in the day? The same expression (which might once have been popular) I meet with in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: "It is yet *young nyghte*, or there is yet moche of the *nyghte* to come."

STEEVENS.

The same expression, in reference to the tide, is still in use; nothing being more common than to speak of *YOUNG flood*.

* * *

177. —*to his will!*] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read, to his *ill*. The present reading has some obscurity; the meaning may be,

that

that *love* finds out means to pursue his *desire*. That the *blind* should find *paths to ill* is no great wonder.

JOHNSON.

I see no obscurity in the text. It is not unusual for those who are blinded by love to overlook every difficulty that opposes their pursuit.

NICHOLS.

The quarto, 1597, reads :

Should, without *laws*, give pathways to our will!
This reading is the most intelligible.

STEEVENS.

181. *Why then, O brawling love! &c.*] Every sonneteer characterises Love by contrarities.

FARMER.

192. *Why, such is love's transgression.*—] Such is the consequence of unskilful and mistaken kindness.

JOHNSON.

198. *Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;*] The author may mean, *being purged of smoke*, but it is perhaps a meaning never given to the word in any other place. I would rather read, *Being urg'd, a fire sparkling*. Being excited, and enforced. To urge the fire is the technical term.

JOHNSON.

207. *Tell me in sadness,*—] That is, tell me *gravely*, tell me in *seriousness*.

JOHNSON.

219. *And, in strong proof, &c.*] As this play was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I cannot help regarding these speeches of Romeo as an oblique compliment to her majesty, who was not liable to be displeased at hearing her chastity praised after she was suspected to have lost it, or her beauty commended in the sixty-seventh year of her age, though she

she never possessed any when she was young. Her declaration that she would continue unmarried, increases the probability of the present supposition.

STEEVENS.

219. —*in strong proof*—] In chastity *of proof*, as we say in armour *of proof*. JOHNSON.

225. —*with beauty dies her store*.] Mr. Theobald reads, "*With her dies beauty's store*;" and is followed by the two succeeding editors. I have replaced the old reading, because I think it at least as plausible as the correction. *She is rich*, says he, *in beauty*, and *only poor* in being subject to the lot of humanity, that *her store*, or riches, *can be destroyed by death*, who shall, by the same blow, put an end to beauty.

JOHNSON.

Theobald's alteration may be countenanced by the following passage in *Swetnam Arraign'd*, a comedy, 1620 :

"Nature now shall boast no more
"Of the riches of her store;
"Since, in this her chieftest prize,
"All the stock of beauty dies."

Again, in the 14th Sonnet of Shakspeare :

"Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date."

Again, in Massinger's *Virgin-Martyr* :

"——— with her dies
"The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman."

STEEVENS.

227. Rom. *She hath, and in that sparing, &c.*] None of the following speeches of this scene are in the first edition of 1597. POPE.

228. *For beauty, staro'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.*] So, in our author's 3d Sonnet:

“Or who is he so fond will be the tomb

“Of his self-love, to stop posterity?”

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“What is thy body but a swallowing grave,

“Seeming to bury that posterity,

“Which by the rights of time thou needs must have.” MALONE.

239. *To call hers, exquisite, in question more:*] That is, to call hers, which ~~is~~ exquisite, the more into my remembrance and contemplation. It is in this sense, and not in that of doubt, or dispute, that the word *question* is here used. REVISAL.

240. These *happy masks, &c.*] *i. e.* the masks worn by female spectators of the play. Former editors print *those* instead of *these*, but without authority. STEEVENS.

247. —*thou canst not teach me to forget.*]

“Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,

“’Tis sure the hardest science, to forget.”

Pope's *Eloisa*.

STEEVENS.

261. *And too soon marr'd are those so early made.*] The quarto, 1597, reads:

And too soon *marr'd* are those so early married.

Puttenham,

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, uses this expression, which seems to be proverbial, as an instance of a figure which he calls the *Rebound* :

"The maid that *soon married* is, *soon marred* is."

The jingle between *marr'd* and *made* is likewise frequent among the old writers. So Sidney :

"Oh! he is *marr'd* that is for others *made*!"

Spenser introduces it very often in his different poems:

STEEVENS.

263. *She is the hopeful lady of my earth :*] This line is not in the first edition.

POPE.

She is the hopeful lady of my earth,—] This is a Gallicism: *Fille de terre* is the French phrase for an heiress.

King Richard II. calls his land, *i. e.* his kingdom, *his earth* :

"Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle *earth*."

Again :

"So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my *earth*."

Earth, in other old plays, is likewise put for *lands*, *i. e.* landed estate. So, in *A Trick to catch the Old One*, 1619 :

"A rich widow, and four hundred a year in good *earth*."

STEEVENS.

274. —*do lusty young men feel*] To say, and to say in pompous words, that a *young man shall feel* as much in an assembly of beauties, *as young men feel in the month of April*, is surely to waste sound upon a very poor sentiment. I read :

Such comfort as do lusty yeomen feel.

C ij

You

You shall feel from the sight and conversation of these ladies, such hopes of happiness and such pleasure, as the farmer receives from the spring, when the plenty of the year begins, and the prospect of the harvest fills him with delight.

JOHNSON.

The author of *THE REMARKS* observes, that *young men* "are perpetually used for *yeomen* in old writings. See particularly the *Legends of Robin Hood* and *Adam Bell*. So in a subsequent scene of this very play, *yew trees* are in the old editions called *young trees*."

REED.

The following passage from Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, will support the present reading, and shew the propriety of Shakspeare's comparison: for to tell *Paris* that he should feel the same sort of pleasure in an assembly of beauties, which *young folks* feel in that season when they are most *gay and amorous*, was surely as much as the old man ought to say:

"That it was May, thus dremid me,

"In time of love and jolite,

"That al thing ginnith waxin gay, &c.—

"Then *yonge folke* entendin aye,

"For to ben gaie and amorous,

"The time is then so savorous."

Romaunt of the Rose, v. 51, &c.

STEEVENS.

Our author's 98th Sonnet may also serve to confirm the reading of the text:

"From you have I been absent in the spring,

"When *proud-pied April* dress'd in all his trim,

"Hath put a spirit of youth in ev'ry thing."

Again,

Again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, a tragedy, 1592:

“Tell me not of the date of Nature’s days,

“Then in the *April* of her *springing age*.”——

MALONE.

280. Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,

May stand in number, though in reckoning none.]

The first of these lines I do not understand. The old folio gives no help; the passage is there, *Which one more view*. I can offer nothing better than this:

Within your view of many, mine, being one,

May stand in number, &c. ——— JOHNSON.

A very slight alteration will restore the clearest sense to this passage. Shakspeare might have written the lines thus:

Search among view of many: mine, being one,

May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

i. e. *Amongst the many you will view there, search for one that will please you. Choose out of the multitude.* This agrees exactly with what he had already said to him:

“——Hear all, all see,

“And like her most, whose merit most shall be.”

My daughter (he proceeds) will, it is true, be one of the number, but her beauty can be of no reckoning (i. e. estimation) among those whom you will see here. Reckoning for estimation, is used before in this very scene:

“Of honourable *reckoning* you are both.”

STEEVENS.

The

The reading of the text, on which Mr. Steevens has founded a very probable conjecture, is that of the first quarto. And his interpretation is fully supported by a passage in *Measure for Measure*:

“ ————our compell’d sins

“ Stand more for *number* than *accompt*,” i. e. estimation.

There is also, I believe, an allusion to an old proverbial expression, that “*one* is no number.” So, in Decker’s *Honest Whore*, Part II:

“ ————to fall to *one*,

“ ————is to fall to none,

“ For *one* no number is.”

MALONE.

286. Find them out, whose names are written here?—]

The quarto, 1597, adds, “ And yet I know not who are written here: I must to the learned, to learn of them; that’s as much as to say, the tailor,” &c.

STEEVENS.

———find those persons out,

[*Whose names are written there.*] Shakspeare has here closely followed the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*:

“ No lady fair or foul was in Verona town,

“ No knight or gentleman of high or low renown,

“ But Capilet himself hath bid unto his feast,

“ Or by his name, in paper sent, appointed as a guest.”

MALONE.

294. Tut, man! one fire burns out another’s burning—

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,

And the rank poison of the old will die.] Thus, in the same poem:

“ Ere

“ Ere long the townish dames together will resort ;

“ Some one of beauty, favour, shape, and of so lovely port,

“ With so fast fixed eye perhaps thou may’st behold,

“ That thou shalt quite forget thy *love* and *passions past of old*.

“ As out of a plank a nail a nail doth drive,

“ So *novel love* out of the mind the *ancient love* doth rive.”

MALONE.

300. *Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.*] Tac-
kius tells us, that a toad, before she engages with a
spider, will fortify herself with some of this plant ;
and that, if she comes off wounded, she cures herself
afterwards with it.

GREY.

323. —*to supper ?*] Surely these words, *to supper*,
must belong to the servant’s answer in the next
speech :

To supper, to our house.

STEEVENS.

330. —*crush a cup of wine.*] This cant expression
seems to have been once common among low people.
I have met with it often in the old plays. So, in the
Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599 :

“ Fill the pot, hostess, &c. and we’ll *crush it*.”

We still say, in cant language—*to crack a bottle*.

STEEVENS.

346. ——— *let there be weigh’d*

Your lady’s love against some other maid] But
the comparison was not betwixt the love that Romeo’s
mistress

mistress paid him, and the person of any other young woman; but betwixt Romeo's mistress herself, and some other that should be matched against her. The poet therefore must certainly have wrote :

Your *lady-love* against some other maid.

WARBURTON.

Your *lady's love* is the love you bear to your lady, which in our language is commonly used for the lady herself.

REVISAL.

366. —*to my teen*—] To my sorrow. JOHNSON.

This old word is introduced by Shakspeare for the sake of the jingle between *teen*, and *four*, and *fourteen*.

STEEVENS.

376. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;] But how comes the nurse to talk of an *earthquake* upon this occasion? There is no such circumstance, I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakspeare may be supposed to have drawn his story; and therefore it seems probable, that he had in view the earthquake, which had really been felt in many parts of England in his own time, viz. on the 6th of April 1580. [See *Stowe's Chronicle*, and *Gabriel Harvey's* letter in the preface to *Spenser's Works*, edit. 1679.] If so, one may be permitted to conjecture, that *Romeo and Juliet*, or this part of it at least, was written in 1591, after the 6th of April, when the *eleven years since the earthquake* were completed; and not later than the middle of July, a fortnight and odd days before *Lammas-tide*.

TYRWHITT.

389. —*could stand alone*;—] The 4to, 1597, reads, could stand *high lone*, i. e. quite alone, *completely* alone. So, in another of our author's plays, *high fantastical* means *entirely* fantastical. STEEVENS.

401. —*it stinted*,—] i. e. it stopped, it forbore from weeping. So, Sir Thomas North, in his translation of Plutarch, speaking of the wound which Antony received, says, "for the blood *stinted* a little when he was laid."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson:

"*Stint* thy babbling tongue."

Again, in *What You Will*, by Marston, 1607:

"Pish! for shame *stint* thy idle chat."

Again, in *The Misfortunes of King Arthur*, an ancient drama, 1587:

"—Fame's but a blast that sounds a while,

"And quickly *stints*, and then is quite forgot."

Spenser uses this word frequently in his *Faery Queen*.

STEEVENS.

403. Nurse. *Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose, &c.*] This speech and tautology is not in the first edition.

POPE.

419. *It is an honour*—] The first quarto reads *honour*; the folio *hour*. I have chosen the reading of the quarto.

The word *hour* seems to have nothing in it that could draw from the Nurse that applause which she immediately bestows. The word *honour* was likely to strike the old ignorant woman, as a very elegant and discreet word for the occasion.

STEEVENS.

D

Instead

Instead of this speech, the quarto, 1597, has only one line :

Well, girl, the noble County Paris seeks thee for
his wife. STEEVENS.

429. —a man of wax.] So, in *Wily Beguiled*:

“Why, he’s a man as one should picture him in
wax.” STEEVENS.

—a man of wax.—] Well made, as if he had
been modelled in wax, as Mr. Steevens by a happy
quotation has explained it. “When you, Lydia,
praise the waxen arms of Telephus” (says Horace).
Waxen, well shaped, finely turned :

“With passion swells my fervid breast,

“With passion hard to be supprest.”

Dr. Bentley changes *cerea* into *lactea*, little under-
standing that the praise was given to the shape, and
not the colour. S. W.

431. Nurse.] After this speech of the Nurse;
Lady Capulet, in the old quarto, says only,

Well, Juliet, how like you of Paris’ love?

She answers, “I’ll look to like,” &c. and so con-
cludes the scene, without the intervention of that stuff
to be found in the later quartos and the folio.

STEEVENS.

432. La. Cap. *What say you, &c.*] This ridiculous
speech is entirely added since the first edition. POPE.

434. *Read o’er the volume, &c.*] The same thought
occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre* :

“Her face the book of praises, where is read

“Nothing but curious pleasures.” STEEVENS.

436.

436. *Examine ev'ry several lineament,*] The quarto, 1599, reads, every *married* lineament.—Shakspeare meant by this last phrase, Examine how nicely one feature depends upon another, or accords with another, in order to produce that harmony of the whole face, which seems to be implied in *content*.—In *Troilus and Cressida*, he speaks of “the *married* calm of states;” and in his 8th Sonnet has the same allusion:

“If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions *married*, do offend thine ear.”

STEEVENS.

439. —*the margin of his eyes.*] The comments on the ancient books were always printed in the margin. So Horatio, in *Hamlet*, says: “—I knew you must be edify'd by the *margent*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

442. *The fish lives in the sea;—*] *i. e.* is not yet caught. Fish-skin covers to books anciently were not uncommon. Such is Dr. Farmer's explanation of this passage, and it may receive some support from what *Ænobarbus* says in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“The tears *live in an onion*, that should water this sorrow.”

STEEVENS.

445. *That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;*] The *golden story* is perhaps the *golden legend*, a book in the dark ages of Popery much read, and doubtless often exquisitely embellished, but of which Canus, one of the Popish doctors, proclaims the author to have been *homo ferrei oris, plumbei cordis*. JOHNSON.

The poet may mean nothing more than to say, that those books are most esteemed by the world, where

Dij

valuable

valuable contents are embellished by as *valuable binding*.

STEEVENS.

451. —endart *mine eye*,] The quarto, 1597, reads, *engage mine eye*.

STEEVENS.

453. To this speech there have been likewise additions since the elder quarto, but they are not of sufficient consequence to be quoted.

STEEVENS.

459. *Mercutio*.] Shakspeare appears to have formed this character on the following slight hint in the original story: “—another gentleman called *Mercutio*, which was a courtlike gentleman, very wel beloved of all men, and by reason of his pleasant and curteous behavior was in al companies wel intertaind.” Painter’s *Palace of Pleasure*, Tom II. p. 221.

STEEVENS.

461. *The date is out of such prolixity* :] i. e. *Masks* are now out of fashion. That Shakspeare was an enemy to these fooleries, appears from his writing none; and that his plays discredited such entertainments, is more than probable. But in James’s time, that reign of false taste as well as false politics, they came again in fashion; and a deluge of this affected nonsense overflowed the court and country.

WARBURTON.

The diversion going forward at present is not a *masque* but a *masquerade*. In Henry VIII. where the king introduces himself to the entertainment given by Wolsey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *mask*, and sends a messenger before, to make an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed

served by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions, I believe Romeo is made to allude.

So, in *Histriomastix*, 1610, a man expresses his wonder that the *maskers* enter without any compliment :

“ What, come they in so blunt, *without device* ?”

In the accounts of many entertainments given in reigns antecedent to that of Elizabeth, I find this custom preserved. Of the same kind of masquerading, see a specimen in *Timon*, where Cupid precedes a troop of ladies with a speech.

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare has written a *masque*, which the reader will find introduced in the fourth act of *The Tempest*. It would have been difficult for the reverend annotator to have proved they were discontinued during any period of Shakspeare's life.

PERCY.

464. —*like a crow-keeper*;] The word *crow-keeper* is explained in *King Lear*, act iv. sc. 6.

JOHNSON.

465. *Nor no without-book prologue, &c.*] The two following lines are inserted from the first edition.

POPE.

469. *Give me a torch,—*] The character which Romeo declares his resolution to assume, will be best explained by a passage in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: “ He is just like a *torch-bearer* to maskers; he wears good clothes, and is ranked in
good

good company, but he doth nothing." A *torch-bearer* seems to have been a constant attendant on every troop of masks. So, in the second part of *Robert, Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"——As on a masque; but for our *torch-bearers*,
" Hell cannot rake so mad a crew as I."

Again, in the same play:

"——a gallant crew,
" Of courtly maskers landed at the stairs;
" Before whom, untreated, I am come,
" And here prevented, I believe, their page,
" Who, with his *torch* is enter'd." STEEVENS.

For other particulars on this subject, consult *Strutt's* *hobna Angel-cynnan*. Vol. III. p. 143, and plate 2.

HENLEY.

475. Mer. *You are a lover, &c.*] The twelve following lines are not to be found in the first edition.

POPE.

478. ——so bound,

I cannot bound, &c.] So Milton:

"——in contempt
" At one slight *bound* high over-leap'd all *bound*
" Of hill," &c.

Par. Lost, Book IV. line 180.

STEEVENS.

489. —doth quote *deformities*?] To quote is to observe.

STEEVENS.

493. —let wantons light of heart, &c.] Middleton has borrowed this thought in his play of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

"—bid

“—bid him, whose heart no sorrow feels,
“Tickle the rushes with his wanton heels,
“I have too much lead at mine.” STEEVENS.

494. *Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;*] It has been already observed, that it was anciently the custom to strew rooms with *rushes*, before carpets were in use. So *Hentzner* in his *Itinerary*, speaking of *Queen Elizabeth's* presence-chamber at *Greenwich*, says: “The floor, after the English fashion, was strewed with *hay*,” meaning *rushes*. STEEVENS.

495. —*a grandsire phrase*,—] The proverb which *Romeo* means, is contained in the line immediately following: *To hold the candle*, is a very common proverbial expression, for being *an idle spectator*. Among *Ray's* proverbial sentences, is this,—“A good *candle-holder* proves a good gamester.” STEEVENS.

496. *I'll be a candle-holder, &c.*] An allusion to an old proverbial saying, which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest. REMARKS.

498. *Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:*] *Dun's the mouse* is a proverbial phrase, which I have likewise met with frequently in the old comedies. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:

“If my host say the word, the mouse shall be *dun*.” It is also found among *Ray's* proverbial similies.

Again, in the *Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

“Why then 'tis done, and *dun's the mouse*, and undone all the courtiers.”

Of this cant expression I cannot determine the precise meaning.

STEEVENS.

To

To draw dun out of the mire, is a Christmas gambol not yet forgotten in the west of England. * * *.

500. Or (*save your reverence*) *love*,—] The word *or* obscures the sentence; we should read *O!* for *or love*. Mercutio having called the affectation with which Romeo was entangled, by so disrespectful a word as *mire*, cries out,

O! save your reverence, love. JOHNSON.

Mercutio's meaning is lost if we dismiss the word *or*. "We'll draw thee from the mire (says he) *or* rather from this love wherein thou stick'st."

Dr. Johnson has imputed a greater share of politeness to Mercutio than he is found to be possessed of in the quarto, 1597. Mercutio, as he passes through different editions,

"Works himself clear, and as he runs refines."

STEEVENS.

Mr. Reed hath omitted the lines from the quarto, as it did not seem material either to quote, explain, or excuse them.

501. —*we burn day-light, ho.*] *To burn day-light* is a proverbial expression, used when candles, &c. are lighted in the day time. STEEVENS.

504. —*like lamps by day,*] *Lamps* is the reading of the oldest quarto. The folio and subsequent quartos read *lights*, *lights by day*. STEEVENS.

506. *Five times* in that,—] The quarto, 1597, reads? *Three times a day*; and *right wits*, instead of *fine wits*. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare

Shakspeare is on every occasion so fond of antithesis, that I am persuaded he wrote,

Five times in that ere once in our *five* wits.
We meet in *King Lear* :

“ Bless thy *five* wits ! ”

So, in a subsequent scene in this play : “ Thou hast more of the wild goose in one of thy *wits*, than I am sure I have in my whole *five*. ”

The same mistake happened in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, where in all the old copies we meet,

“ Of all these *fine* the sense — ”
instead of — “ all these *five* — ”

In the first quarto the line stands,

“ *Three* times in that, ere once in our *right* wits. ”
When the poet altered “ *three* times ” to “ *five* times, ” he probably for the sake of the jingle discarded the word *right*, and substituted *five* in its place. The alteration, indeed, seems to have been made merely to obtain the antithesis.

MALONE.

Fine wits may be the true reading. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* : “ They would whip me with their *fine wits* till I were as crest-fall'n as a dry'd pear. ”

STEEVENS.

514. In the quarto, 1597, after the first line of Mercutio's speech, Romeo says, *Queen Mab, what's she?* and the Printer, by a blunder, has given all the rest of the speech to the same character.

STEEVENS.

515. *O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.*

She is the FAIRIES' midwife;] *The fairies'*
E *midwife*

midwife does not mean the midwife to the fairies, but that she was the person *among* the fairies, whose department it was to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams, those *children of an idle brain*. When we say the *king's judges*, we do not mean persons who are to judge the king, but persons appointed by him to judge his subjects. STEEVENS.

518. *On the fore-finger of an alderman,*] The quarto, 1597, reads, *of a burgo-master*. The alteration was probably made by the poet himself, as we find it in the succeeding copy, 1599: but in order to familiarize the idea, he has diminished its propriety. In the pictures of *burgo-masters*, the ring is generally placed on the fore-finger; and from a passage in *The First Part of Henry IV.* we may suppose the citizens in Shakspeare's time to have worn this ornament on the thumb. So again, Glapthorne, in his comedy of *Wit in a Constable*, 1639:

“——and an alderman,

“As I may say to you, he has no more

“Wit than the rest o'the bench; and that lies in his thumb-ring.” STEEVENS.

519. —*of little atomies*] *Atomy* is no more than an obsolete substitute for *atom*. So, in the *Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

“——I can tear thee

“As small as *atomies*, and throw thee off

“Like dust before the wind.”

Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

“I'll

" I'll tear thy limbs into more *atomies*
 " Than in the summer play before the sun."

In Drayton's *Nymphidia* there is likewise a description of *Queen Mab's* chariot :

" *Four nimble Gnats the Horses were,*
 " *Their Harnesses of Gossamere,*
 " *Fly Cranion, her Charioteer,*
 " *Upon the coach-box getting :*
 " *Her Chariot of a Snail's fine Shell,*
 " *Which for the Colours did excell,*
 " *The fair Queen Mab becoming well,*
 " *So lively was the limning :*
 " *The Seat, the soft Wool of the Bee,*
 " *The cover (gallantly to see)*
 " *The Wing of a py'd Butterflee,*
 " *I trow, 'twas simple trimming :*
 " *The wheels compos'd of Cricket's Bones,*
 " *And daintily made for the nonce,*
 " *For Fear of rattling on the Stones,*
 " *With Thistle-down they shod it."* STEEVENS.

546. — *Spanish blades,*] A sword is called a *toledo*, from the excellence of the *Toletan* steel. So, *Grotius*:

" ——— *Ensis Toletantis*

" *Unda Tagi non est alio celebranda metallo,*
 " *Utilis in cives est ibi lamina suos."* JOHNSON.

The quarto, 1597, instead of *Spanish blades*, reads *countermines*. STEEVENS.

552. *And cakes the elf-locks, &c.*] This was a common superstition ; and seems to have had its rise from

the horrid disease called the Plica Polonica.

WARBURTON.

554. —*when maids, &c.*] So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:

“*And Mab, his merry Queen, by Night*

“*Bestrides young Folks that lie upright*

“*(In elder times the Mare that hight)*

“*Which plagues them out of measure.*”

So, in *Gervase of Tilbury*, Dec. 1. C. 17. “*Vidimus quosdam dæmones tanto zelo mulieres amare, quod ad inaudita prorumpunt ludibria, et cum ad concubitum earum accedunt, mirâ mole eas opprimunt, nec ab aliis videntur.*”

556. —*of good carriage.*] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act i.

“—let them be men of good repute and carriage.”

Moth. Sampson, master; he was a man of good carriage; great carriage; for he carried the town-gates,” &c.

STEEVENS.

566. —*from thence,*] The quarto, 1597, reads, —*in haste.*

STEEVENS.

577. *Direct my sail!*—] I have restored this reading from the elder quarto, as being more congruous to the metaphor in the preceding line. *Suit* is the reading of the folio.

STEEVENS.

Direct my suit!] Guide the *sequel* of the adventure.

JOHNSON.

578. *Strike, drum.*] Here the folio adds, *They march*

march about the stage, and serving men come forth with their napkins. STEEVENS.

579. This scene is added since the first copy.

STEEVENS.

580. —*he shift a trencher, &c.*] *Trenchers* were still used by persons of good fashion in our author's time. In the household book of the earls of Northumberland, compiled at the beginning of the same century, it appears that they were common to the tables of the first nobility.

PERCY.

They continued common much longer in many publick societies, particularly in colleges and inns of court; and are still retained at Lincoln's-Inn.

NICHOLS.

On the books of the Stationers-Company, in the year 1554, is the following entry: "Item, payd for x dosyn of trenchers, xxi d."

STEEVENS.

585. —*court-cupboard.*—] I am not very certain that I know the exact signification of *court-cupboard*. Perhaps it is what we call at present the *side-board*. It is, however, frequently mentioned in the old plays. So, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611:

"*Court-cupboards* planted with flaggons, cans, cups, beakers," &c.

Two of these *court-cupboards* are still in Stationers-Hall.

STEEVENS.

The use which to this day is made of those *cupboards* is exactly described in the above-quoted line of Chapman; to display at publick festivals the *flaggons, cans, cups, beakers*, and other antique silver vessels

vessels of the company, some of which (with the names of the donors inscribed on them) are remarkably large. NICHOLS.

586. —*save me a piece of march-pane*;—] March-pane was a confection made of pistachio-nuts, almonds, and sugar, &c. and in high esteem in Shakspeare's time; as appears from the account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment in Cambridge. It is said that the university presented Sir William Cecil, their chancellor, with two pair of gloves, a *march-pane*, and two sugar-loaves.

Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, Vol. II. p. 29.

GREY.

March-pane was a kind of sweet bread or biscuit; called by some almond-cake. *Hermolaus Barbarus* terms it *mazapanis*, vulgarly *Martius panis* G. *macepain* and *massepain*, It. *marsapane*, *il macapan*. B. *marcepeyn*, i. e. *massa pura*. But, as few understood the meaning of this term, it began to be generally, though corruptly, called *massepeyn*, *marcepeyn*, *marisepeyn*; and in consequence of this mistake of theirs, it soon took the name of *martius panis*, an appellation transferred afterwards into other languages. See *Junius*.

HAWKINS.

March-pane was a constant article in the deserts of our ancestors. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: "—seeing that the issue of the table, fruits and cheese, or wafers hypocras, and *marchpanes* or comfytures, be brought in." See Dugdale's *Orig. Jurid.* p. 133.

In

In the year 1560, I find the following entry on the books of the Stationers-Company: "Item, payd for ix marshe paynes, xxvi s. viii d." STEEVENS.

603. *You're welcome, gentlemen.*—] These two lines, omitted by the modern editors, I have replaced from the folio. JOHNSON.

604. *A hall! a hall!*—] Such is the old reading, and the true one, though the modern editors read, *A ball! a ball!* The former exclamation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and signifies, *make room*. So, in the comedy of *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

"Room! room! *a hall! a hall!*"

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

"—Then cry, *a hall! a hall!*"

Again, in an Epithalamium, by Christopher Brooke, published at the end of *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Cry not, *a hall, a hall*; but chamber-roome:

"Dancing is lame," &c. And numberless other passages. STEEVENS.

608. —*good cousin Capulet,*] This *cousin* Capulet is *uncle* in the paper of invitation; but as Capulet is described as old, *cousin* is probably the right word in both places. I know not how Capulet and his lady might agree, their ages were very disproportionate; he has been past masking for thirty years, and her age, as she tells Juliet, is but eight-and-twenty.

JOHNSON.

Cousin was a common expression from one kinsman to another, out of the degree of parent and child, brother

brother and sister. Thus in *Hamlet*, the king his uncle and stepfather addresses him with

“But now my *cousin* Hamlet and my *son*.”

And in this very play, act iii. lady Capulet says :

“Tybalt my *cousin* !—O my brother’s *child*.”

So, in *As You Like It* :

“*Ros.* Me uncle ?

“*Duke.* You *cousin* !”

And Olivia, in *Twelfth Night*, constantly calls her uncle Toby *cousin*. REMARKS.

609. —our dancing *days* :] Thus the folio: the quarto reads, “our *standing* days.” STEEVENS.

619. —will you tell me, &c.] This speech stands thus in the first copy :

Will you tell me that it cannot be so ?

His son was but a ward three years ago ;

Good youths i’faith !—Oh, youth’s a jolly thing !”

There are many trifling variations in almost every speech of this play ; but when they are of little consequence I have forborne to encumber the page by the insertion of them. The last, however, of these three lines is natural, and worth preserving.

STEEVENS.

621. *What lady’s that, which doth enrich the hand*

Of yonder knight ?] Here is another proof

that our author had the poem, and not Painter’s Novel, in his mind. In the latter we are told—“A certain *lord* of that troupe took Juliet by the hand to dance.”

In

In the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, as in the play, her partner is a *knight* :

"With torch in hand a comely *knight* did fetch
her forth to dance." MALONE.

625. — *cheek of night*] Shakspeare has the same thought in his 27th Sonnet :

"Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
"Makes black night beauteous, and her old face
new."

The quartos, 1597, 1599, 1609, 1637, and the folio, 1623, read,

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night.
It is to the folio, 1632, that we are indebted for the present reading; but I know not that it is the true one. STEEVENS.

626. *Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear :*] So, in Lilly's *Euphues* :

"A fair pearl in a Morian's ear." T. H. W.

633. *For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.*] Thus King Henry VIII.

"—O beauty,

"'Till now I never knew thee!" STEEVENS.

667. — *to scathe you ;—*] *i. e.* to do you an injury. STEEVENS.

668. *You must contrary me.—*] The use of this verb is common to our old writers.

So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, Book X. chap. 59.

"—his countermand should have *contraried*
so."

It is used also in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch. STEEVENS.

669. — *You are a princox, go:—*] A *princox* is a coxcomb, a conceited person.

The word is used by Ben Jonson in *The Case is Alter'd*, 1600; by Chapman, in his comedy of *May-Day*, 1610; in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606, "Your proud university *princox*;" again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633, "That *princox* proud;" and indeed by most of the old dramatick writers. Cotgrave renders *un jeune estoudeau superbe*—a young *princox* boy.

STEEVENS.

672. *Patience perforce*,—] This expression is in part proverbial: the old adage is,

"*Patience perforce* is a medicine for a mad dog."

STEEVENS.

694. *You kiss by the book.*] In *As You Like It*, we find it was usual to *quarrel by the book*, and we are told in the note, that there were books extant for good manners. Juliet here appears to refer to a third kind, containing the *art of courtship*, an example from which it is probable that Rosalind hath adduced.

HENLEY.

708. *We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.*] *Towards* is ready, at hand. So, in *Hamlet*:

"What might be *towards*, that this sweaty haste

"Doth make the night joint labourer with the day?"

Again, in the *Phenix*, by Middleton, 1607:

"—here's

“—here’s a voyage *towards* will make us all.”

STEEVENS.

It appears from the former part of this scene, that Capulet’s company had supped. A *banquet*, it should be remembered, often meant in old times nothing more than a collation of fruit, wine, &c. So, in *The Life of Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

“Their dinner is our *banquet after dinner*.”

Again, in Howel’s *Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, 1661, p. 662.

“*After dinner* he was served with a *banquet*.”

MALONE.

710. —*honest gentlemen* ;] Here the quarto, 1597, adds,

“I promise you, but for your company,

“I would have been in bed an hour ago :

“Light to my chamber, ho!” STEEVENS.

714. *Come hither, nurse : What is yon gentleman ?*]

This and the following questions are taken from the novel.

STEEVENS.

733. *CHORUS*.] This chorus is added since the first edition.

POPE.

The use of this chorus is not easily discovered ; it conduces nothing to the progress of the play, but relates what is already known, or what the next scene will show ; and relates it without adding the improvement of any moral sentiment.

JOHNSON.

ACT II.

Line 12. *CRY but—Ay me!—couple but—love and dove;*] The quarto, 1597, reads *pronounce*, the two succeeding quartos and the first folio, *provant*: the 2d, 3d, and 4th folios *couply*; and Mr. Rowe, who printed from the last of these, formed the present reading. *Provant*, in ancient language, signifies *provision*. So, in *The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth*, called *Joan Cromwell, the Wife of the late Usurper*, truly described and represented, 1664, p. 14. “—carrying some dainty *provant* for her own and her daughter’s repast.” To *provant* is to *provide*; and to *provide* is to *furnish*. “*Provant* but love and dove,” may therefore mean *furnish*; but such hackney’d rhimes as these are the trite effusions of lovers. STEEVENS.

15. *Young Adam Cupid,*] All the old copies read, *Abraham Cupid*. The alteration was proposed originally by Mr. Upton. (See *Observations*, p. 243.) It evidently, as Mr. Reed hath observed, alludes to the famous archer, *Adam Bell*.

16. *When king Cophetua, &c.*] Alluding to an old ballad preserved in the first volume of Dr. Percy’s *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

——her *pur-blind* son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so *trim*,

When, &c.] This word *trim*, the first editors, consulting the general sense of the passage, and not perceiving

ceiving the allusion, would naturally alter to *true*; yet the former seems the more humorous expression, and, on account of its quaintness, more likely to have been used by Mercutio.

PERCY.

So *trim* is the reading of the oldest copy, and this ingenious conjecture is confirmed by it. In Decker's *Satiromastix* is a reference to the same archer :

“ —He shoots his bolt but seldom ; but when
Adam lets go, he hits :

“ He shoots at thee too, *Adam Bell* ; and his arrows stick here.”

STEEVENS.

18. *The ape is dead,—*] This was a term of endearment in our author's time. So, in Nash's *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593 : “ EUPHUES I read, when I was a little *ape* at Cambridge.”

MALONE.

33. —*the humorous night* :] I suppose Shakspeare means *humid*, the moist *dewy* night. Chapman uses the word in that sense in his translation of *Homer*, Book II. edit. 1598 :

“ The other gods and knights at arms slept all
the *humorous* night.”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 3.

“ Such matter as she takes from the gross *humorous* earth.”

Again, song 13th :

“ —which late the *humorous* night

“ Bespangled had with pearl.—”

Again, in his *Barons' Wars*, Canto I.

“ The *humorous* fogs deprive us of his light.”

STEEVENS.

38. *As maids, &c.*] After this line in the quarto, 1597, I find two other verses, containing such ribaldry, that I cannot venture to insert them in the text.

STEEVENS.

44. *He jests at scars,*] That is, Mercutio jests, whom he overheard.

JOHNSON.

He (that person) jests, is merely an allusion to his having conceived himself so armed with the love of Rosalind, that no other beauty could make any impression on him. This is clear from the conversation he has with Mercutio, just before they go to Capulet's feast.

REMARKS.

50. *Be not her maid,*—] Be not a votary to the moon, to Diana.

JOHNSON.

53. *It is my lady;*—] This line and half I have replaced.

JOHNSON.

68. —*touch that cheek!*] The quarto, 1597, reads, *kiss* that cheek.

STEEVENS.

71. *O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art*

As glorious to this night,—] The sense is, that Juliet appeared as splendid an object in the vault of heaven obscured by darkness, as an angel could seem to the eyes of mortals, who were falling back to gaze upon him.

As glorious to this night, means, *as glorious an appearance in this dark night, &c.* It should be observed, however, that the simile agrees precisely with Theobald's alteration—*sight*—and not so well with the old reading.

STEEVENS.

76. —the lazy-pacing clouds,] Thus corrected from the first edition ; in the other, *lazy-puffing*.

POPE.

84. *Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.*] *i. e.* you would be just what you are, although you were not of the house of Montague. WARBURTON.

I think the true reading is,

Thou art thyself, then not a Montague.

Thou art a being of peculiar excellence, and hast none of the malignity of the family from which thou hast thy name.—Hanmer reads :

Thou'rt not thyself so, though a Montague.

JOHNSON.

This line is wanting in the elder quarto ; all the other editions concur in one reading. I think the passage will support Dr. Johnson's sense without his proposed alteration. *Thou art thyself* (*i. e.* a being of distinguished excellence) though thou art not what thou appearest to others, a-kin to thy family in malice.

STEEVENS.

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.] A slight change of punctuation would give an easy sense :

Thou art thyself, though ; not a Montague.

So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. last :

“ My legs are longer *though*, to run away.”

Other writers frequently use *though* for *however*. So, in *The Fatal Dowry*, a tragedy, by Massinger, 1632 :

“ Would you have him your husband that you love,

“ And can it not be ?—He is your servant, *though*,

“ And may perform the office of a husband.”

Again,

Again, in Otway's *Venice Preserved*:

"I thank thee for thy labour, *though*, and him too."

MALONE.

There is certainly some obscurity in this passage, which might possibly be removed by reading,

Thou art thyself, though yet a Montague.

Or thus:

Thou art thyself, *although* a Montague.

At least, Juliet's meaning seems to be, that though he was a Montague by name, and therefore her enemy, yet, for his person and mind, *i. e.* as a man, she might still be allowed to love him.

The following lines are in the folio thus:

What's Montague? it is nor hand nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face; O be some other name

Belonging to a man!

What's in a name, &c.

And should, perhaps, be thus regulated:

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face (nor any other part),

Belonging to a man. O be some other name!

What's in a name, &c.

The words, *nor any other part*, which are in the quarto editions, seem to have been omitted in the folio by inadvertency.

REMARKS.

93. *Take all myself.*] The elder quarto reads, *Take all I have.*

STEEVENS.

104. *My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words*

Of that tongue's uttering,—] We meet with

almost the same words in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596:

"I might

" I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,
 " *His ear to drink her sweet tongue's utterance.*"

MALONE.

112. *With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls ;*] Here also we find Shakspeare following the steps of the author of *The Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 :

" Approaching near the place from whence his heart had life,

" So light he wox, he *leap'd the wall*, and there he spy'd his wife,

" Who in the *window* watch'd the coming of her lord."—— MALONE,

117. ——*there lies more peril in thine eye,*
Than twenty of their swords ;—— Beaumont and Fletcher have copied this thought in *The Maid in the Mill* :

" The lady may command, sir ;

" She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon." STEEVENS.

168. *Ere one can say,—It lightens,*] So, in the *Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton :

" ——lightning ceaselessly to burn,

" Swifter than thought from place to place to pass,

" And being gone, doth suddenly return,

" *Ere you could say precisely what it was.*"

The same thought occurs in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

STEEVENS,

——*Sweet, good night !*] All the intermediate lines

G

from

from *Sweet, good night, to Stay but a little, &c.* were added after the first copy. STEEVENS,

191. *If that thy bent of love be honourable, &c.*] In *The Tragicall Hystory* already quoted, Juliet uses nearly the same expressions:

“—if your thought be chaste, and have on virtue ground,

“If wedlock be the end and *mark* which your desire hath found,

“Obedience set aside, unto my parents due,

“The quarrel eke that long between our households grew,

“*Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,*
And *following you where so you go*, my father’s house forsake;

“But if by wanton love and by unlawful suit

“You think in ripest years to pluck my maidenhood’s dainty fruit,

“You are beguil’d, and now your Juliet you be-seeks,

“To *cease your suit*, and suffer her to live among her likes.” MALONE.

207. *To lure this tassel-gentle back again!*] The *tassel* or *tiercel* (for so it should be spelt) is the male of the *gosshawk*; so called, because it is a *terte* or *third* less than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. In the *Booke of Falconrye*, by George Turbervile, gent. printed in 1575, I find a whole chapter on the *falcon-gentle, &c.* So, in *The Guardian*, by Massinger:

“—then

“ ——— then for an evening flight

“ A tiercel-gentle.”

Taylor, the water-poet, uses the same expression,
“ — By casting out the lure, she makes the *tassel-gentle* come to her fist.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faëry Queen*, B. III. c. 4.

“ Having far off espyde a *tassel-gent*,

“ Which after her his nimble wings doth straine.”

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631 :

“ Your *tassel-gentle*, she's lur'd off and gone.”

This species of hawk had the epithet of gentle annexed to it, from the ease with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man.

STEEVENS.

242. *The grey-ey'd morn, &c.*] These four first lines are here replaced, conformable to the first edition, where such a description is much more proper than in the mouth of Romeo just before, when he was full of nothing but the thoughts of his mistress.

POPE.

In the folio these lines are printed twice over, and given twice to Romeo, and once to the Friar.

JOHNSON.

The same mistake has likewise happened in the quartos, 1599, 1609, and 1637.

STEEVENS.

244. *And flecked darkness—*] *Flecked* is spotted, dappled, streaked, or variegated. Lord Surrey uses the same word in his translation of the 4th *Æneid* :

“ Her quivering cheekes *flecked* with deadly staine ”

The same image occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing*, act v. sc. iii

Gij

“ Dapples

"Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey."

STEEVENS.

248. *I must up-fill this ozier cage of ours, &c.*] So, in the 13th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

"His happy time he spends the works of God to see,

"In those so sundry herbs which there in plenty grow,

"Whose sundry strange effects he only seeks to know.

"And in a little *maund*, being made of *oziers* small,

"Which serveth him to do full many a thing withal,

"He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad."

Drayton is speaking of a hermit.

STEEVENS.

250. *The earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb;*]

"Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum."

Lucretius.

"The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave."

Milton.

STEEVENS.

256. —*powerful grace*,—] Efficacious virtue.

JOHNSON.

258. *For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,*]

The quarto, 1597, reads :

For nought so vile that *vile* on earth doth live.

STEEVENS.

268. *Two such opposed FOES—*] *Foes* is the reading of the oldest copy ; *kings* of that in 1609. Shakspeare

sperer might have remembered the following passage in the old play of *Misfortunes of King Arthur*, 1587:

"Peace hath three foes encamped in our breasts,

"Ambition, wrath, and envie."——STEEVENS.

279. —with unstuff'd brain, &c.] The copy, 1597, reads,

"——with unstuff'd brain

"Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleep remains." STEEVENS.

311. *Holy Saint Francis!*——] Old copy, *Jesu Maria!* STEEVENS.

336. The two following lines were added since the first copy of this play:

Rom. O, let us hence, &c. STEEVENS.

354. —The very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft;——] The allusion is to archery. The clout or white mark at which the arrows were directed, was fastened by a black pin placed in the centre of it. To hit this was the highest ambition of every marksman. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy; by Middleton, 1657:

"They have shot two arrows without heads,

"They cannot stick i' the butt yet: hold out, knight,

"And I'll cleave the black pin i' the midst of the white."

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1591:

"For kings are clouts that every man shoots at,

"Our crown the pin that thousands seek to cleave." MALONE.

358. *More than prince of cats,—*] *Tybert*, the name given to the *Cat*, in the story-book of *Reynard the Fox*.

WARBURTON.

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

“—though you were *Tybert*, the long-tail'd prince of rats.”

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron-Walden, &c.* 1598:

“—not *Tibault*, prince of cats,” &c.

STEEVENS.

359. —*courageous captain of compliments*.:] A complete master of all the laws of ceremony, the principal man in the doctrine of punctilio.

“A man of compliments, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire;”

says our author of *Don Armado*, the Spaniard, in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

JOHNSON.

360. —*keeps time, distance, and proportion*;—]

So, Jonson's *Bobadil*:

“Note your distance, keep your due proportion of time.”

STEEVENS.

362. —*the very butcher of a silk button*,—] So, in the *Return from Parnassus*:

“Strikes his poinado at a button's breadth.”

STEEVENS.

363. —*a gentleman of the very first house*;—*of the first and second cause*:—] *i. e.* one who pretends to be at the head of his family, and quarrels by the book. See a note on *As You Like It*, act v sc. 6.

WARBURTON.

Tybalt

Tybalt cannot pretend to be at the head of his family, as both Capulet and Romeo barr'd his claim to that elevation. "A gentleman of the *first house*;—of the *first* and *second cause*," is a gentleman of the first rank, of the first eminence among these duellists; and one who understands the whole science of quarrelling, and will tell you of the *first cause*, and the *second cause*, for which a man is to fight.—The *Clown*, in *As You Like It*, talks of the *seventh cause* in the same sense.

STEEVENS.

365. —*the hay!*] All the terms of the modern fencing-schools were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The *hay* is the word *hai*, you *have* it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist, from which our fencers, on the same occasion, without knowing, I suppose, any reason for it, cry out, *ha!*

JOHNSON.

367. —*affecting fantasticos*;—] Thus the old copies, and rightly. Modern editors and the folios read, *phantasies*. Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, 1596, says—"Follow some of these new-fangled Galiardos and Signor *Fantasticos*," &c. Again, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600: "I have danc'd with queens, dallied with ladies, worn strange attires, seen *fantasticos*, convers'd with humorists," &c.

STEEVENS.

370. —*Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grand-sire,*—] Humorously apostrophising his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of.

WARBURTON.

373. —*these pardonnez-moys,——*] *Pardonnez-moi* became the language of doubt or hesitation among men of the sword, when the point of honour was grown so delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured.

JOHNSON.

374. —*stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench ?*] This conceit is lost, if the double meaning of the word *form* be not attended to.

FARMER.

A quibble on the two meanings of the word *form* occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act i. sc. 1. “—sitting with her on the *form*, and taken *following* her into the park ; which, put together, is, in manner and *form* following.”

STEEVENS.

385. —*your French slop.——*] *Slops* were large breeches, or trousers. * * *.

387. —*What counterfeit? &c.*

Mer. *The slip, the slip, sir ;*] Mr. Reed observes, that to understand this play upon the words *counterfeit* and *slip*, it should be observed, that in our author's time there was a counterfeit piece of money distinguished by the name of a *slip*. This will appear in the following instances : “ And therefore he went and got him certain *slips*, which are *counterfeit* pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call *slips*.” *Thieves falling out, True men come by their Goods*, by Robert Greene.

Again,

“ I had

"I had like t' have been

"Abus'd i' the business, had the *slip* slur'd on me,

"A counterfeit." *Magnetick Lady*, act iii. sc. 6.

Other instances may be seen in his edition of Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. V. p. 396.

401. —*then is my pump well flower'd.*] Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wore *pinked* pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures. JOHNSON.

See the shoes of the *morris-dancers* in the plate at the conclusion of the first part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's remarks annexed to it.

It was the custom to wear ribbands in the shoes formed into the shape of roses, or of any other flowers. So Middleton, in the *Masque*, by the Gent. of Gray's-Inn, 1614: "Every masker's *pump* was fastened with a *flower* suitable to his cap." STEEVENS.

418. —*good goose, bite not.*] Is a proverbial expression, to be found in Ray's Collection; and is used in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599.

STEEVENS.

419. —*a very bitter sweeting;—*] A *bitter sweeting* is an apple of that name. So, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600:

"—as well crabs as *sweetings* for his summer fruits."

Again, in *Fair Em*, 1631:

"—what, in displeasure gone!

"And left me such a *bitter sweet* to gnaw upon?"

H

Again,

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. VIII. fol. 174. b.

“For all such tyme of love is lore,

“And like unto the *bitter swete*,

“For though it thinke a man fyrst swete

“He shall well felen at laste

“That it is sower,” &c.

STEEVENS.

422. —*a wit of cheverel*,—] *Cheverel* is soft leather for gloves.

JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two Maids of Moreclache*, 1609:

“Drawing on love’s white hand a glove of warmth,

“Not *cheveril* stretching to such prophanation.”

From *Chevreau*, a *Kid*, Fr.

STEEVENS.

Cheveril is from *chevreuil*, a roebuck.

MUSGRAVE.

431. —*to hide his bauble in a hole*.] It has been already observed by Sir J. Hawkins, in a note on *All’s Well that Ends Well*, that a *bauble* was one of the accoutrements of a licensed fool or jester. STEEVENS.

434. —*against the hair*.] *A contrepoil*: Fr. An expression equivalent to one which we now use—“against the grain.”

STEEVENS.

446. *My fan, Peter*.] The business of *Peter* carrying the *Nurse’s fan*, seems ridiculous according to modern manners; but I find such was formerly the practice. In an old pamphlet called *The Serving-man’s Comfort*, 1598, we are informed, “The mistress must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne*.”

FARMER.

Again,

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"To see him walk before a lady, and to *bear her fan*."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "If any lady, &c. wants an upright gentleman in the nature of a gentleman usher, &c. who can hide his face with *her fan*," &c.

STEEVENS.

450. *God ye good den*,—] *i. e.* God give you a good even. The first of these contractions is common among the ancient comick writers. So, in R. Brome's *Northern Lass*, 1633:

"*God you good even*, sir."

STEEVENS.

452. —*the hand of the dial*—] In the *Puritan Widow*, 1605, which has been attributed to our author, is a similar expression: "—*the feskewe of the diale is upon the chrisse-crosse of noon*?"

STEEVENS.

454. —*are you*, &c.] Perhaps the poet wrote, *Nurse*. Out upon you! what a man *you are*!

Romeo. One, *lady*, that God made, himself to mar.

S. D. Y.

472. *No hare*, sir;—] *Mercutio* having roared out, *So, ho!* the cry of the sportsmen when they start a hare; *Romeo* asks *what he has found*. And *Mercutio* answers, *No hare*, &c. The rest is a series of quibbles unworthy of explanation, which he who does not understand, needs not lament his ignorance.

JOHNSON.

475. *An old hare hoar*,] *Hoar* or *hoary*, is often used for mouldy, as things grow white from mould-

Hij

ing.

ing. So, in *Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "—as hoary as Dutch butter." STEEVENS.

484. —*lady, lady, lady.*] The burthen of an old song. STEEVENS.

486. —*what saucy merchant was this ? &c.*] The term *merchant*, which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the lowest sort of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on these familiar occasions in contradistinction to *gentleman*; signifying that the person shewed by his behaviour he was a low fellow. The term *chap*, i. e. *chapman*, a word of the same import with *merchant* in its less respectable sense, is still in common use among the vulgar, as a general denomination for any person of whom they mean to speak with freedom or disrespect. STEEVENS.

487. —*of his ropery ?*] *Ropery* was anciently used in the same sense as *roguery* is now. So, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"Thou art very pleasant and full of thy *roperye*."
Rope tricks are mentioned in another place.

STEEVENS.

495. —*none of his skains-mates:—*] A *skein* or *skain* was either a knife or a short dagger. By *skains-mates* the nurse means, none of his loose companions who frequent the fencing-school with him, where we may suppose the exercise of this weapon was taught.

STEEVENS.

520. —*protest;*] Whether the repetition of this word conveyed any idea peculiarly comick to Shakspeare's audience, is not at present to be determined.

The

The use of it, however, is ridiculed in the old comedy of *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606 :

“ There is not the best duke’s son in France dares say, *I protest*, till he be one-and-thirty years old at least ; for the inheritance of that word is not to be possessed before.” STEEVENS.

525. — *Here is for thy pains.*] So, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ Then he vi. crowns of gold out of his pocket drew,

“ And gave them her—a slight reward, quoth he ;
and so adieu.” MALONE.

531. — *like a tackled stair,*] Like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship. JOHNSON.

532. — *top-gallant of my joy*] The *top-gallant* is the highest extremity of the mast of a ship.

This expression is common to many writers ; among the rest, to Markham, in his *English Arcadia*, 1607 :

“ —beholding in the high *top-gallant* of his valour.” STEEVENS.

541. *Well, sir ; my mistress is the sweetest lady—*

Lord, lord! *when ’twas a little prating thing,—*]

So, in the poem :

“ And how she gave her suck in youth, she leaveth not to tell.

“ A pretty babe, quoth she, it was, when it was young,

“ Lord, how it could full prettily have *prated* with its tongue,” &c.

This

This dialogue is not found in Painter's *Romeo and Julietta*. MALONE.

564. —*should be thoughts, &c.*] The speech is thus continued in the quarto, 1597:

——should be thoughts,

And run more swift than hasty powder fir'd,
Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.
Oh, now she comes! Tell me, gentle Nurse,
What says my love?—

The greatest part of the scene is likewise added since that edition. STEEVENS.

586. *Fie, how my bones ache!—what a jaunt have I had?*] This is the reading of the folio. The quartos read:

——what a *jaunce* have I had?

The two words appear to have been formerly synonymous. See *King Richard II.*

“Spur-gall'd and tir'd by *jauncing* Bolingbroke.”

MALONE.

The signification of these two words is obviously different. * * *

607. *No, no: but all this did I know before;*

What says he of our marriage? what of that?]

So, in *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“Tell me else what, quoth she, this evermore I thought,

“But of *our marriage*, say at once, what answer have you brought?” MALONE.

641.

641. This scene was entirely new formed: the reader may be pleased to have it as it was at first written:

Rom. Now, father Lawrence, in thy holy grant,
Consists the good of me and Juliet.

Friar. Without more words, I will do all I may
To make you happy, if in me it lie.

Rom. This morning here she 'pointed we should
meet,

And consummate those never-parting bands,
Witness of our hearts' love, by joining hands;
And come she will.

Friar. I guess she will indeed:

Youth's love is quick, swifter than swiftest
speed.

Enter Juliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.

See where she comes! —

So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower;
Of love and joy, see, see the sovereign power!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My Juliet, welcome! As do waking eyes
(Clos'd in night's mists) attend the frolick day,
So Romeo hath expected Juliet;
And thou art come.

Jul. I am (if I be day)

Come to my sun; shine forth, and make me
fair.

Rom. All beauteous fairness dwelleth in thine eyes.

Jul. Romeo, from thine all brightness doth arise.

Friar.

Friar. Come, wantons, come; the stealing hours
do pass;

Defer embracements to some fitter time;

Part for a time, "you shall not be alone,

" 'Till holy church hath join'd you both in
one."

Rom. Lead, holy father, all delay seems long.

Jul. Make haste, make haste, this ling'ring doth
us wrong.

Friar. O, soft and fair makes sweetest work they
say;

Haste is a common hind'rer in cross-way.

[*Exeunt.*

STEEVENS.

655. *Too swift arrives—*] He that travels too
fast, is as long before he comes to the end of his
journey, as he that travels slow. Precipitation pro-
duces mishap.

JOHNSON.

656. *Here comes the lady, &c.*] However the poet
might think the alteration of this scene on the whole
to be necessary, I am afraid, in respect of the passage
before us, he has not been very successful. The
violent hyperbole of *never wearing out the everlasting
flint*, appears to me not only more reprehensible, but
even less beautiful than the lines as they were origi-
nally written, where the lightness of Juliet's motion
is accounted for from the cheerful effects the passion
of love produced in her mind.

STEEVENS.

658. *A lover may bestride the gossamer.*] The
gossamer is the long white filament which flies in the
air

air in summer. So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637, by Nabbes:

“ Fine as Arachne’s web, or gossamer,

“ Whose curls when garnish’d by their dressing,
shew

“ Like that spun vapour when ’tis pearl’d with
dew !” STEEVENS.

673. *I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.*] The old copies read :

I cannot sum up *sum of half* my wealth,
and,

I cannot sum up *some* of half my wealth.

STEEVENS.

The following would be nearer the original reading :

I cannot sum up *th’* sum of half my wealth.

REMARKS.

ACT III.

Line 2. *THE day is hot,—*] It is observed, that in Italy almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer. JOHNSON.

31. These two speeches have been added since the first quarto, together with some few circumstances in the rest of the scene, as well as in the ensuing one.

STEEVENS.

74. *Ala stoccata*—] *Stoccata* is the Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607 :

“ He makes a thrust ; I with a swift passado

“ Make quick avoidance, and with this *stoccata*,”

&c.

STEEVENS.

80. *Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears?*] We should read *pilche*, which signifies a cloak or coat of skins, meaning the scabbard.

WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads *scabbard*. Dr. Warburton's explanation is, I believe, just. Nash, in *Pierce Pennyless his Supplication*, 1595, speaks of a carman in a leather *pilche*. Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix* :

“ I'll beat five pounds out of his leather *pilch*.”

Again,

“ Thou hast forgot how thou ambled'st in a leather *pilch*, by a play-waggon in the highway, and took'st mad Jeronimo's part, to get service among the mimicks.”

It appears from this passage, that Ben Jonson acted the part of *Hieronimo* in the Spanish tragedy, the speech being addressed to *Horace*, under which character old *Ben* is ridiculed.

STEEVENS.

100. —*a grave man*.] After this, the quarto, 1597, continues Mercutio's speech as follows :

—A pox o' both your houses ! I shall be fairly mounted upon four men's shoulders for your house of the Montagues and the Capulets : and then some pleasantly rogue, some sexton, some base slave, shall

write

write my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the prince's laws, and Mercutio was slain for the first and second cause. Where's the Surgeon?

Boy. He's come, sir.

Mer. Now he'll keep a mumbling in my guts on the other side.—Come, Benvolio, lend me thy hand: A pox o' both your houses! STEEVENS.

You will find me a grave man.] This jest was better in old language than it is at present: Lidgate says, in his elegy upon Chaucer:

“My master *Chaucer* now is *grave*.” FARMER.

I meet with the same quibble in the *Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608, where *Vindici* dresses up a lady's scull, and observes,

“—she has a somewhat *grave* look with her.”

STEEVENS.

120. —*hath aspir'd the clouds*,] We never use this verb at present without some particle, as, *to* and *after*.

STEEVENS.

Middleton, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, 1657, uses this word as our author has done:

“Why 'tis not possible, madam, that man's happiness

“Should take a greater height than mine *aspires*.”

So also, Marlowe, in his *Tamburlaine*, 1591:

“Until our bodies turn to elements,

“And both our souls *aspire* celestial thrones.”

MALONE.

122. *This day's black fate on more days doth depend*:] This day's unhappy destiny hangs over the days yet to

come. There will yet be more mischief.

JOHNSON.

127. *And fire-cy'd fury be my conduct now!*] *Conduct* for *conductor*.

MALONE.

140. *O! I am fortune's fool!*] I am always running in the way of evil fortune, *like* the fool in the play. "*Thou art death's fool,*" in *Measure for Measure*. See Dr. Warburton's note.

JOHNSON.

In the first copy,—*O! I am fortune's slave.*

STEEVENS.

154. —*as thou art true,*] As thou art *just* and *up-right*.

JOHNSON.

160. *How nice the quarrel—*] How *slight*, how *unimportant*, how *petty*. So in the last act,

The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge

Of dear import.

JOHNSON.

—*and urg'd withal*] The rest of this speech was new written by the poet, as well as a part of what follows in the same scene.

STEEVENS.

183. *Affection makes him false.—*] The charge of falsehood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very just. The author, who seems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to shew, how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are distorted to criminal partiality.

JOHNSON.

200. *Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,*] This was probably designed as a stroke at the church of Rome, by which the different prices of murder, incest, and all other crimes, were minutely settled, and as shamelessly received.

STEEVENS.

204. *Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.*] So, in Hale's *Memorials*: "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember likewise that there is a mercy due to the country." MALONE.

205. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phæbus' mansion, &c.] Our author probably remembered Marlowe's *King Edward II.* which was performed before 1593:

"Gallop apace, bright Phæbus, through the skie,
"And dusky night in rusty iron car;
"Between you both, shorten the time, I pray,
"That I may see that most desired day."

MALONE.

206. —*Phæbus' mansion;—*] The second quarto and folio read, *lodging*.

STEEVENS.

208. —*immediately.*] Here ends this speech in the eldest quarto. The rest of the scene has likewise received considerable alterations and additions.

STEEVENS.

209. *Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!*
That run-away's eyes may wink;—] What run-away's are these, whose eyes Juliet is wishing to have stopt? Macbeth, we may remember, makes an invocation to night much in the same strain:

"—Come, seeling night,

"Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day," &c.

So Juliet would have night's darkness obscure the great eye of the day, the *sun*; whom considering in a poetical light as *Phæbus*, drawn in his car with *fiery-footed steeds*, and *posting* through the heavens, she
very

very properly calls him, with regard to the swiftness of his course, the *run-away*. In the like manner our poet speaks of the night in the *Merchant of Venice* :

“ For the close night doth play the *run-away*.”

WARBURTON.

The construction of this passage, however elliptical or perverse, I believe to be as follows :

May that run-away's eyes wink !

Or, *That run-away's eyes, may (they) wink !*

These ellipses are frequent in Spenser; and *that*, for *oh ! that*, is not uncommon, as Dr. Farmer observes in a note on the first scene of *The Winter's Tale*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iii. sc. 6.

“ *That ever I should call thee cast-away !*”

Juliet first wishes for the absence of the sun, and then invokes the night to spread its curtain close around the world :

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !
next, recollecting that the night would seem short to her, she speaks of it as of a *run-away*, whose flight she would wish to retard, and whose eyes she would blind, lest they should make discoveries. The *eyes of night* are the stars, so called in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Dr. Warburton has already proved that Shakspeare terms *the night* a *run-away* in the *Merchant of Venice* : and in the *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1607, it is spoken of under the same character :

“ The night hath play'd the swift-foot *run-away*.”

Romeo was not expected by Juliet till the sun was gone, and therefore it was of no consequence to her
that

that any eyes should wink but those of the night ; for, as Ben Jonson says in *Sejanus* :

“ —night hath many eyes,
“ Whereof, tho’ most do sleep, yet some are
spies.” STEEVENS.

That seems not to be the optative adverb *utinam*, but the pronoun *ista*. These lines contain no wish, but a reason for Juliet’s preceding wish for the approach of cloudy night ; for in such a night there may be no star-light to discover our stolen pleasures :

That run-away eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to those arms, untalked of, and unseen.

BLACKSTONE.

214. —Come, civil night,] Civil is grave, decently solemn. JOHNSON.

218. —unmann’d blood—] Blood yet unacquainted with man. JOHNSON.

Hood my unmann’d blood bating in my cheeks,] These are terms of falconry. An *unmanned* hawk is one that is not brought to endure company. *Bating* (not *baiting*, as it has hitherto been printed) is fluttering with the wings, as striving to fly away. So, in Ben Jonson’s *Sad Shepherd* :

“ A hawk yet half so haggard and *unmann’d*.”

Again, in an old ballad, entitled *Prettie Comparisons wittily grounded*, &c.

“ Or like a hawk that’s never *man’d*,

“ Or like a hide before ’tis *tan’d*.”

Again, in the *Booke of Haukyng*, &c. bl. let. no date:

date : " It is called *bating*, for she *bateth* with herself most often causelesse." STEEVENS.

226. *Take him and cut him into little stars; &c.*] The same childish thought occurs in *The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypole*, which was acted before the year 1596:

" The glorious parts of faire Lucilia,
" Take them and joine them in the heavenly
spheres ;
" And fixe them there as an eternal light,
" For lovers to adore and wonder at."

STEVENSON.
229. —*the garish sun.*] Milton had this speech in his thoughts when he wrote *Il Penseroso* :

" Civil night,
" Thou sober-suited matron."—*Shakspeare.*
" Till civil-suited morn appear."—*Milton.*
" Pay no worship to the *garish sun.*"—*Shakspeare.*
" Hide me from day's *garish eye.*"—*Milton.*

JOHNSON.
Garish, is gawdy, showy. So, in *Richard III.*

" A dream of what thou wast, a *garish* flag."
Again, in Marlowe's *Edward II.* 1622 :

" —march'd like players
" With *garish* robes."

It sometimes signifies wild, flighty. So, in the following instance : " —starting up and *gairishly* staring about, especially on the face of *Eliosto.*"
Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606. STEEVENS.

253. —*death-darting-eye of cochatrice.*] The strange
lines

lines that follow here in the common books, are not in the old edition.

POPE.

The strange lines are these :

I am not I, if there be such an I,
Or these eyes shot, that makes thee answer I;
If he be slain, say I; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

These lines hardly deserve emendation; yet it may be proper to observe, that their meanness has not placed them below the malice of fortune, the first two of them being evidently transposed. We should read :

—That one vowel *I* shall poison more,
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice,
Or those eyes *shot*, that make the answer, I.

I am not I, &c.

JOHNSON.

I think the transposition recommended may be spared. The second line is corrupted. Read *shut* instead of *shot*, and then the meaning will be sufficiently intelligible.

Shot, however, may be the same as *shut*. So, in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, late edit. ver. 3358 :

“ And dressed him up by a *shot* window.”

STEEVENS.

279. *O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!*]

The same images occur in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— look like the innocent *flower*,

“ But be the *serpent* under it.” — HENLEY.

282. *Dove-feather'd raven! &c.*] In old editions,

Ravenous dove, feather'd raven, &c.

K

The

The four following lines not in the first edition, as well as some others which I have omitted. POPE.

Ravenous dove, feather'd raven,

Wolvish-ravening lamb!] This passage Mr. Pope has thrown out of the text, because these two noble *hemistichs* are inharmonious: but is there no such thing as a crutch for a labouring, halting verse? I'll venture to restore to the poet a line that is in his own mode of thinking, and truly worthy of him. *Ravenous* was blunderingly coined out of *raven* and *ravening*; and if we only throw it out, we gain at once an harmonious verse, and a proper contrast of epithets and images:

Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-rav'ning lamb!

THEOBALD.

300. *Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit ;]* So, in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. II. p. 223: "Is it possible that under such beautie and rare comeliness, disloyaltie and treason may have their *sledge* and lodging?" This sentiment is not in the poem.

STEEVENS.

306. *Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,*

When I, thy three hours wife, have mangled it?]

So, in the poem already quoted, of *Romeus and Juliet*:

"Ah cruel *murd'ring tongue*, murderer of other's fame,

"How durst thou once attempt to touch the honour of his *name*?"

"Whose

" Whose deadly foes do yield him due and earned praise,

" For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decays.

" Why blam'st thou Romeus for slaying of Tybalt ?

" Since he is guiltless quite, and Tybalt bears the fault.

" Whither shall he, alas ! poor banish'd man, now fly ?

" What place of succour shall he seek beneath the starry sky ?

" Since she pursueth him, and him defames of wrong,

" That in distress should be his fort, and only rampire strong."

MALONE.

g10. *Back, foolish tears, &c.*] So, in *The Tempest* :

" ———I am a fool

" To weep at what I am glad of."

I think, in this speech of Juliet, the words *woe* and *joy* should change places ; otherwise, her reasoning is inconclusive.

STEEVENS.

To me it appears, that the transposition proposed would have the opposite of the intended effect.

HENLEY.

Juliet's reasoning, as the text now stands, appears to me perfectly correct.—*Back* (says she) *to your native source, you foolish tears ! Properly you ought to flow only on melancholy occasions ; but now you erroneously shed your tributary drops for an event* [the death of Tybalt,

K ij

and

and the subsequent escape of my beloved Romeo] which is in fact to me a subject of joy.—Tybalt, if he could, would have slain my husband; but my husband is alive, and has slain Tybalt. This is a source of joy, not of sorrow: wherefore then do I weep? MALONE.

Again, in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*: "Where from henceforth shall be his refuge? sith she which ought to be the only bulwarke and assined repaire of his distresse doth persue and defame him." HENDERSON.

322. *Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts,*] Hath put Tybalt out of my mind, as if out of being. JOHNSON.

The true meaning is, I am more affected by Romeo's banishment, than I should be by the death of ten thousand such relations as Tybalt. REMARKS.

328. *Which modern lamentation, &c.*] This line is left out of the later editions, I suppose because the editors did not remember that Shakspeare uses *modern* for *common*, or *slight*: I believe it was in his time confounded in colloquial language with *moderate*. JOHNSON.

385. —More validity,

More honourable state, more courtship lives

In carrion flies, than Romeo:—] Validity seems here to mean worth or dignity; and courtship the state of a courtier permitted to approach the highest presence. JOHNSON.

By *courtship* the author seems rather to have meant the state of a lover; that dalliance, in which he who courts

courts or wooes a lady is sometimes indulged. This appears clearly from the subsequent lines :

“ ——— They may seize

“ On the white wonder of dear Juliet’s hand,

“ And steal immortal blessings from her lips—

“ ——— *Flies* may do this.” MALONE.

390. *Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,*] This and the next line were not in the first copy.

MALONE.

395. *But Romeo may not; he is banished.*] This line is very awkwardly introduced here, and might better be inserted after—*their own kisses sin.* STEEVENS.

—It ought, without doubt, to be placed there. In the first edition it is inserted immediately before—*Flies may do this.* MALONE.

429. *What wilfulness—*] The folio reads—*What simpleness.* STEEVENS.

439. *O woeful sympathy!*

Piteous predicament!] One may wonder the editors did not see that this language must necessarily belong to the *Friar.* FARMER.

Dr. Farmer’s emendation may justly claim that place in the text to which I have now advanced it.

STEEVENS.

453. —*cancell’d love?*] The folio reads *conceal’d* love.

JOHNSON.

The quarto, *cancell’d* love. STEEVENS.

466. *Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;*

Thy tears are womanish;—] Shakspeare has here closely followed his original :

“ *Art*

"Art thou, quoth he, a man? thy shape saith, so thou art;

"Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart.

"For manly reason is quite from off thy mind outchased,

"And in her stead affections lewd, and fancies highly placed;

"So that I stood in doubt this hour at the least,

"If thou a man or woman wert, or else a brutish beast."

Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet, 1562.

MALONE.

476. *Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?*] Romeo has not here railed on his birth, &c. though in his interview with the friar, as described in *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, he is made to do so:

"First Nature did he blame, the author of his life,

"In which his joys had been so scant, and sorrows aye so rife;

"The time and place of birth he fiercely did reprove,

"He cryed out with open mouth against the stars above.

"———On Fortune eke he rail'd———"

Shakspeare copied the remonstrance of the friar, without reviewing the former part of his scene.

MALONE.

489.

489. *Like powder in the skill-less soldier's flask, &c.*] To understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using *match-locks*, instead of locks with flints, as at present, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they kept their powder. The same allusion occurs in *Humour's Ordinary*, an old collection of English epigrams:

"When she his *flask* and touch-box set on fire,
"And till this hour the burning is not out."

STEEVENS.

491. *And thou dismember'd with thine own defence,*
And thou torn to pieces with thine own weapons.

JOHNSON.

515. *Romeo is coming.*] Much of this speech has likewise been added since the first edition.

STEEVENS.

523. *Go hence. Good night, &c.*] These three lines are omitted in all the modern editions. JOHNSON.

—*here stands all your state,*] The whole of your fortune depends on this. JOHNSON.

533. *SCENE IV.*] Some few unnecessary verses are omitted in this scene, according to the oldest editions. POPE.

These verses are such as will by no means connect with the last and most improved copy of the play.

STEEVENS.

543. —*mew'd up*—] This is a phrase from falconry. A *mew* was a place of confinement for hawks.

STEEVENS.

544. *Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love:—*] *Desperate* means only
bold, advent'rous, as if he had said in the vulgar phrase,
*I will speak a bold word, and venture to promise you my
daughter.* JOHNSON.

So, in *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1618:

"Witness this *desperate tender* of mine honour."

STEEVENS.

569. SCENE V. *Juliet's chamber.*] The stage-
direction, in the first edition, is—"Enter *Romeo and
Juliet at the window.*" In the second quarto—"Enter
Romeo and Juliet aloft." They appeared probably in
the balcony which seems to have been erected on the
old English stage. See *The Account of the Ancient
Theatres.* MALONE.

572. *Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:]*
This is not merely a poetical supposition. It is ob-
served of the nightingale, that, if undisturbed, she
sits and sings upon the same tree for many weeks
together. STEEVENS.

588. —*the pale reflex—*] The appearance of a
cloud opposed to the moon. JOHNSON.

591. *I have more care to stay, than will to go;]*
Would it not be better thus: *I have more will to stay,
than care to go?* JOHNSON.

597. —*sweet division;*] *Division* seems to have
been the technical term for the pauses or parts of a
musical composition. So, in *King Henry IV. P. I.*

"Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,

"With ravishing *division* to her lute."

STEEVENS.

600.

600. *O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!*] The toad having very fine eyes, and the lark very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying amongst the people, that *the toad and lark had changed eyes*. To this the speaker alludes. But sure she need not have wished that *they had changed voices too*. The lark appeared to her untunable enough in all conscience; as appears by what she said just before,

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh discords and displeasing sharps.

This directs us to the right reading. For how natural was it for her after this to add,

Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;

O, now I wot they have chang'd voices too.

i. e. the lark sings so harshly, that I now perceive the toad and she have changed voices as well as eyes.

WARBURTON.

This tradition of the toad and lark I have heard expressed in a rustick rhyme.

“—To heav'n I'd fly,

“But that the toad beguil'd me of mine eye.”

JOHNSON.

601. *Since arm from arm, &c.*] These two lines are omitted in the modern editions, and do not deserve to be replaced, but as they may shew the danger of critical temerity. Dr. Warburton's change of *I would* to *I wot* was specious enough, yet it is evidently erroneous. The sense is this, *The lark, they say, has lost her eyes to the toad, and now I would the*

L

toad.

toad had her voice too, since she uses it to the disturbance of lovers.

JOHNSON.

602. *Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.*]

The *hunts-up* was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together.

So, in the play of *Orlando Furioso*, 1594 and 1599 :

“To play him *huntsup* with a point of war,

“I’ll be his minstrell with my drum and fife.”

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, 1607 :

“—Make a noise, its no matter ; any *huntsup* to waken vice.”

Again, in Drayton’s *Polyolbion*, song 13.

“But *hunts-up* to the morn the feather’d sylvans sing.”

STEEVENS.

Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesy*, 1589, speaking of one Gray, says, “what good estimation did he grow into with king Henry (the Eighth) and afterwards with the duke of Somerset, protectour, for making certain merry ballads, whereof one chiefly was, *The hunte is up, the hunte is up.*”

REMARKS.

614. *O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.]*

“*Illa ego, quæ fueram te decedente puella,*

“*Protinus ut redeas, facta videbor anus.*”

Ovid. Epist. I.

STEEVENS.

621. *O God! I have an ill-divining soul, &c.]* This miserable prescience of futurity I have always regarded as a circumstance particularly beautiful. The same

same kind of warning from the mind Romeo seems to have been conscious of, on his going to the entertainment at the house of Capulet :

——my mind misgives,

Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,

Shall bitterly begin his fearful date

From this night's revels.

STEEVENS.

626. *Dry sorrow drinks our blood.*——] This is an allusion to the proverb—"Sorrow's dry."

STEEVENS.

635. —procures her hither?] *Procures for brings.*

WARBURTON.

638. *Evermore weeping for your cousin's death, &c.]* So, in *The Tragical Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 :

"——time it is that now you should our Tybalt's death forget ;

"Of whom since God hath claim'd the life that was but lent,

"He is in bliss, ne is there cause why you should thus lament :

"*You cannot call him back with tears and shriekings shrill ;*

"It is a fault thus still to grudge at God's appointed will."

MALONE.

So full as appositely in Painter's Novel : "Thinke no more upon the death of your cousin Thibault, whome do you thinke to revoke with teares," &c.

STEEVENS.

656. *Ay, madam, from—]* Juliet's equivocations

L i j

are

are rather too artful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover. JOHNSON.

661. *That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,*] Thus the elder quarto, which I have followed in preference to the quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio 1623, which read, less intelligibly,

“ Shall give him such an unaccustom’d dram.”

STEEVENS.

—*unaccustom’d dram,*] In vulgar language, Shall give him a *dram* which he is *not used* to. Though I have, if I mistake not, observed, that in old books, *unaccustomed* signifies *wonderful, powerful, efficacious*.

JOHNSON.

674. *Find thou, &c.*] This line in the quarto 1597, is given to Juliet. STEEVENS.

682. —*in happy time,*—] *A la bonne heure.* This phrase was interjected, when the hearer was not quite so well pleased as the speaker. JOHNSON.

685. *The county Paris,*—] It is remarked, that “ Paris, though in one place called *Earl*, is most commonly styled the *Countie* in this play. Shakspeare seems to have preferred, for some reason or other, the *Italian Compt* to our *Count*: perhaps he took it from the old English novel, from which he is said to have taken his plot.”—He certainly did so: Paris is there first styled a *young Earle*, and afterwards *Counte*, *Countée*, and *County*; according to the unsettled orthography of the time.

The word, however, is frequently met with in other writers, particularly in Fairfax:

“ As

“ As when a captaine doth besiege some hold,
 “ Set in a marish or high on a hill,
 “ And trieth waies and wiles a thousand fold,
 “ To bring the place subjected to his will;
 “ So far’d the *Countie* with the Pagan bold,” &c.
Godfrey of Bulloigne, Book VII. Stanza 90.

FARMER.

722. *And yet not proud*, &c.] This line is wanting
 in the folio. STEEVENS.

727. —out, you baggage!

You tallow-face!] Such was the indelicacy of
 the age of Shakspeare, that authors were not contented
 only to employ these terms of abuse in their own
 original performances, but even felt no reluctance to
 introduce them in their versions of the most chaste and
 elegant of the Greek or Roman poets. Stanyhurst,
 the translator of Virgil in 1582, makes Dido call
 Æneas—*Hedgebrat*, *cullion*, and *tar-breech*, in the
 course of one speech.

Nay, in the Interlude of *The Repentance of Mary
 Magdalene*, 1567, Mary Magdalene says to one of her
 attendants:

“ *Horeson*, I beshrowe your heart, are you here?”

STEEVENS.

755. ————and having now provided

A gentleman of princely parentage——

——And then to have a wretched puling fool,

A whining mammet, in her fortune’s tender,

To answer—I’ll not wed—I cannot love,——]

So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ Such

"Such care thy mother had, so dear thou wert
to me,

"That I with long and earnest suit *provided* have
for thee

"One of the greatest lords that wonnes about
this town,

"And for his many virtues' sake a man of great
renown ;—

"————— and yet thou playest in this
case

"The *dainty fool* and stubborn girl ; for want of
skill,

"Thou dost refuse thy offer'd weal, and disobey
my will." MALONE.

778. *In that dim monument, &c.*] The modern
editors read *dun* monument. I have replaced *dim*
from the old quarto, 1597, and the folio.

STEEVENS.

790. *Faith, here 'tis :—*] The character of the
nurse exhibits a just picture of those whose actions
have no principles for their foundation. She has been
unfaithful to the trust reposed in her by Capulet, and
is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert
the consequences of her first infidelity.

STEEVENS.

This picture, however, is not an original. In *The
Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, the Nurse
exhibits the same readiness to accommodate herself
to the present conjuncture :

"The

"The flattering nurse did praise the friar for his skill,

"And said that she had done right well, by wit to order will ;

"She setteth forth at large the father's furious rage,

"And eke she praiseth much to her *the second marriage* ;

"*And County Paris now she praises ten times more*

"*By wrong, than she herself by right had Romeus prais'd before :*

"Paris shall dwell there still : *Romeus shall not return ;*

"What shall it boot her all her life to languish still and mourn ?"

MALONE.

Sir John Vanburgh, in *The Relapse*, has copied in this respect the character of his Nurse from Shakspeare.

BLACKSTONE.

798. —*so green,*—] So the first editions. Hammer reads—*so keen.*

JOHNSON.

Perhaps Chaucer has given to *Emetrios*, in the *Knight's Tale*, eyes of the same colour :

"His nose was high, his eyin bright *citryn* :"

i. e. of the hue of an unripe lemon or citron.

Again, in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, act v. sc. 1.

"—oh vouchsafe,

"With that thy rare *green eye*," &c.—

STEEVENS.

803.

803. *As living here—*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *as living* hence; that is, at a distance, in banishment; but *here* may signify, *in this world*. JOHNSON.

814. *Ancient damnation!*—] This term of reproach occurs in the *Malcontent*, 1604 :

“—out, you *ancient damnation!*” STEEVENS.

ACT IV.

Line 3. *AND I am, &c.*] *His haste shall not be abated by my slowness*. It might be read,

And I am nothing slow to *back* his haste:
that is, I am diligent to *abet* and *enforce* his haste.

JOHNSON.

Slack was certainly the author's word, for, in the first edition, the line ran—

“For I am nothing *slack* to slow his haste.”

Back could not have stood there.

MALONE.

16. —*be flow'd.*] So, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of the second book of Lucan :

“——will you overflow

“The fields, thereby my march to *slow*?”

STEEVENS.

18. —*my lady, and my wife!*] As these four first lines seem intended to rhyme, perhaps the author wrote thus :

——my

——my lady and my life! JOHNSON.

64. *Shall play the umpire,—*] That is, this knife shall decide the struggle between me and my distresses. JOHNSON.

65. —*commission of thy years and art*] *Commission* is for *authority* or *power*. JOHNSON.

79. —*of yonder tower;*] Thus the quarto, 1597. All other ancient copies—of any tower. STEEVENS.

94. *Take thou this phial, &c.*] Thus Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. II. p. 237. "Beholde heere I give thee a viole, &c. drink so much as is contained therein. And then you shall feele a certaine kinde of pleasant sleepe, which incroching by litle and litle all the parts of your body, wil constrain them in such wise, as unmoveable they shal remaine: and by not doing their accustomed duties, shall loose their natural feelings, and you abide in such extasie the space of xl houres at the least, without any beating of poulse or other perceptible motion, which shall so astonne them that come to see you, as they will judge you to be dead, and according to the custome of our citie, you shall be caried to the churchyard hard by our church, when you shall be entombed in the common monument of the Capellets your ancestors," &c.

STEEVENS.

96. —*through all thy veins shall run*

A cold and drowsy humour,—] The first edition in 1597 has in general been here followed, except only, that instead of *a cold and drowsy humour*, we there find—*a dull and heavy slumber*. MALONE.

102. *To paly ashes ;—*] The first folio, by an evident error of the press, reads—*To many ashes*. The second—*mealy* ; which might have been the author's word, on a revision of his play. *Paly* is the reading of the quarto, and occurs again in *K. Henry V.*

“ ———— and through their *paly* flames,

“ Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.”

We have had, too, already in a former scene—“ *Pale, pale as ashes.*”

MALONE.

112. *In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,*] Between this line and the next, the quartos 1599, 1609, and the first folio, introduce the following verse, which the poet very probably had struck out on his revisal, because it is quite unnecessary, as the sense of it is repeated, and as it will not connect with either :

Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave.

Had Virgil lived to have revised his *Æneid*, he would hardly have permitted both of the following lines to remain in his text :

“ At *Venus* obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit ;

“ Et multo nebulæ circum *dea* fudit amictu.”

The awkward repetition of the nominative case in the second of them, seems to decide very strongly against it.

STEEVENS.

Then (as the manner of our country is)

In thy best robes, uncover'd on the bier—] The Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave with the face *uncovered* (which is not mentioned by Painter), our author found particularly described in *The Tragicall History of Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Another

"Another use there is, that whosoever dies,

"Borne to their church *with open face upon the bier he lies,*

"In wonted weed attir'd; not wrapt in winding-sheet."—— MALONE.

117. ———and he and I

Will watch thy waking,—] These words are not in the folio. JOHNSON.

121. *If no unconstant toy,—*] If no *fickle freak*, no *light caprice*, no *change of fancy*, hinder the performance. JOHNSON.

If no unconstant toy nor womanish fear

Abate thy valour in the acting it.] These expressions are borrowed from the poem :

"Cast off from thee at once the weed of *womanish dread*,

"With manly courage arm thyself from heel unto the head.——

"God grant he so confirm in thee thy present will,

"That no *inconstant toy* thee let thy promise to fulfil!" MALONE.

143. —*from shrift,*] *i. e.* from confession. So, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626:

"Ay, like a wench comes roundly to her *shrift*." In the old morality of *Every Man*, bl. let. no date, confession is personified :

"Now I pray you, *shriste*, mother of salvaeyon."

STEEVENS.

160. *All our whole city is much bound to him.*] Thus the folio and the quartos 1599 and 1609. The oldest quarto reads, I think, more grammatically :

All our whole city is much bound unto.

STEEVENS.

So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ ———this is not, wife, the friar’s first desert,

“ In all our commonweal scarce one is to be found

“ But is, for some good turn, unto this *holy father bound.*”

MALONE.

166. *We shall be short—*] That is, we shall be defective.

JOHNSON.

167. *’Tis now near night.*] It appears in a foregoing scene, that Romeo parted from his bride at day-break on *Tuesday* morning. *Immediately afterwards* she went to Friar Lawrence, and he particularly mentions the day of the week [*“ Wednesday is to-morrow.”*] She could not well have remained more than an hour or two with the friar, and she is just now returned from shrift;—yet lady Capulet says, “ ’tis near *night*,” and this same night is ascertained to be *Tuesday*. This is one out of the many instances of our author’s inaccuracy in the computation of time.

MALONE.

177. *Enter Juliet and Nurse.*] Instead of the next speech, the quarto, 1597, supplies the following short dialogue :

Nurse. Come, come, what need you anie thing else ?

Juliet.

Juliet. Nothing, good nurse, but leave me to myselfe.

Nurse. Well there's a cleane smocke under your pillow, and so good night. STEEVENS.

179. *For I have need, &c.*] *Juliet* plays most of her pranks under the appearance of religion: perhaps Shakspeare meant to punish her hypocrisy.

JOHNSON.

191. *Farewel! &c.*] This speech received considerable additions after the elder copy was published.

STEEVENS.

198. *What if this mixture do not work at all?*] So, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. II. p. 239. "—but what know I (said she) whether the operation of this powder will be to soone or to late, or not correspondent to the due time, and that my faulte being discovered, I shall remayne a jesting stocke and fable to the people? what know I moreover, if the serpents and other venomous and crawling wormes, which commonly frequent the graves and pittes of the earth, will hurt me, thinkyng that I am dead? But how shall I indure the stinche of so many carions and bones of myne auncestors which rest in the grave, if by fortune I do awake before *Romeo* and *Frier Laurence* doe come to help me? And as she was thus plunged in the deepe contemplation of things, she thought that she sawe a certaine vision or fansie of her cousin *Thibault*, in the very same sort as she sawe him wounded and imbrued with blood," &c.

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare

Shakspeare appears, however, to have followed the poem :

“ —to the end I may my name and conscience
save,

“ I must devour the *mixed drink* that by me here
I have ;

“ Whose *working* and whose force as yet I do not
know :—

“ And of this piteous plaint began another doubt
to grow—

“ What do I know (quoth she), if that this pow-
der shall

“ Sooner or latter than it should, or else *not work*
at all ?

“ —Or how shall I that always have in so fresh
air been bred,

“ Endure the loathsome stink of such a heaped
store

“ Of carcases not yet consum'd, and bones that
long before

“ Intombed were, where I my sleeping place
shall have,

“ Where all my ancestors do rest, my kindred's
common grave.

“ Shall not the friar and my Romeus, when they
come,

“ Find me, if I awake before, *y-stifled in the*
tomb ?”

MALONE.

199. *Shall I of force be married to the count ?*] Thus
the

the eldest quarto. Succeeding quartos and the folio read :

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

STEEVENS.

200. —*lie thou there. Laying down a dagger.*] This stage-direction has been supplied by the modern editors. The quarto, 1597, reads : “ —*Knife*, lie thou there.” It appears from several passages in our old plays, that *knives* were formerly part of the accoutrements of a bride ; and every thing *behoveful* for Juliet’s state had just been left with her. So, in Decker’s *Match me in London*, 1632 :

“ See at my girdle hang my *wedding knives!*”

Again, in *King Edward III.* 1599 :

“ Here by my side do hang my *wedding knives* :

“ Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,

“ And with the other I’ll dispatch my love.”

STEEVENS.

In order to account for Juliet’s having a dagger, or, as it is called in old language, a knife, it is not necessary to have recourse to the ancient accoutrements of brides, how prevalent soever the custom mentioned by Mr. Steevens may have been ; for Juliet appears to have furnished herself with this instrument immediately after her father and mother had threatened to force her to marry Paris.

If all fail else, myself have power to die.

Accordingly, in the very next scene, when she is at the friar’s cell, and before she could have been furnished

nished with the apparatus of a bride (not having then consented to marry the count), she says :

Give me some present counsel, or behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me *this bloody knife*
Shall play the umpire.

MALONE.

207. *I will not entertain so bad a thought.*] This line I have restored from the quarto, 1597. STEEVENS.

217. *As in a vault, &c.*] This idea was probably suggested to our poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford upon Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England.—I was furnished with this observation by Mr. Murphy, whose very elegant and spirited defence of Shakspeare against the criticisms of Voltaire, is one of the least considerable out of many favours which he has conferred on the literary world. STEEVENS.

220. —*green in earth,*] *i. e.* fresh in earth, newly buried. So, in *Hamlet* :

“—of our dear brother’s death,
“The memory be *green*.”

Again, in *The Opportunity*, by Shirley :

“—I am but

“*Green* in my honours.”

STEEVENS.

221. *Lies festring—*] To *fester* is to corrupt. So, in *King Edward III.* 1599 :

“Lilies that *fester* smell far worse than weeds.”

This line likewise occurs in the 94th Sonnet of Shakspeare. The play of *Edward III.* has been ascribed to him.

/ STEEVENS.

223.

223. —*is it not like, that I,*] This speech is confused, and inconsequential, according to the disorder of Juliet's mind. JOHNSON.

226. —*run mad*—] So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623 :

"I have this night digg'd up a *mandrake*,

"And am grown mad with't."

So, in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, 1611 :

"The *cries of mandrakes* never touch'd the ear

"With more sad horror, than that voice does mine."

Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612 :

"I'll rather give an ear to the black shrieks

"Of *mandrakes*," &c.

Again, in *Aristippus*, or the Jovial Philosopher :

"This is the *mandrake's voice* that undoes me."

The *mandrake* (says Thomas Newton in his *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587), has been supposed to be a creature having life, and engendered under the earth of the seed of some dead person that hath been convicted and put to death for some felony or murder ; and that they had the same in such dampish and funereal places where the said convicted persons were buried, &c. STEEVENS.

227. —*be distraught*,] *Distraught* is distracted. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 10.

"Is, for that river's sake, near of his wits *distraught*."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. 9.

N

"What

"What frantick fit, quoth he, hath thus *dis-
traught*," &c. STEEVENS.

238. *They call for dates, &c. in the pastry.*] On the books of the Stationers-Company, in the year 1560, are the following entries :

"Item payd for iiii. pound of datts iiii s.

"Item payd for xxiii. pounce of prunys iiii s.
viii d." STEEVENS.

240. *The curfew-bell—*] I know not that the morning bell is called the *curfew* in any other place.

JOHNSON.

The *curfew* bell was rung at nine in the evening as appears from a passage in *The Merry Devil of Edmon-
ton*, 1626 :

"—well 'tis *nine* o'clock, 'tis time to ring *cur-
few*." STEEVENS.

248. —*a mouse-hunt—*] It appears from a passage in *Hamlet*, that *mouse* was once a term of endearment applied to a woman :

"Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his
mouse." STEEVENS.

The animal called a *mouse-hunt*, is the *martin*.

HENLEY.

271. —*set up his rest,*] This expression, which is frequently employed by the old dramattick writers, is taken from the manner of firing the harquebuss. This was so heavy a gun, that the soldiers were obliged to carry a supporter called a *rest*, which they fixed in the ground before they levelled to take aim. Decker uses it in his comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600 :

"—set

"—set your heart at rest, for I have *set up my rest*, that unless you can run swifter than a hart, home you go not."

STEEVENS.

Mr. Reed says, that though the above expression may probably be sometimes used in the sense already explained, yet it is oftener employed with a reference to the *game at primero*, in which it was one of the terms then in use. See his edition of *Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. X. p. 364.

EDITOR.

275. *Ay, let the county take you in your bed;*] So, in *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*:

"First softly did she call, then louder she did cry,

"Lady, you sleep too long, *the earl will raise you by and by.*"

MALONE.

300. *Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail, Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.*]

Our author has here followed the poem closely, without recollecting that he had made Capulet, in this scene, clamorous in his grief. In *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, Juliet's mother makes a long speech, but the old man utters not a word:

"But more than all the rest the father's heart was so

"Smit with the heavy news, and so shut up with sudden woe,

"That he ne had the pow'r his daughter to be-weep,

"*Ne yet to speak,*, but long is forc'd his tears and plaints to keep."

MALONE.

Nij

.304.

304. *O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride :—*] Euripides
hath sported with this thought in the same manner,
Iphig. in Aul. ver. 460 :

“ Τήνδ’ σὺ τάλαιναν παρθένον (τί παρθένον ;

“ Ἀδης νύ, ὡς εἶοικε, νυμφεύσει τάχα.) ”

Sir W. RAWLINSON.

305. *Hath death lain with thy bride :—*] Perhaps
this line is coarsely ridiculed in Decker’s *Satiromastix :*

“ Dead: she’s death’s bride; he hath her maid-
enhead.”

STEEVENS.

Decker seems rather to have intended to ridicule a
former line in this play :

“ ——— I’ll to my wedding bed,

“ And Death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead.”

MALONE.

306. *Flower as she was, deflowered now by him.]*
This jingle was common to other writers ; and among
the rest, to Greene, in his *Greene in Concept*, 1568 :
“ —a garden-house having round about it many
flowers, and within it much deflowering.” COLLINS.

310. —*morning’s face,*] The quarto, 1597, con-
tinues the speech of Paris thus :

And doth it now present such prodigies ?

Accurst, unhappy, miserable man,

Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am ;

Born to the world to be a slave in it :

Distrest, remediless, unfortunate.

O heavens !

Σ

O heavens! O nature! wherefore did you make
me,

To live so vile, so wretched as I shall?

STEEVENS.

318. *O woe! oh woeful, &c.*] This speech of exclamations is not in the edition above-cited. Several other parts unnecessary or tautology, are not to be found in the said edition; which occasions the variation in this from the common books. POPE.

334. *Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's care lives not
In these confusions.*—] This speech, though it contains good Christian doctrine, though it is perfectly in character for the Friar, Mr. Pope has curtailed to little or nothing, because it has not the sanction of the first old copy. But there was another reason: certain corruptions started, which should have required the *indulging* his *private sense* to make them intelligible, and this was an unreasonable labour. As I have reformed the passage above-quoted, I dare warrant I have restored our poet's text; and a fine sensible reproof it contains against immoderate grief.

THEOBALD.

353. *All things, &c.*] Instead of this and the following speeches the eldest quarto has only a couplet:

Cap. Let it be so, come woeful sorrow-mates,
Let us together taste this bitter fate.

STEEVENS.

All things that we ordained festival, &c.] So, in the poem already quoted:

“Now

" Now is the parents' mirth quite changed into
mone,

" And now to sorrow is return'd the joy of every
one ;

" And now the *wedding weeds* for *mourning weeds*
they change,

" And *Hymen* to a *dirge* :—alas ! it seemeth
strange.

" Instead of marriage gloves, now funeral gowns
they have,

" And, whom they should see married, they fol-
low to the grave ;

" The *feast* that should have been of pleasure
and of joy,

" Hath every dish and cup fill'd full of sorrow
and annoy." MALONE.

369. *Enter Peter.*] From the quarto of 1599, it
appears, that the part of *Peter* was originally perform-
ed by *William Kempe*. MALONE

373. *My heart is full of woe* :—] This is the bur-
then of the first stanza of *A pleasant new Ballad of Two*
Lovers, yet, as ancient as the time of Shakspeare :

" Hey hoe ! *my heart is full of woe*."

STEEVENS.

—*O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.*] This
is not in the folio, but the answer plainly requires it.

JOHNSON.

It was omitted in the folio by mistake, for it is
found in the quarto, 1609, from which the folio was
manifestly printed. MALONE.

A dump

A *dump* anciently signified *some kind of dance*, as well as *sorrow*.

So, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607 :

“ He loves nothing but an *Italian dump*,

“ Or a *French brazol*.”

But on this occasion it means a mournful song. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, after the shepherds have sung an elegiac hymn over the hearse of *Colin*, *Venus* says to *Paris* :

“ —How cheers my lovely boy after this *dump* of woe?

“ *Paris*. Such *dumps*, sweet lady, as bin these, are deadly *dumps* to prove.” STEEVENS.

Dumps were heavy mournful tunes; possibly indeed any sort of movements were once so called, as we sometimes meet with a *merry dump*. Hence *doleful dumps*, deep sorrow, or grievous affliction, as in the next page, and in the less ancient ballad of *Cherry Chase*. It is still said of a person uncommonly sad, that he is in the dumps. ,

REMARKS.

380. —the *gleek* :—] So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ Nay, I can *gleek*, upon occasion.”

To *gleek* is to scoff. The term is taken from an ancient game at cards called *gleek*. STEEVENS.

The game is mentioned in the beginning of the present century, by Dr. King of the Commons, in his *Art of Love* :

“ But

"But whether we diversion seek

"In these, in Comet, or in *Gleek*,

"Or ombre," &c.

NICHOLS.

The use of this cant term is no where explained; and in all probability cannot, at this distance of time, be recovered. To *gleek*, however, signified to put a joke or trick upon a person, perhaps to *jest* according to the coarse humour of that age. See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, above quoted.

REMARKS.

381. —*the minstrel*.] From the following entry on the books of the Stationers-Company, in the year 1560, it appears that the hire of a *parson* was cheaper than that of a *minstrel* or a *cook*.

"Item, payd to the preacher vis. iid.

"Item, payd to the minstrell xii s.

"Item, paid to the coke xvs."

STEEVENS.

392. *When griping grief, &c.*] The epithet *griping* was by no means likely to excite laughter at the time it was written. Lord Surrey, in his translation of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid*, makes the hero say:

"New *gripes* of dred then pearse our trembling
brestes."

Dr. Percy thinks that the questions of Peter are designed as a ridicule on the forced and unnatural explanations too often given by us painful editors of ancient authors.

STEEVENS.

In

In Commendation of Musicke.

"Where griping grief y^e hart would wōd (and
dolful domps y^e mind oppresse),

"There musick with her silver sound, is wont
with spede to geue redresse,

"Of troubled minds for every sore, swete musick
hath a salue in store.

"In ioy it maks our mirth abound, in grief it
chers our heauy sprights,

"The carefull head releaf hath found, by mu-
sicks pleasant swete delights,

"Our senses, what should I saie more, are sub-
ject unto musicks lore.

"The Gods by musick hath their pray, the soul
therein doth ioye,

"For as the Romaine poets saie, in seas whom
pirats would destroye,

"A Dolphin sau'd from death most sharpe,
Arion playing on his harp.

"Oh heauenly gift that turnes the minde, like as
the sterne doth rule the ship,

"Of musick whom y^e Gods assignde to comfort
mā, whom cares would nip,

"Sith thou both man & beast doest moue, what
wisemā thē will thee reprove?"

From the *Paradise of Daintie*
Deuises, fol. 31. b.

Richard Edwards.

Of Richard Edwards and William Hunnis, the
authors of sundry poems in this collection, see an

account in Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* and also in Tanner's *Bibliotheca.* Sir J. HAWKINS.

Another copy of this song is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.* STEEVENS.

393. *And doleful dumps the mind oppress,*] This line I have recovered from the old copy. It was wanting to complete the stanza as it is afterwards repeated.

STEEVENS.

396. — *Simon Catling?*] A *catling* was a small lutestring made of *catgut.* STEEVENS.

398. — *Hugh Rebeck?*] The fidler is so called from an instrument with three strings, which is mentioned by several of the old writers. *Rebec, rebecquin.* See Menage, in v. *Rebec.* So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*: “—’Tis present death for these fidders to tune their *rebecks* before the great Turk’s grace.” In *England’s Helicon*, 1614, is *The Shepherd Arsilius, his Song to his REBECK*, by Bar. Yong. STEEVENS.

It is mentioned by Milton, as an instrument of mirth:

“When the merry bells ring round,
“And the jocund *rebecks* sound.”——

MALONE.

406. — *because such fellows as you,—*] Thus the quarto, 1597. The others read—*because musicians.* I should suspect that a fidler made the alteration.

STEEVENS.

408.

408. —*silver sound*,] So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606 :

“Faith, fellow fiddlers, here’s no *silver sound* in this place.”

Again, in *Wily Beguiled* :

“—what harmony is this

“With *silver sound* that glutteth Sophos’ ears?”

Spenser perhaps is the first who used this phrase :

“A *siluer sound* that heav’nly musick seem’d to make.”

STEEVENS.

ACT V.

ACT V.] THE acts are here properly enough divided, nor did any better distribution than the editors have already made, occur to me in the perusal of this play ; yet it may not be improper to remark, that in the first folio, and I suppose the foregoing editions are in the same state, there is no division of the acts, and therefore some future editor may try, whether any improvement can be made, by reducing them to a length more equal, or interrupting the action at more proper intervals.

JOHNSON.

Line 1. *If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,*] The sense is, *If I may only trust the honesty of sleep*, which I know however not to be so nice as not often to practise flattery.

JOHNSON.

O ij

The

The oldest copy reads—*the flattering eye of sleep*. Whether this reading ought to supersede the more modern one, I shall not pretend to determine: it appears to me, however, the most easily intelligible of the two.

STEEVENS.

3. *My bosom's lord*—] So, in *King Arthur*, a poem, by R. Chester, 1601 :

“ That neither Uter nor his counsell knew

“ How his deepe *bosome's lord* the dutchess thwarted.”

The author, in a marginal note, declares, that by *bosom's lord* he means—*Cupid*. Thus too, Shakspeare (as Mr. Malone observes to me), in *Twelfth Night* and *Othello* :

“ It gives a very echo to the seat

“ Where *love* is *thron'd*.”——

Again,

“ Yield up, O *Love*, thy crown and *hearted throne*.”

STEEVENS.

My bosom's lord——] These three lines are very gay and pleasing. But why does Shakspeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness ? Perhaps to shew the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exaltations or depressions, which many consider as certain foretokens of good and evil.

JOHNSON.

The poet has explained this passage himself a little further on :

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry ? which their keepers call
A lightning before death.

Again,

Again, in G. Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

"—a lightning delight against his souden destruction."
STEEVENS.

6. *I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead,—*

And breath'd such life with kisses on my lips,

That I revived—] Shakspeare seems to

have remembered Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, a poem that he has quoted in *As You Like It*:

"By this sad Hero——"

"Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted;

"*He kiss'd her, and breath'd life into her lips,*" &c.

MALONE.

18. —*in Capulet's monument.*] The old copies read, in *Capel's* monument; and thus Gascoigne in his *Flowers*, p. 51.

"Thys token whych the *Mountacutes* did beare
alwaies, so that

"They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where
they passe,

"For ancient grutch whych long ago 'twene
these two houses was."
STEEVENS.

24. *I defy you, stars!*] The folio reads—*deny* you,
stars.
STEEVENS.

27. *Pardon me, sir, I dare not leave you thus.*] This line is taken from the quarto, 1597. The quarto, 1609, and the folio, read,

"I do beseech you, sir, have patience."

STEEVENS.

47. *A beggarly account of empty boxes,*] Dr. Warburton would read, a *braggartly* account; but *beggarly*

is probably right : if the *boxes* were *empty*, the *account* was more *beggarly*, as it was more pompous.

JOHNSON.

This circumstance is likewise found in Painter's translation, Tom. II. p. 241: "—beholdyng an apothecaries shoppe of lytle furniture, and lesse store of boxes and other thynges requisite for that science, thought that the verie povertie of the mayster apothecarye woulde make him wyllingly yelde to that whych he pretended to demaunde." STEEVENS.

It is clear, I think, that Shakspeare had here the poem of *Romeus and Juliet* before him; for he has borrowed an expression from thence :

" An apothecary sat unbusied at his door,

" Whom by his heavy countenance he guessed to be poor:

" And in his shop he saw his boxes were but few,

" And in his window of his wares there was so small a shew,

" Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,

" What by no friendship could be got, with money should be bought;

" For needy lack is like the poor man to compel

" To sell that which the city's law forbiddeth him to sell——

" Take fifty crowns of gold (quoth he)——

" ——Fair sir (quoth he), be sure this is the *speeding geer*,

" And more there is than you shall need; for half of that is there

" Will

"Will serve, I undertake, in less than half an hour

"To kill the strongest man alive, such is the poison's pow'r." MALONE.

73. *Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,*] The first quarto reads :

And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.

The quartos, 1599, 1609, and the folio :

Need and oppression *starveth* in thine eyes.

Our modern editors, without authority,

Need and oppression *stare* within thine eyes.

STEEVENS.

The passage might, perhaps, be better regulated thus :

Need and oppression *stareth* in thy eyes.

For they cannot, properly, be said to *starve* in his eyes; though *starved famine* may be allowed to dwell in his cheeks. *Thy* not *thine* is the reading of the folio, and those who are conversant in our author, and especially in the old copies, will scarcely notice the grammatical impropriety of the proposed emendation.

REMARKS.

74. *Upon thy back hangs ragged misery:*] This is the reading of the oldest copy. I have restored it in preference to the following line, which is found in all the subsequent impressions :

"Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back."

STEEVENS.

95. *One of our order, to associate me,*] Each friar has always a companion assigned him by the superior when

when he asks leave to go out; and thus, says Baretti, they are a check upon each other. STEEVENS.

*Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town
Suspecting, &c.]* So, in *The Tragicall Hystory of
Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“Apace our friar John to Mantua him hies;

“And, for because in Italy it is a wonted guise

“That friars in the town should seldom walk
alone,

“But of their convent aye *should be accompanied
with one*

“*Of his profession*, straight a house he findeth out

“In mind to take some friar with him, to walk
the town about.”

Our author having occasion for friar John, has here departed from the poem, and supposed the pestilence to rage at Verona, instead of Mantua.

Perhaps the third and fourth lines are misplaced. If, however, the words—“to associate me” be included in a parenthesis, the line “Here in the city visiting the sick,” will refer to the brother whom friar John sought as a companion; and all will be right.

MALONE.

107. —*was not nice*,—] *i. e.* was not written on a trivial or idle subject.

STEEVENS.

A line in *King Richard III.* fully supports Mr. Steevens’s interpretation:

“My

"My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
"But the respects thereof are *nice* and *trivial*."

MALONE.

114. *Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;*
Instead of this line, and the concluding part of the
speech, the quarto, 1597, reads only:

Lest that the lady should, before I come,
Be wak'd from sleep, I will hie
To free her from the tombe of miserie.

STEEVENS.

134. *Fair Juliet, that with angels, &c.]* These four
lines from the old edition.

POPE.

The folio has these lines:

Sweet flow'r, with flow'rs thy bridal bed I strew;
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans.
The obsequies which I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weep.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope has followed no copy with exactness;
but took the first and fourth lines from the elder
quarto, omitting the two intermediate verses, which
I have restored.

STEEVENS.

152. —*dear employment:—*] That is, *action of*
importance. Gems were supposed to have great pow-
ers and virtues.

JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson uses the word *dear* in the same sense:

"Put your known talents on so *dear* a business."

Catiline, act i.

P

Again,

Again, in Chapman's version of the 10th book of the Odyssey :

" —full pitching on

" The *dearest* joint his head was plac'd upon."

STEEVENS.

157. —*savage-wild*;] Here the speech concludes in the old copy.

STEEVENS.

165. —*detestable*—] This word, which is now accented on the second syllable, was once accented on the first; therefore this line did not originally seem to be inharmonious. So, in the *Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604 :

" Court with vain words and *detestable* lyes."

Again, in Shakspeare's *King John*, act iii. sc. 3.

" And I will kiss thy *detestable* bones."

STEEVENS.

182. Pull *not*, &c.] The quarto, 1597, reads : *heap not*. The quartos 1599 and 1609, and all the folios : *put not*. Mr. Rowe first made the change, which may be discontinued at the reader's pleasure.

STEEVENS.

188. *I do defy*, &c.] The quarto, 1597, reads, *I do defy thy conjuration*. Paris conceived Romeo to have burst open the monument for no other purpose than to do *some villanous shame* on the dead bodies, such as witches are reported to have practised; and therefore tells him he defies him, and the magick arts which he suspects he is preparing to use. So, in Painter's translation of the novel, Tom. II. p. 244.

" —the watch of the city by chance passed by, and
seeing

seeing light within the grave, suspected straight that they were necromancers which had opened the tombs to abuse the dead bodies for aide of their arte."

The folio reads :

I do *defy* thy commiseration.

To *defy*, anciently meant to *refuse* or *deny*. Paris may, however, mean—I refuse to do as thou *conjurest* me to do, *i. e.* to depart.

STEEVENS.

206. —*presence*—] A *presence* is a *publick room*.

JOHNSON.

This thought, extravagant as it is, is borrowed by Middleton in his comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

"The darkest dungeon which spite can devise

"To throw this carcase in, her glorious eyes

"Can make as lightsome as the fairest chamber

"In Paris Louvre."

STEEVENS.

210. —O, how may I

Call this a *lightning*?—] I think we should

read,

—O, now may I

Call this a *lightning*?—

JOHNSON.

How is certainly right and proper. Romeo had just before been in high spirits, a symptom which he observes was sometimes called a *lightning* before death: but how, says he (for no situation can exempt Shakspeare's characters from the vice of punning), can I term this *sad* and *gloomy* prospect a *lightning*.

REMARKS.

P ij

This

This idea occurs frequently in the old dramattick pieces. So, in the second part of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601 :

“ I thought it was a *lightning before death*,

“ Too sudden to be certain,”

Again, in Chapman’s translation of the 15th Iliad :

“ —since after this he had not long to live,

“ This *lightning flew before his death*.”

Again, in his translation of the 18th Odyssey :

“ —extend their cheer

“ To th’ utmost *lightning* that still ushers death.”

STEEVENS.

216. *And death’s pale flag, &c.*] So, in Daniel’s *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594 :

“ And nought respecting death (the last of paines)

“ Plac’d his *pale colours* (th’ ensign of his might)

“ Upon his new-got spoil,” &c.

In the first edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakspeare is less florid in his account of the lady’s beauty ; and only says :

“ —ah, dear Juliet,

“ How well thy beauty doth become the grave!”

The speech, as it now stands, is first found in the quarto, 1599.

STEEVENS.

And death’s pale flag is not advanced there.] An ingenious friend some time ago pointed out to me a passage of *Marini*, which bears a very strong resemblance to this :

“ *Morte*

" *Morte la'nsegna sua pallida e bianca*

" *Vincitrice spiego su'l volto mio.*

Rime lugubri, p. 149, ed. Venet. 1605.

TYRWHITT.

217. *Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet ?*] So, in Painter's translation, Tom II. p. 242. "—what greater or more cruel satisfaction canst thou desyre to have, or henceforth hope for, than to see hym which murdered thee, to be empoysoned wyth hys owne handes, and buried by thy syde ?" STEEVENS.

223. *I will believe—*

That unsubstantial death is amorous ;] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592 :

" Ah now, methinks, I see *Death dallying seeks*

" *To entertain itself in Love's sweet place ;*

" *Decayed roses of discoloured cheekes*

" *Do yet retaine deere notes of former grace,*

" *And uglie death sits faire within her face.*"

MALONE.

228. *And never from this palace of dim night*

Depart again : (Come lie thou in my arms ;

Here's to thy health. O true apothecary !

Thy drugs are quick).] Mr. Pope's, and some other of the worser editions, acknowledge absurdly the lines which I have put into parenthesis here ; and which I have expunged from the text, for this reason : Romeo is made to confess the effect of the poison before ever he has tasted it. I suppose, it hardly was so savoury that the patient should choose to make two draughts of it. And, eight lines after these,

these, we find him taking the poison in his hands, and making an apostrophe to it; inviting it to perform its office at once; and then, and not till then, does he clap it to his lips, or can with any probability speak of its instant force and effects. Besides, Shakspeare would hardly have made Romeo drink to the *health* of his *dead* mistress. Though the first quarto in 1599, and the two old folios, acknowledge this absurd stuff, I find it left out in several later quarto impressions. I ought to take notice, that though Mr. Pope has thought fit to stick to the old copies in this addition, yet he is no fair transcriber; for he has sunk upon us an hemistich of most profound absurdity, which possesses all those copies.

—Come, lie thou in my arms:

Here's to thy health, where-e'er thou tumblest in.

O true apothecary! &c.

THEOBALD.

I am sorry to say, that the foregoing note is an instance of disingenuousness, as well as inattention, in Mr. Theobald, who, relying on the scarcity of the old quartos, very frequently makes them answerable for any thing he thinks proper to assert.

The quarto in 1599 was not the first. It was preceded by one in 1597; and though Mr. Theobald declares, *he found the passage left out in several of the later quarto impressions*; yet in the list of those he pretends to have collated for the use of his edition, he mentions but one of a later date, and had never seen either that published in 1609, or another without any date at all; for in the former of these, the passage in question

question is preserved (the latter I have no copy of), and he has placed that in 1637, on the single faith of which his rejection is founded, among those quartos of middling authority: so that what he so roundly affirms of several, can with justice be said of only one; for there are in reality no later quarto editions of this play than I have here enumerated, and two of those (by his own confession) he had never met with.

The hemistich, which Mr. Theobald pronounces *to be of most profound absurdity*, may deserve a somewhat better character; but being misplaced, could not be connected with that part of that speech where he found it; yet, being introduced a few lines lower, seems to make very good sense.

“Come bitter conduct! come unsav’ry guide!

“Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on

“The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark!

“*Here’s to thy health, where-e’er thou tumblest in.*

“Here’s to my love! O true apothecary!

“Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.”

To tumble into port in a storm, I believe to be a sea-phrase, as is *a tumbling sea*, and agrees with the allusion to the pilot or the tempest-beaten bark. *Here’s success*, says he (continuing the allusion), *to thy vessel wherever it tumbles in*, or perhaps, *to the pilot who is to conduct, or tumble it in*; meaning, *I wish it may succeed in ridding me of life, whatever may betide me after it, or wherever it may carry me*. He then drinks to the memory of Juliet’s love, adding (as he feels the poison work) a short apostrophe to the apothecary, the effect
of

of whose drugs he can doubt no longer ; and turning his thoughts back again to the object most beloved, he dies (like Othello) on a kiss.

The other hemistich (not disposed of) may yet be introduced ; how naturally, must be left to the reader to determine. The quarto of 1609, exhibits the passage thus :

“ —Ah, dear Juliet!

“ Why art thou yet so fair? I will believe;

“ Shall I believe? that unsubstantial death is amorous,

“ And that the lean,” &c.

If such an idea could have any foundation in nature, or be allowed in poetry, and Romeo, in consequence of having raised it to his imagination, was jealous of death, it would follow, that in his first frenzy, he might address himself to his mistress, and take her in his arms for the greater security. That being granted, with a slight transposition (one verse already exceeding the measure by two feet) the passage might be read thus :

“ —Ah, dear Juliet!

“ Why art thou yet so fair? *shall* I believe—

“ I *will* believe (*come lie thou in my arms*)

“ That unsubstantial death is amorous,

“ And that the lean,” &c.

The object of dispute may perhaps be such as hardly to deserve this toil of transposition ; but one critick has just as good a right to attempt the insertion of what he thinks he understands, as another has
to

to omit a passage, because he can make no use of it at all. The whole of the conjecture is offered with the least degree of confidence, and from no other motive than a desire of preserving every line of Shakspeare, when any reason, tolerably plausible, can be given in its favour.

Mr. Theobald has not dealt very fairly in his account of this speech, as the absurdity is apparently owing to the repetition of some of the lines by a blunder of the Printer, who had thereby made Romeo confess the effects of the poison before he had tasted it.

On second thoughts, it is not improbable that Shakspeare had written—*I will believe*, and afterwards corrected it to—*Shall I believe*, without erasing the former: by which means it has happened that the Printer has given us both. Thus, in what follows—*Come, lie thou in my arms, &c.* might have been the poet's first sketch of the conclusion of Romeo's speech, which he forbore to obliterate, when he substituted—*here, here will I remain, &c.* This seems indeed to be evident from the edition of 1599, and the other old editions after that, in all which—*Depart again*, as the catchword from which his amendment was to begin, is repeated. Let some future editor decide. STEEVENS.

231. —*my everlasting rest;*] See a note on act iv. line 271.

So, in the *Spanish Gipsie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

Q

“——could

“——could I *set up my rest*

“That he were lost, or taken prisoner,

“I could hold truce with sorrow.”

To *set up one's rest* is to be determined to any certain purpose, to rest in perfect confidence and resolution, to make up one's mind.

Again, in the same play:

“*Set up thy rest*; her marriest thou, or none.”

STEEVENS.

233. ————*Eyes, look your last!*

*Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you,
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!]* So,

in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

“Pitiful mouth, said he, that living gavest

“The sweetest comfort that my soul could wish,

“O, be it lawful now, that dead, thou havest

“The sorrowing farewell of a dying kiss!

“And you, fair eyes, containers of my bliss,

“Motives of love, born to be matched never,

“Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleep for ever!”

I think there can be little doubt, from the foregoing lines and the other passages already quoted from this poem, that our author had read it recently before he wrote the last act of the present tragedy.

MALONE.

236. *A dateless bargain to engrossing death!]* *Engrossing* seems to be used here in its clerical sense.

MALONE.

237.

237. *Come, bitter conduct*—] Marston also in his satires, 1599, uses *conduct* for *conductor*:

“Be thou my *conduct* and my genius.”

So, in a former scene in this play:

“And fire-ey’d fury be my *conduct* now.”

MALONE.

243. —*how oft to-night*

Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—]

This accident was reckoned ominous. So, in *King Henry VI. Part III.*

“For many men that *stumble* at the threshold,

“Are well foretold, that danger lurks within.”

Again, in *King Richard III.* Hastings going to execution, says:

“Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did
stumble.”

STEEVENS.

249. *It burneth in the Capulets’ monument.*] Both the folio and the quarto read,

It burneth in the Capels’ monument. MALONE.

264. *I dreamt my master and another fought,*] This is one of the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakspeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer, Book VIII. represents Rhesus dying fast asleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in such a condition, says Pope, awakes no further than to see

Q ij

confusedly

confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision. . .

STEEVENS.

279. —*and unnatural sleep*;] Shakspeare alludes to the sleep of Juliet, which was *unnatural*, being brought on by drugs.

STEEVENS.

296. *Snatching Romeo's dagger.*] So, in Painter's translation of *Pierre Boisteou*, Tom. II. p. 244.—“Drawing out the dagger which Romeo ware by his side, she pricked herself with many blowes against the heart.”

STEEVENS.

297. —*there rust, and let me die.*] This is the reading of the quarto 1599. That of 1597 gives the passage thus:

I, noise? then must I be resolute.

Oh, happy dagger! thou shalt end my fear.

Rest in my bosom, thus I come to thee.

The alteration was probably made by the poet, when he introduced the words,

This is thy *sheath*.

STEEVENS.

305. *Raise up the Montagues,—some others search:—*] Here seems to be a rhyme intended, which may be easily restored:

Raise up the Montagues. Some others, *go*.

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie,

But the true ground of all *this* piteous *woe*

We cannot without circumstance descry.

JOHNSON.

It was often thought sufficient, in the time of Shakspeare, for the second and fourth lines in a stanza to rhyme with each other.

STEEVENS.

330. —*lo! his house, &c.*] The modern editors (contrary to the authority of all the ancient copies, and without attention to the disagreeable assonance of *sheath* and *sheathed*, which was first introduced by Mr. Pope) read,

This dagger hath mista'en; for, lo! *the sheath*
Lies empty on the back of Montague,
The point mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

The quarto, 1597, erroneously,

—this dagger hath mistook,

For (loe) the backe is empty of yong Montague,
And it's sheathed in our daughter's breast.

The quarto, 1599, affords the true reading:

This dagger hath mistane, for, loe! his house
Is emptie on the back of Mountague,
And *it* mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosome.

If we do not read *it* instead of *is*, Capulet will be made to say—*The scabbard is at once empty on the back of Montague, and sheathed in Juliet's bosom.* The construction, even with this emendation, will be irregular.

The quartos 1609, 1637, and the folio 1623, offer the same reading, except that they concur in giving *is* instead of *it*.

It appears that the *dagger* was anciently worn *behind the back*. So, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

“Thou must weare thy sword by thy side,

“And thy *dagger* handsumly at thy backe.”

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, &c. an ancient collection of satires, no date:

“See

"See you the huge bum dagger at his backe?"

STEEVENS.

The passage, as it stands in the quarto of 1609, and in the first folio, if regulated thus, is perfectly grammatical:

This dagg hath mista'en (for lo! his house
Lies empty on the back of Montague)
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

MALONE.

335. —*for thou art early up, &c.*] This speech (as appears from the following passage in *The Second Part of the Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601) has something proverbial in it:

"In you i'faith the proverb's verified,
"You are early up, and yet are ne'er the near."

STEEVENS.

337. *Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;*] After this line the quarto, 1597, adds,

And young Benvolio is deceased too.

But this I suppose the poet rejected on his revision of the play, as unnecessary slaughter. STEEVENS.

341. *O, thou untaught!* &c.] So, in *The Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

"Ah me! malicious fates have done me wrong:
"Who came first to the world, should first depart.

"It not becomes the old t'o'er-live the young;
"This dealing is preposterous and o'er-thwart."

STEEVENS.

422. *Have lost a brace of kinsmen :—*] *i. e.* Mercutio and Benvolio. The line, therefore,

And young Benvolio is deceased too—
which follows in quarto 1597,

Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
should be restored to the text.

REMARKS.

433. *A glooming peace, &c.*] The modern editions read—*gloomy*; but *glooming*, which is the old reading, may be the true one. So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1605 :

“ Through dreadful shades of ever-*glooming*
night.”

To *gloom* is an ancient verb used by Spenser; and I meet with it likewise in the play of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661 :

“ If either he gaspeth or *gloometh*.” STEEVENS.

436. *Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished :*] This seems to be not a resolution in the *prince*, but a reflection on the various dispensations of Providence; for who was there that could justly be punished by any human law ?

EDWARDS'S MSS.

This line has reference to the novel from which the fable is taken. Here we read that Juliet's female attendant was banished for concealing the marriage; Romeo's servant set at liberty because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders; the apothecary taken, tortured, condemned, and hanged; while Friar Lawrence was permitted to retire to a hermitage in the neighbourhood of Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and peace.

STEEVENS.

438.

438. —*Juliet and her Romeo.*] Shakspeare has not effected the alteration of this play by introducing any new incidents, but merely by adding to the length of the scenes.

The piece appears to have been always a very popular one. Marston, in his satires, 1598, says:

“Luscus, what’s play’d to-day?—faith, now I know

“I set thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow

“Nought but pure Juliet and Romeo.”

STEEVENS.

THE END.



